

THE
COMPLETE
FAR SIDE

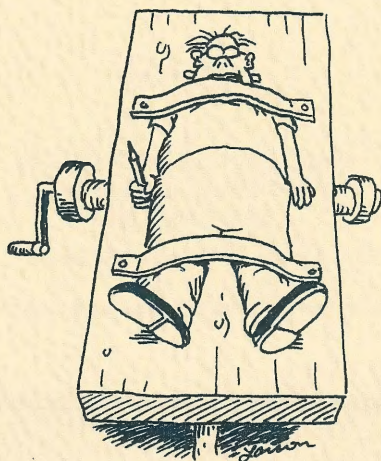
VOLUME TWO
1987-1994



THE COMPLETE FAR SIDE

VOLUME TWO
1987-1994

Gary Larson



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Kansas City

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Larson

94 Bottles of
blood on the wall
Take one down +

Have all
the boids arrived?

Dear
So
back home
are pretty
with me.
So how
each home
are pretty
me. Dear
are pretty
So how are
Dear mom.

Evolution of the N

19

"Man, this is our lucky day! Bob...
Smoked bacon + eggs on the road."



"It's this new boyfriend, dear...
I'm just afraid your father's going
to up & blow him away one day!"

"Seein' a deer out there, Bob!"

Oh, boy! A nerd! Now
my collection's complete!



"Speak of the Devil!"

Black ant pie

The Jungle in My Room

When I was growing up, Saturday mornings were paradise. As soon as I got my 25¢ allowance, I'd jump on my bike and head for the local drugstore. I had just two things on my mind: a Big Hunk candy bar and a *Tarzan* comic book.

If *Tarzan* wasn't available, I only had one backup choice: *Turok, Son of Stone*. *Turok* was about a couple of Indian braves trapped in this prehistoric valley, and they were constantly fighting off dinosaurs with their poison arrows. (Worked for me.)

That was it: *Tarzan* or *Turok*. (Candy bar-wise, I was more flexible.) Everything else was just taking up valuable shelf space. I mean, what was the deal with *Archie*? Give me a break! I never could figure out who could get their heart racing when they read about Archie and Jughead getting into "hot water" at Riverdale High School and—Oh, my God!—being sent to Mr. Weatherbee's office. (Although, I admit, Betty was sort of cute.)

There was this one issue of *Tarzan* that had a great impact on me—even more than the one where he battled the crocodile men. (That was pretty exciting, though; Archie, for the record, would have gotten his ass kicked by the crocodile men.) The *Tarzan* issue that I coveted was this one that had a dictionary in the back containing the *entire vocabulary* of the great apes!

This was a gold mine. Edgar Rice Burroughs, for those of you who haven't read the books, had created an actual language for the great apes. If you really wanted to be "inside" this world when you read about Tarzan's various adventures, you had to know Ape. Oddly enough, the apes themselves always mixed a little English in with their own language, but I never thought about that a whole lot.

I memorized that entire dictionary. (Well, it was only one or two pages long; they *were* apes, you know.) But today there are just a few words I still recall, especially *kreegah* and *bundolo*. English translation: "beware" and "kill," respectively. *Kreegah* and *bundolo* seemed to come up a lot in the jungle.

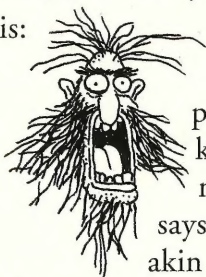
Note: Tarzan, for the record, never uttered "cowabunga" or "oongowa." They're Hollywood inventions, as far as I know. And the same goes for "Cheetah." Tarzan never had a sidekick chimpanzee named Cheetah. *Sheetah*, on the other hand, was the Ape word for leopard. So, theoretically, if a leopard ever got inside his treehouse, Tarzan might say something like, "Jane! Kreegah! ... Sheetah! ... Tarzan bundolo!" Now you're talking Ape.

However, if there was ever a reason to cry "foul" on the subject of Tarzan, it was what the movie makers did to his famous Tarzan yell. What in the hell was that? Were we all supposed to recoil in fear at the sound of someone yodeling in a tree? Even as a little kid, I never could believe that someone

had done that to Tarzan's "victory cry," a sound that Burroughs described as "shrill and horrible ... an awful cry ... a roaring shriek ... fearsome ... blood-curdling ... inhuman." He did *not* say "a sort of yodeling sound ... like someone being goosed while singing. ..."

But my growing interest in Nature began to conflict with my zeal for Tarzan. I remember being especially troubled by the countless varieties of tropical insects and parasites he would have been exposed to. Raised by apes, maybe, but still basically a half-naked Brit. And Tarzan, equipped with two standard-issue opposable thumbs, was described as being able to "fly" through the forest canopy like a monkey. This was getting tough to take, but I was still hanging in there. (As Judy Tenuta might say, "It could happen.")

And then there was this: Where did Tarzan get his hair cut? And his shave? Did you ever see any image of him with a beard? It seems to me, if you were (1) raised by apes, and (2) lived in the jungle, you'd sort of look like this:



My final problem, which perhaps made me have to part ways with The Lord of the Jungle, was this: What kind of apes did Tarzan get raised by? Mr. Burroughs never comes right out and says "chimpanzees"—he just says "apes." Their physical description is something more akin to a gorilla, but they weren't gorillas, because the author distinguishes them from Tarzan's apes. In Africa, ape-wise, there's nothing left. (Yes, I know about bonobos; he wasn't Tarzan of the bonobos.) So he was Tarzan of *what* apes? This has driven me crazy all my life. (I had to share.)

I have no clear idea why I've written this essay on the subject of Tarzan. (You may be wondering the same thing.) I guess this ape-man has been such a frequent subject of mine, and such an enduring, pop-cultural icon, that I just had to go back. In particular, I recognize today, the artistic style of those comic books had an influence on the way I drew vines, ferns, trees, lions, buffaloes, spears, huts, and a lot of other jungle "stuff"—especially gorillas. The eyes of gorillas were almost never revealed in those early comics; they were only implied by the dark shadow created from an overhanging browridge. I loved that. I stole that.

Still, *Tarzan* was a great yarn for a kid like me, who could spend hours in his room and yet be somewhere far, far away. I suppose if I had built more model airplanes and cars, I would be a little more mechanically inclined than I am today. Edgar Rice Burroughs, however, stoked my imagination. His ape-man creation fed my interests in wild animals, Africa, and Nature as a whole—even if Tarzan eventually posed a few problems in logic for me.

Now Mowgli: There's a jungle character that makes perfect sense.

1/3/87



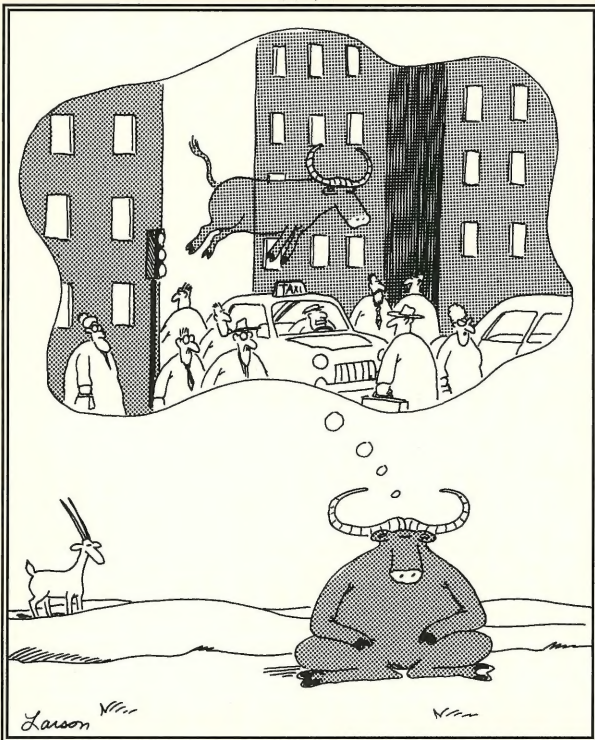
Helen paused. With an audible “wumph,” Muffy’s familiar yipping had ended, and only the sounds of Ed’s football game now emanated from the living room.

1/2/87



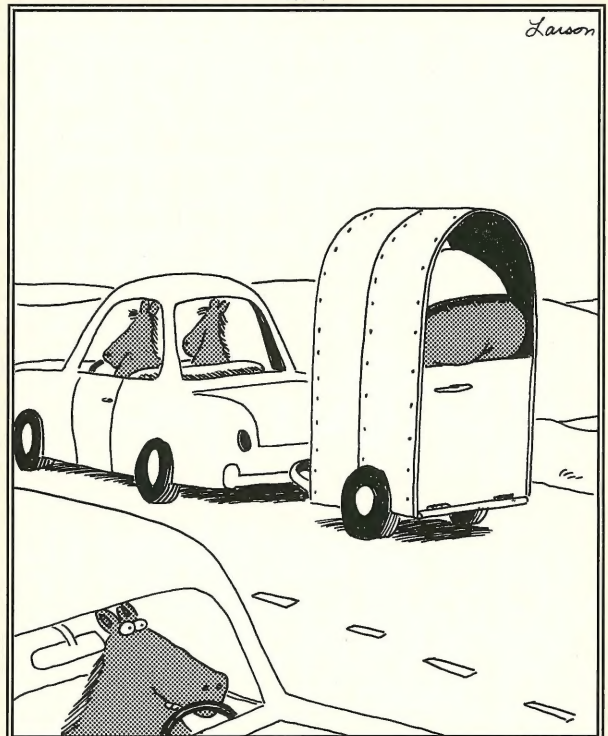
“I’ll tell you what it looks like—it looks like it was done by a chimpanzee.”

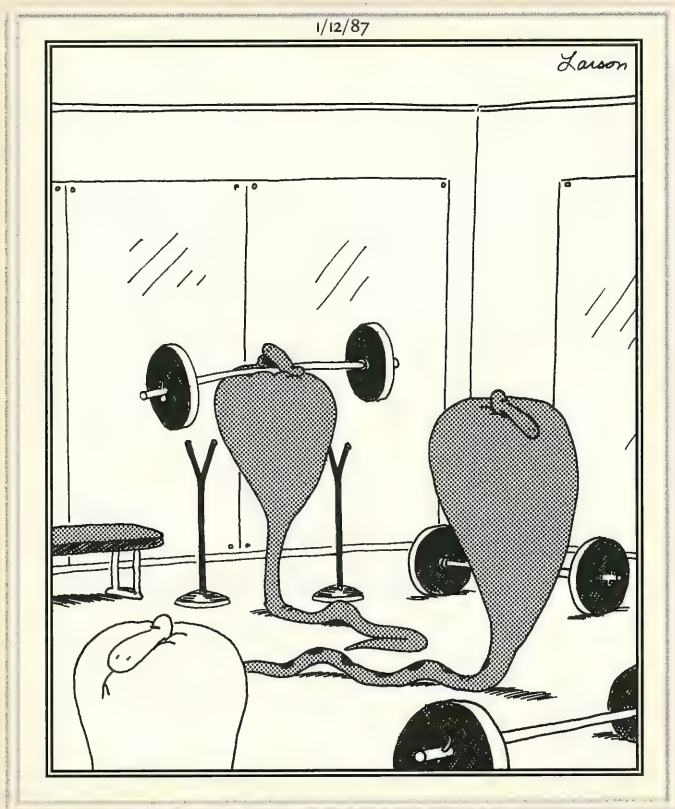
1/1/87



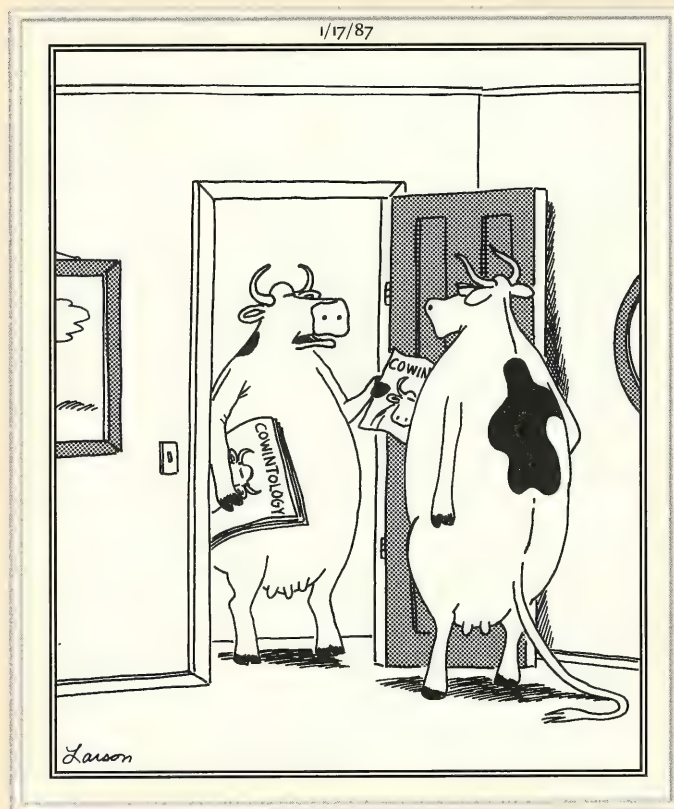
Astral traveling in water buffaloes

1/7/87





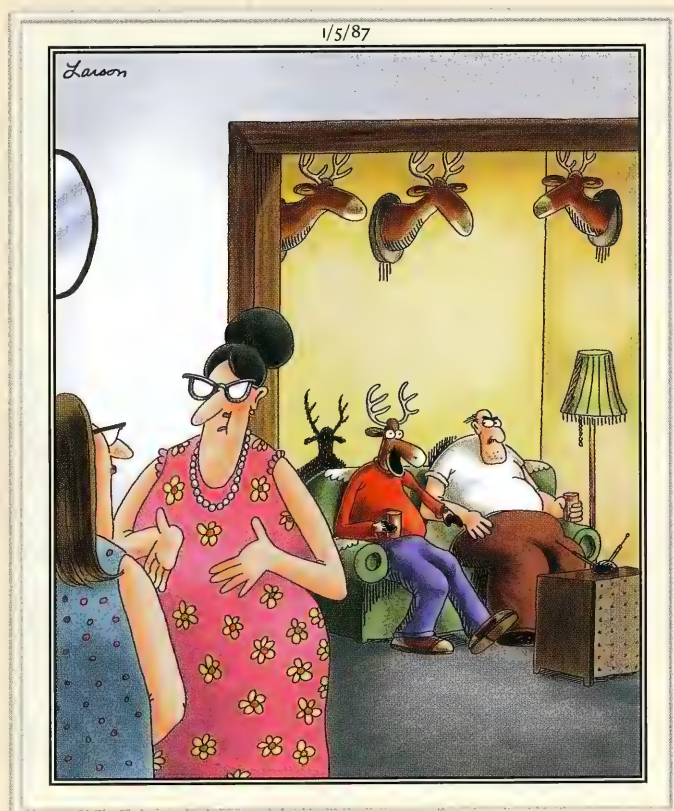
Snake weight rooms



"Listen—just take one of our brochures and see what we're all about. ... In the meantime, you may wish to ask yourself, 'Am I a happy cow?'"

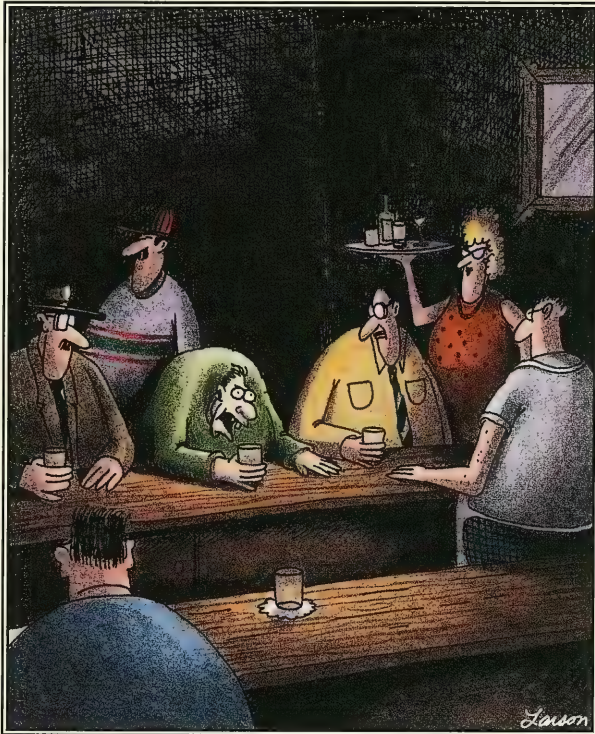


"Uh-oh, Donny. Sounds like the monster in the basement has heard you crying again. ... Let's be reeeel quiet and hope he goes away."



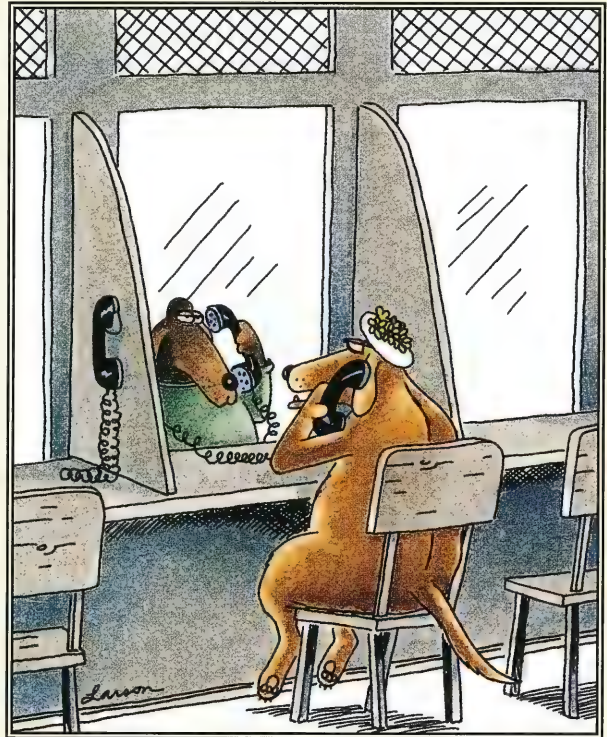
"It's this new boyfriend, dear. ... I'm just afraid one day your father's going to up and blow him away."

1/8/87



"Yeah. My boss don't appreciate me either. To him, I'm just a gofer. 'Igor! Go for brains! ... Igor! Go for dead bodies! ... Igor! Go for sandwiches!' ... I dunno—give me another beer."

1/9/87



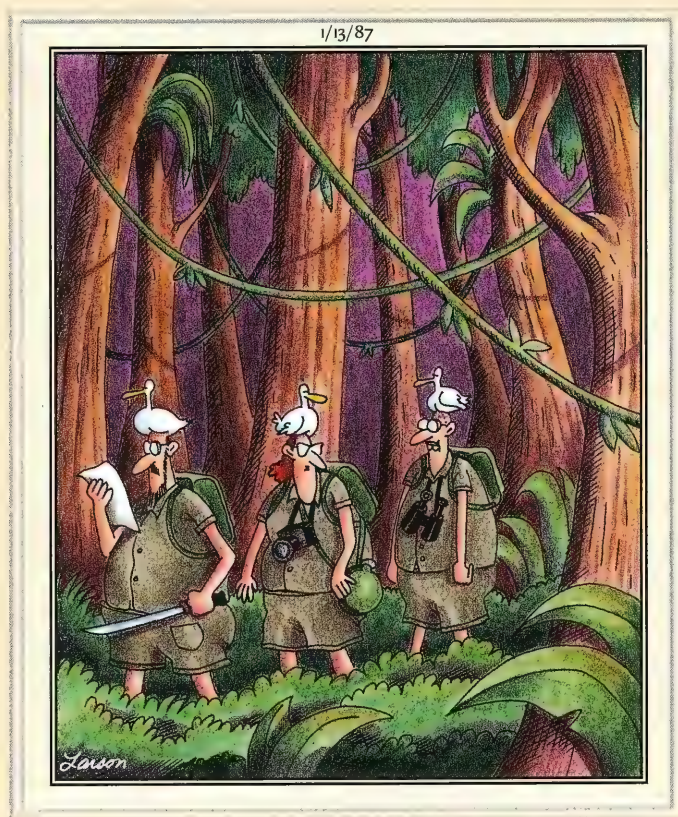
"Why'd you do it, Biff? I mean, I always knew car chasing was in your blood—but the president's limo?"

1/4/87

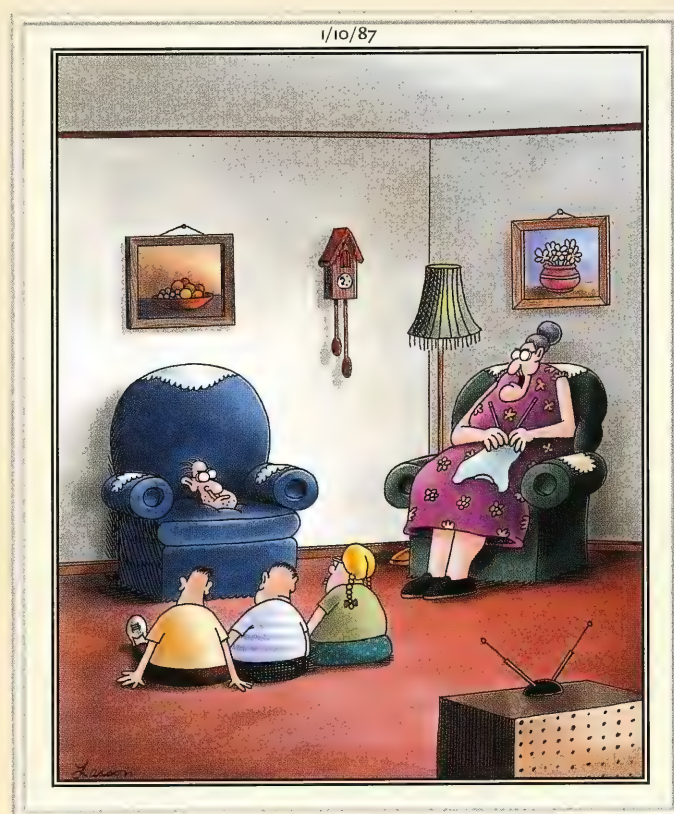




A young Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordette



Onward they pushed, through the thick, steamy jungle, separately ruing the witch doctor's parting words: "Before you leave this valley, each of you will be wearing a duck."



"For heaven's sake, Henry, tell the kids a pleasant story for once—they don't always have to hear the one about your head."

1/18/87



Chicken nudist colonies

1/14/87



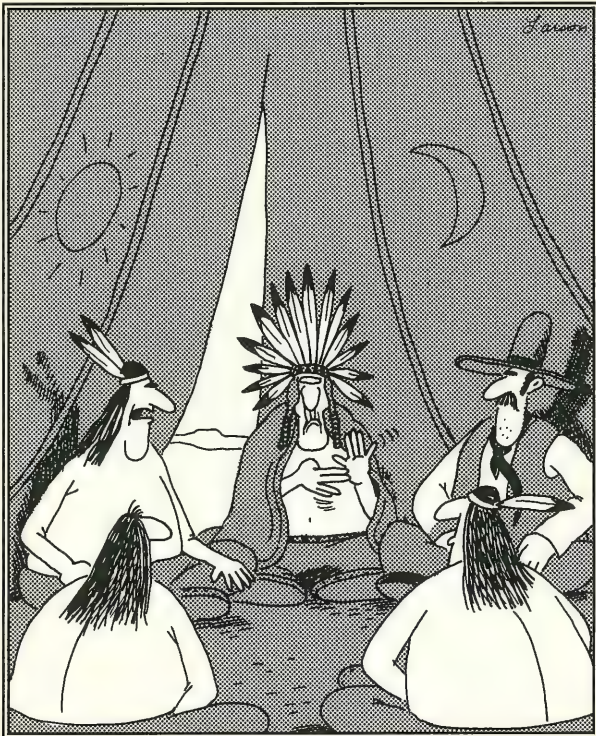
When potato salad goes bad

1/20/87



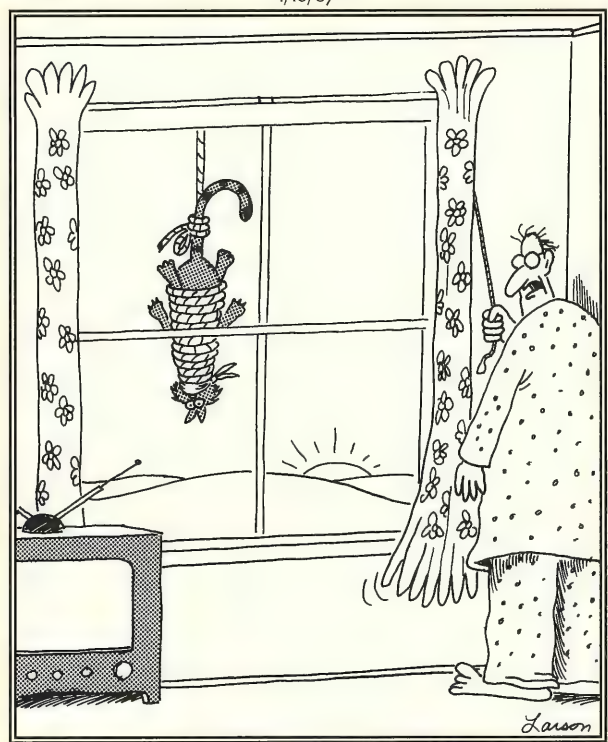
Simultaneously all three went for the ball, and the coconut-like sound of their heads colliding secretly delighted the bird.

1/15/87



"Chief say, 'Someone ... here ... walk ... through ... buffalo ... field.'"

1/16/87



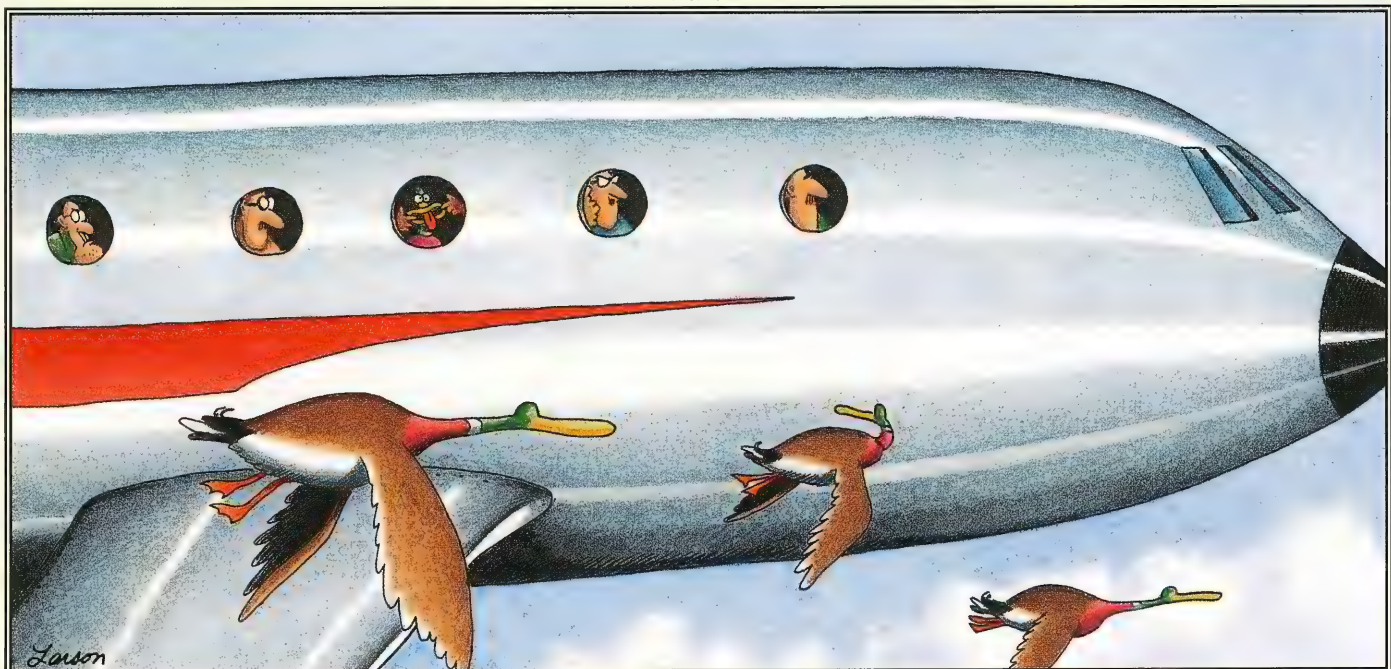
"Emma ... the dog ain't goin' for the new cat."

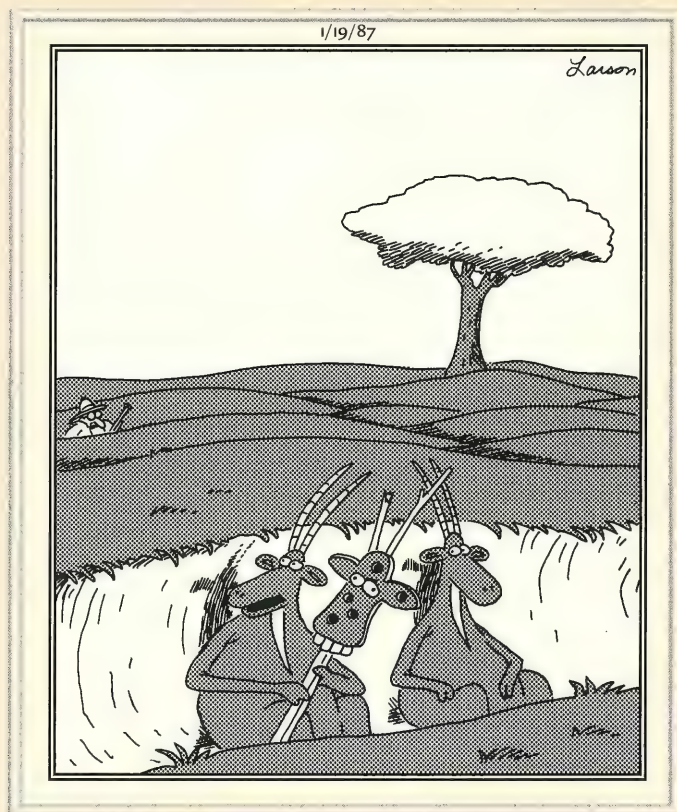
To whom it may concern:

I have tried throughout this book to hold fast to my own rule of not attaching explanations or apologies to any particular cartoons. Once I started that, I realized, it might never end. But here, I need to "make my case" regarding a cartoon that was almost universally misunderstood upon its initial publication. (And it especially stirred up my most dreaded enemy, the Cat People.) Therefore, let it be known, it is the dog—in a mafia-like gesture—who has done this to the cat. The humans here are innocent. This time.

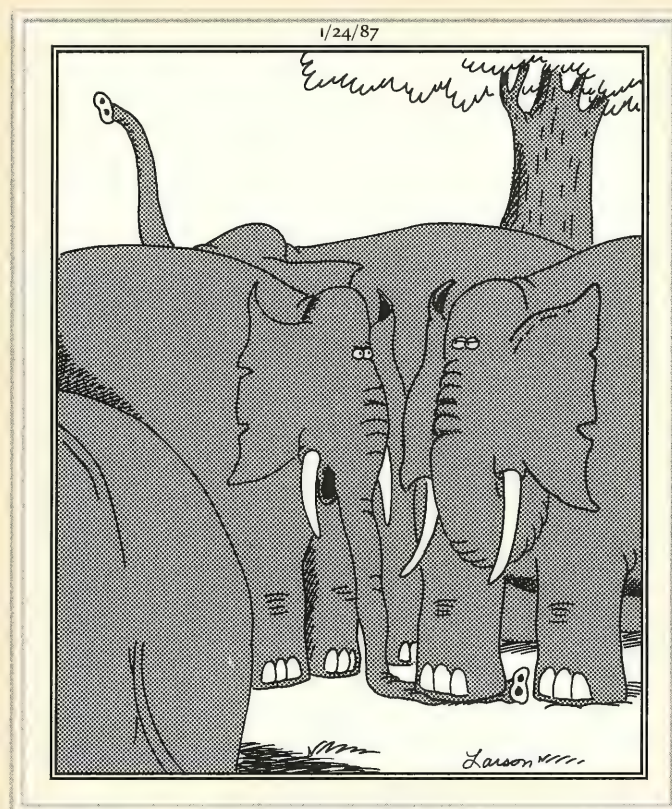
—Gary Larson

1/25/87

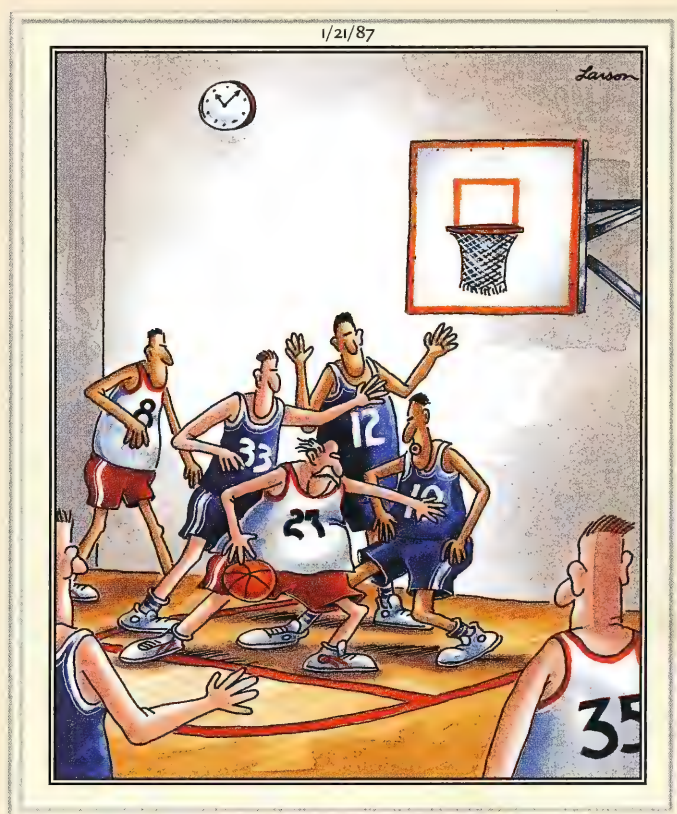




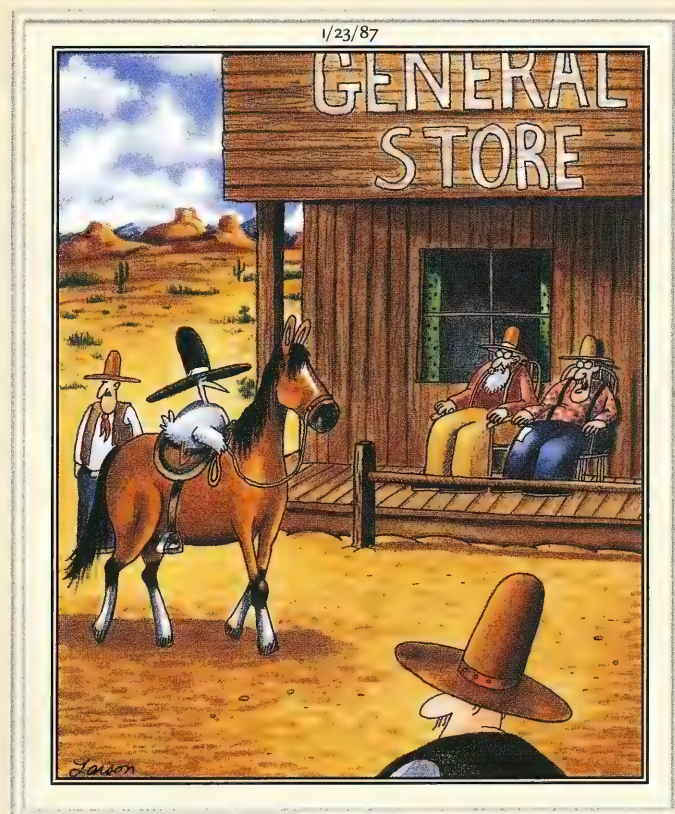
"He's got one shot left, Murray—and then he's ours!"



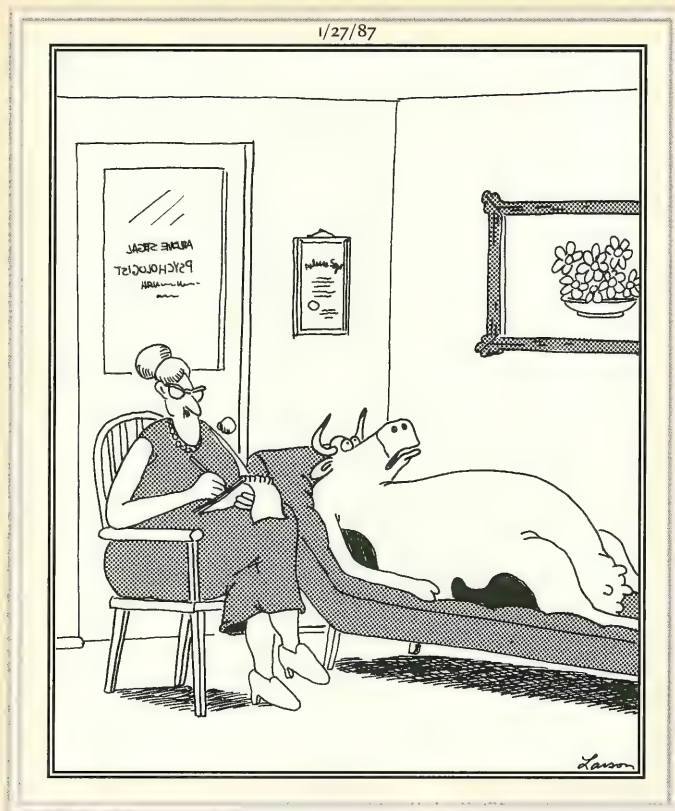
"Two questions, Mitch: How much do you weigh, and what's the most sensitive part of any elephant's anatomy?"



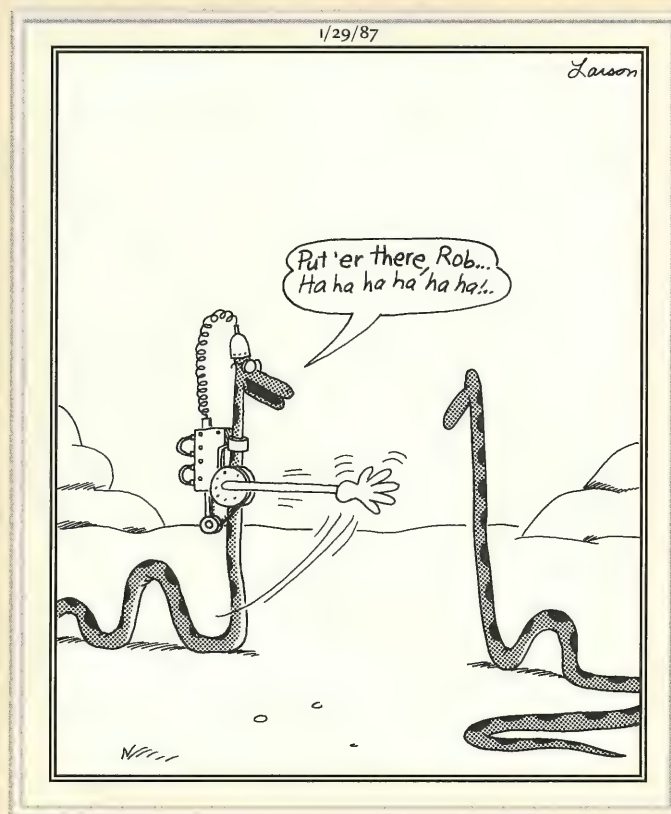
Unbeknownst to most historians, Einstein started down the road of professional basketball before an ankle injury diverted him into science.



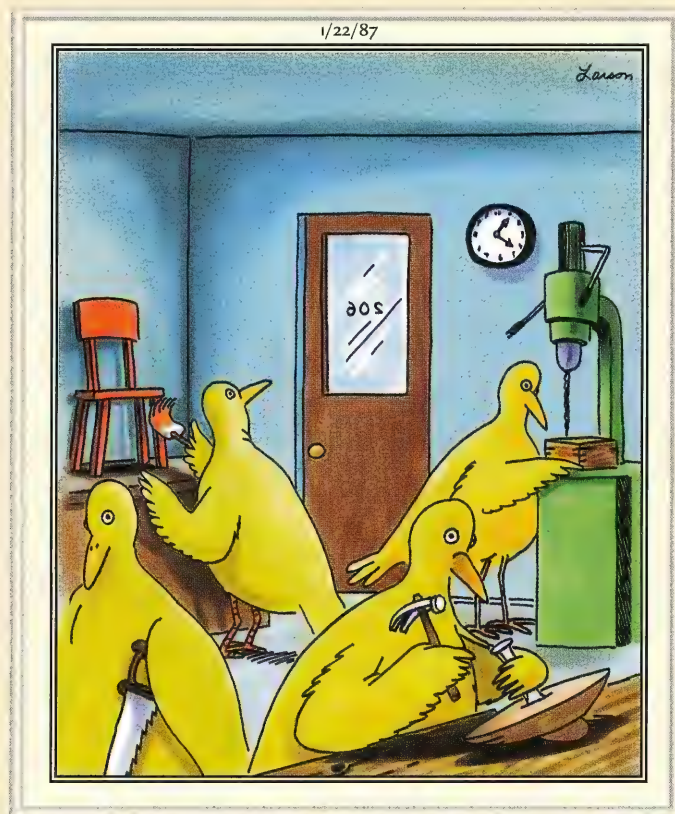
"Somethin's up, Jed. ... That's Ben Potter's horse, all right, but ain't that Henry Morgan's chicken ridin' him?"



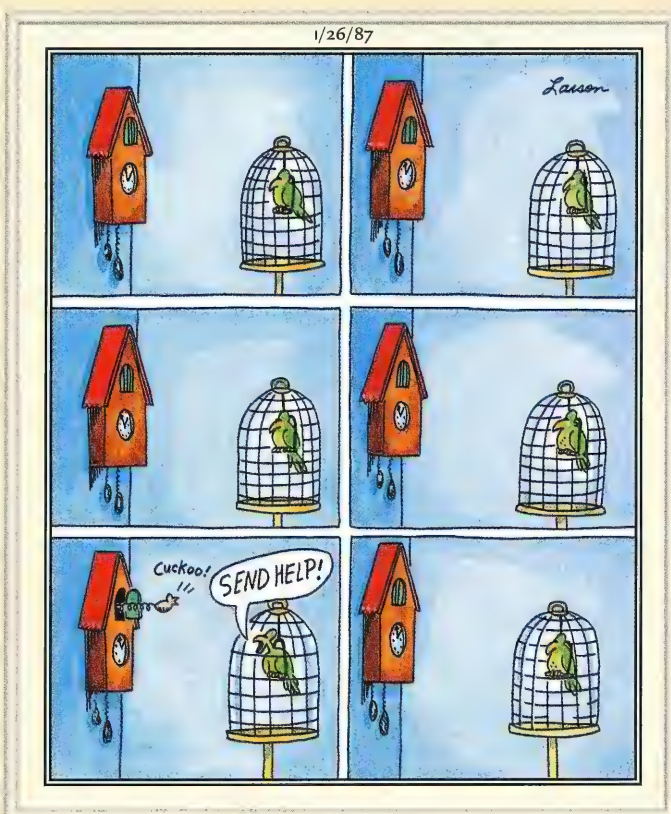
"Maybe it's *not* me, y'know? ... Maybe it's the rest of the herd that's gone insane."



Snake inventors

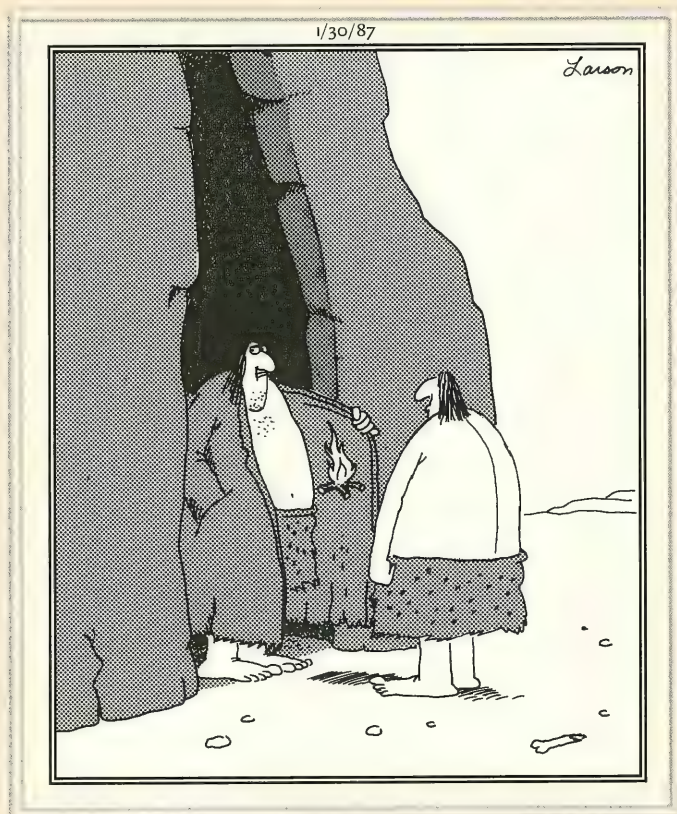


Non-singing canaries have to take wood shop.



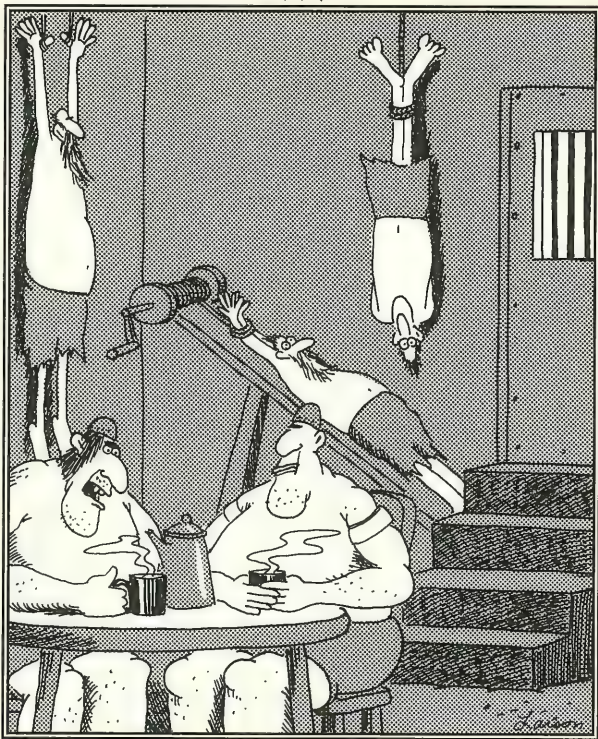


Night of the Living Dead Chipmunks



The embarrassment of riding off into a fake sunset

2/2/87



"You know, Russell, you're a great torturer. I mean, you can make a man scream for mercy in nothing flat ... but boy, you sure can't make a good cup of coffee."

The Herald Statesman, Yonkers, N.Y., 2/19/87

Beyond the bounds of decency? or simply humor out of this world?

NANCY Q. KEEFE

Dear Mrs. Keefe:

I was so upset after seeing the enclosed comic page? cartoon that appeared Monday (Feb. 2) in The Herald Statesman. It was the ugliest, (most) obnoxious and sadistic cartoon I have ever seen in a family paper. The so-called artist, Gary Larson, must be sick. I hope you agree.

I believe that you, being in touch with the various branches of your editorial staff, have more "clout" than I could have and would see that never again such a vile cartoon would be printed. It certainly is not fit for exposure to children.

Very truly yours, etc.

Here is my reply, which I have already mailed to him:

Dear Mr. Vail:

One of the first ideas that my father taught me as a child was that there are no wrong opinions and no really wrong tastes. He even taught me two foreign language phrases to express this. In Latin: *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and in French: *Chacun a son gout*. Further, he said, these applied more to humor than even to food.

As it happens, Gary Larson's strip is one of my favorites. We haven't carried it long in these newspapers, but my first newspaper, the highly regarded Berkshire Eagle (of Pittsfield,

Mass.) has been carrying Larson for years. One of my oldest friends gave me a 1987 calendar of Larson cartoons, about which I guffaw every day.

So I am not a good candidate to carry your message of disenchantment. But I will say this: Don't worry about the children. They don't get it. And when they do, they will not be as much affected, or infected, as they are now, daily, by the offerings of television or the hypocrisy of fundamentalists.

Satire is an ancient tradition, as old as Dean Swift in "Gulliver's Travels" (or in "A Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Ireland from being a Burden to their Parents or Country" — by stewing or roasting them to eat), and as old as Horace of the first century before Christ (who wrote a whole series of Satires, and, I should add, Aristophanes, the Greek playwright of the fifth century B.C., who wrote entire plays of satire).

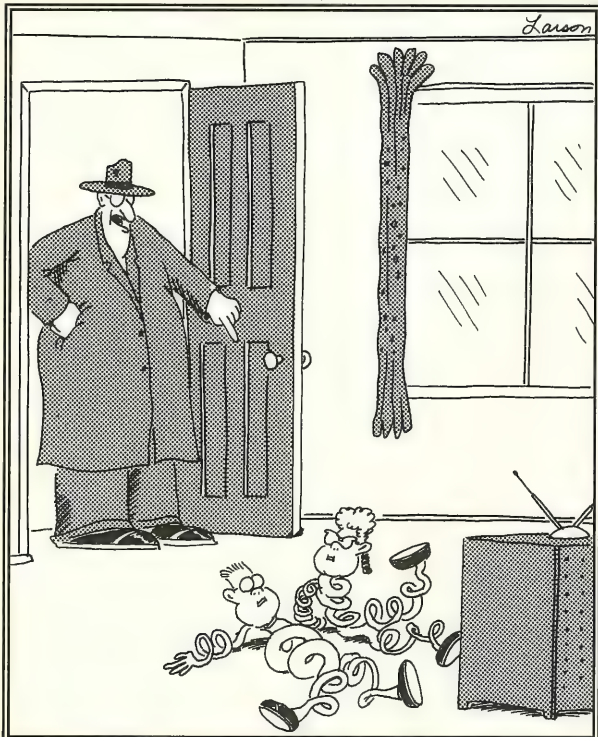
To many, "Satire is what closes Saturday night," as George S. Kaufman, put it. To a few of us, satire is what makes it possible to deal with the outrages of daily life.

To each his own.

Peace, etc.

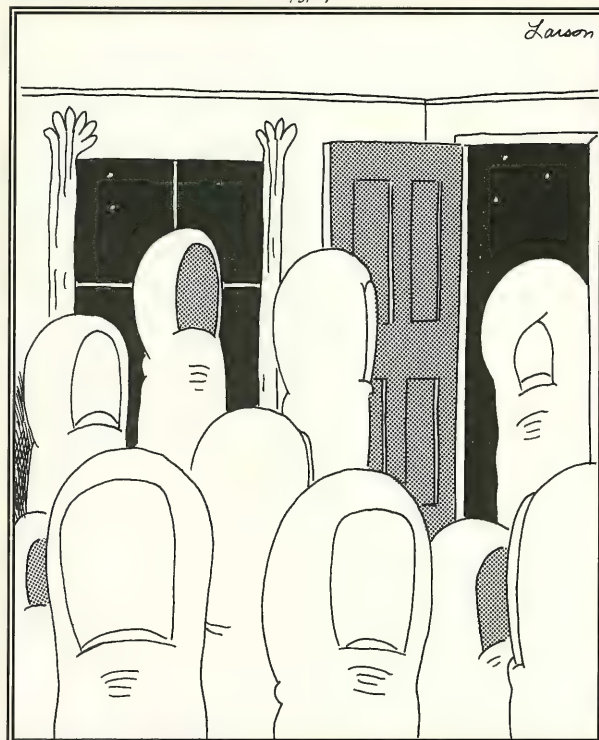
Nancy Q. Keefe is editorial page editor.

2/3/87

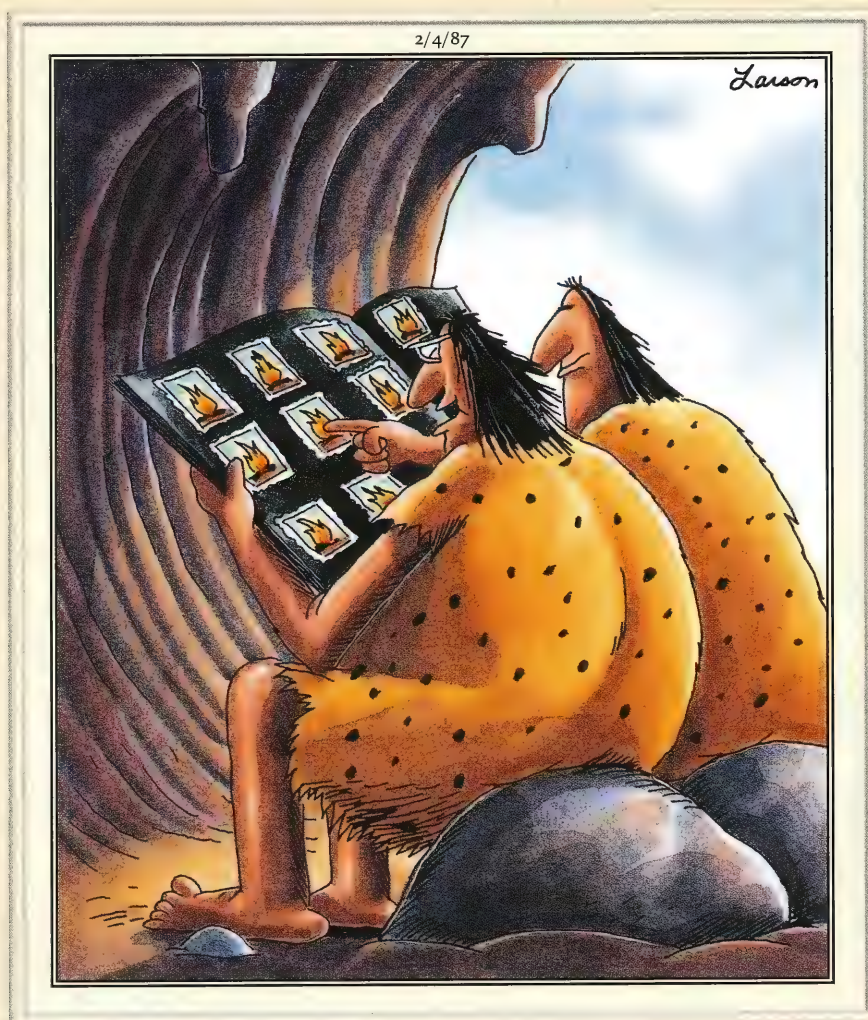


"I've warned you kids about this—now I'm gonna straighten you out once and for all."

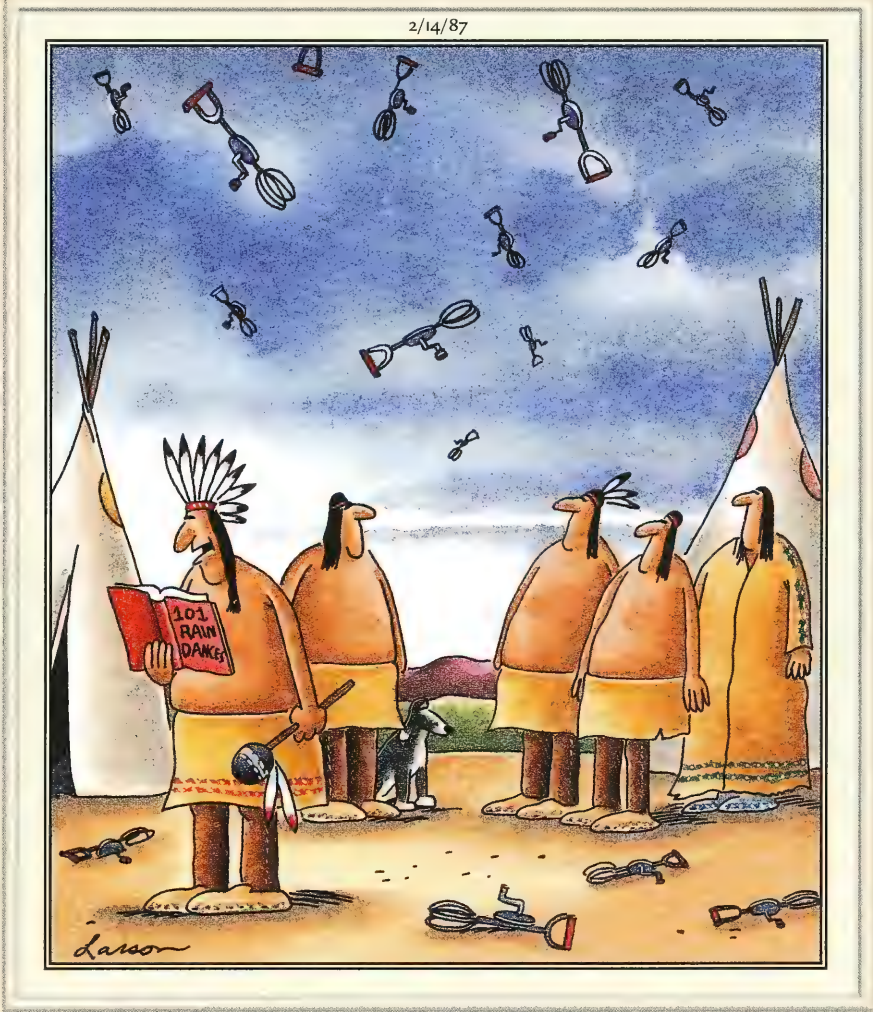
2/5/87



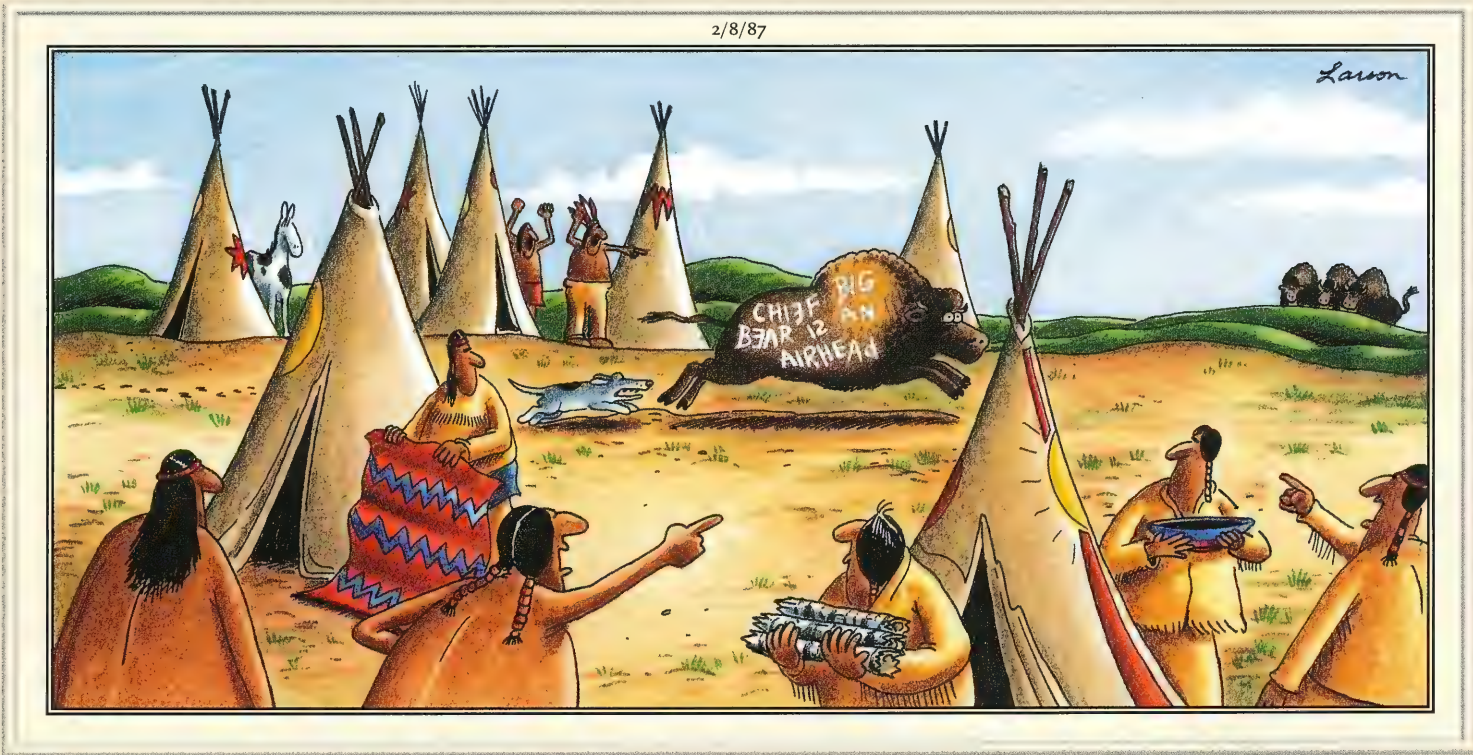
Suddenly, everyone turned and looked—there, standing in the doorway, was one wretched, mean-looking ingrown.



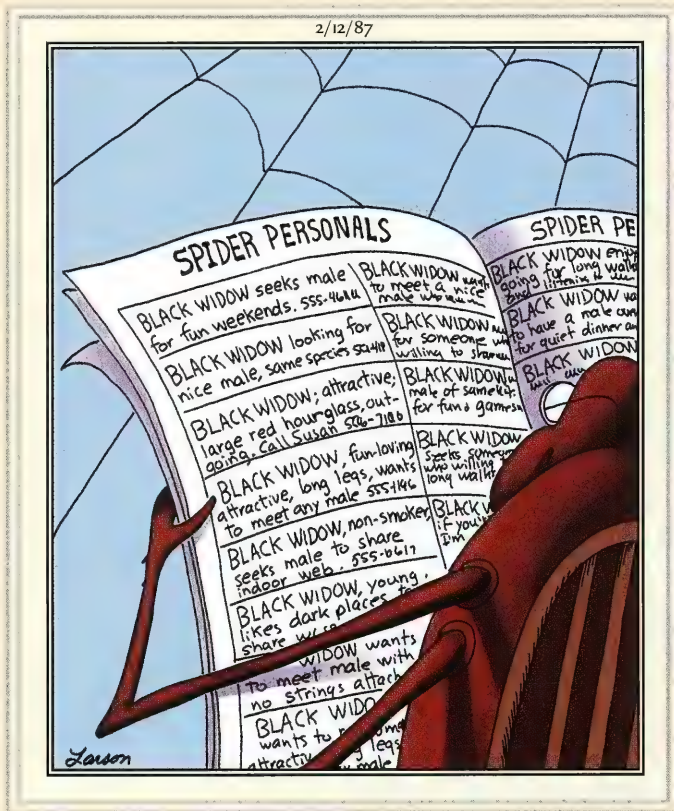
"Ooo! Now here's a nice one we built last fall."



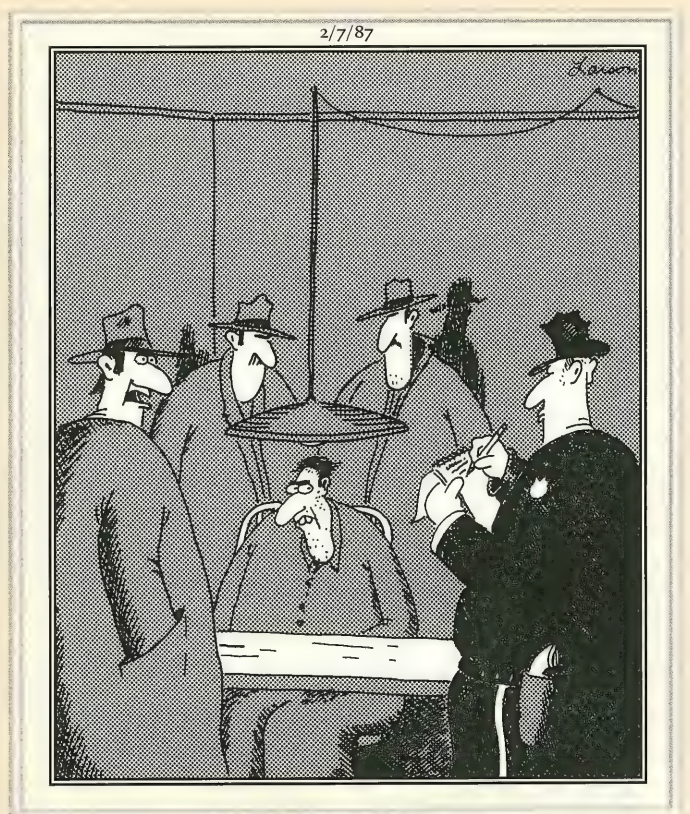
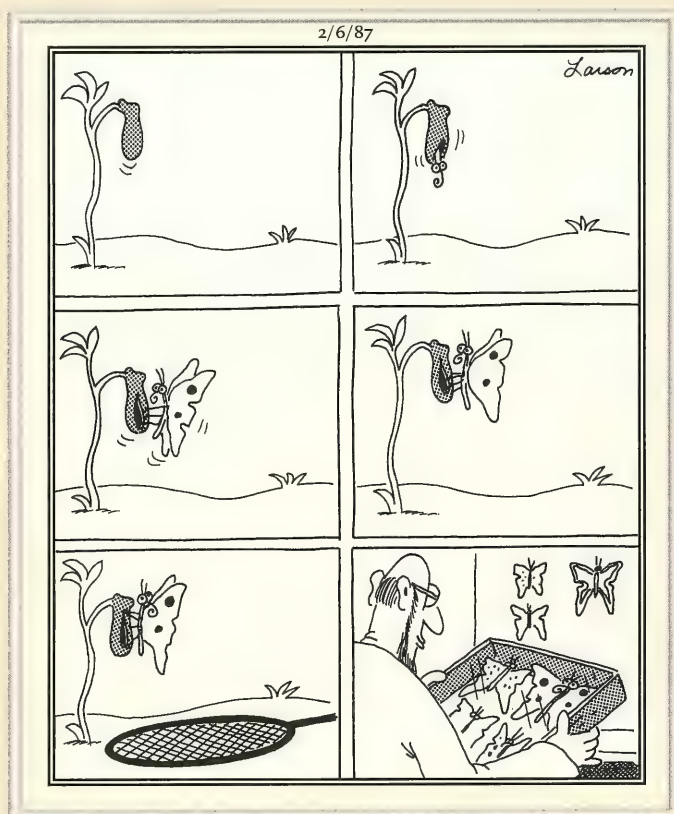
“Oh! Four steps to the left and *then* three to the right! ... What kind of a dance was I doing?”



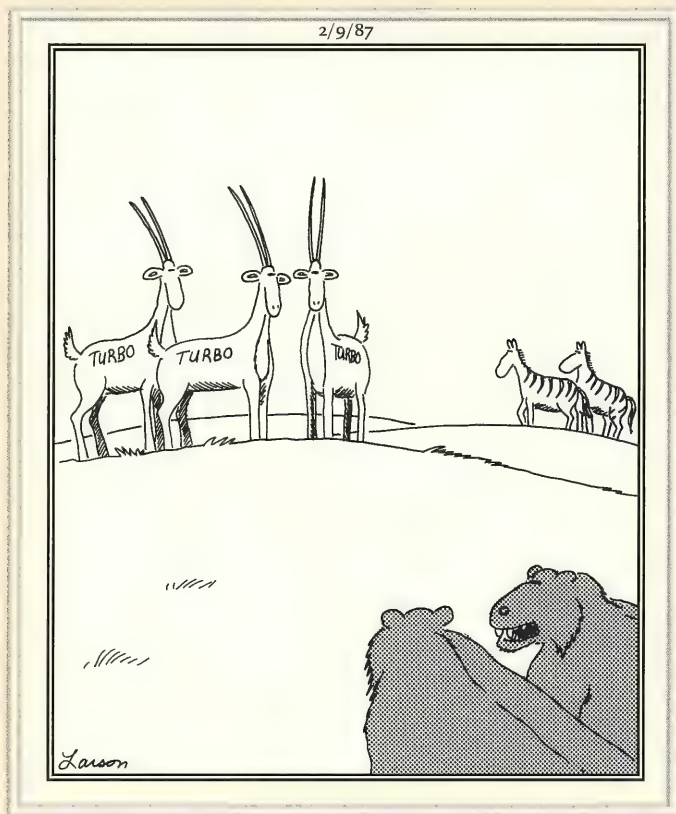
Buffalo dares



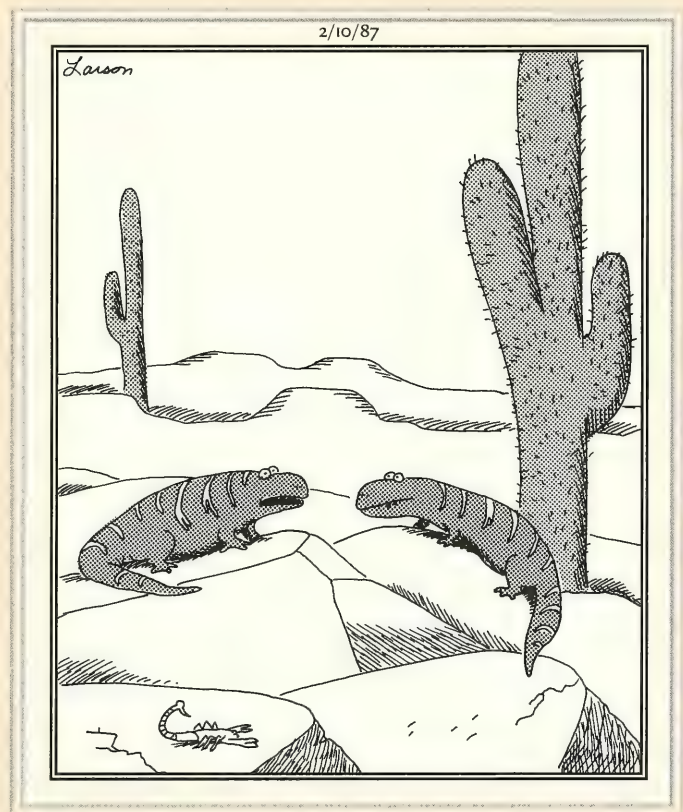
"So, until next week—adios, amoebas."



"You idiot! Don't write that down—his name ain't Puddin' Tame!"



"Forget these guys."

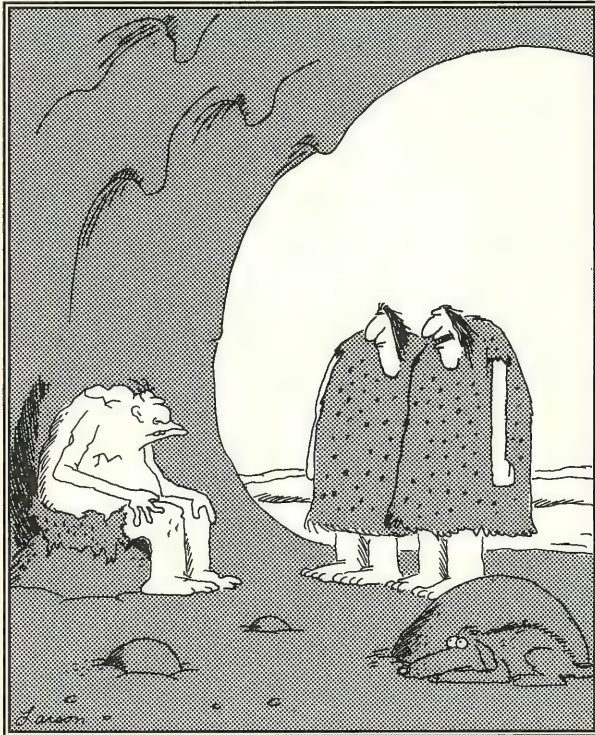


"There it is again ... a feeling that in a past life I was someone named Shirley MacLaine."



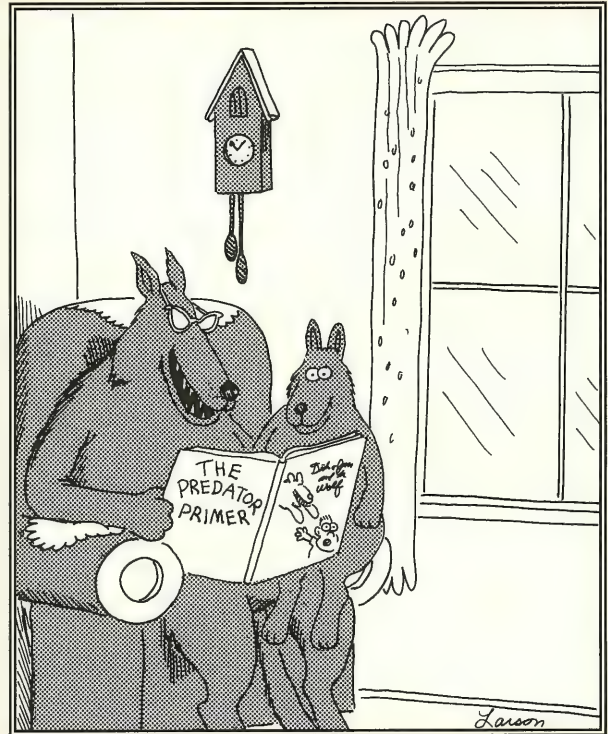
Thomas Sullivan, a blacksmith who attended the original Thanksgiving dinner, is generally credited as being the first person to stick olives on all his fingers.

2/11/87



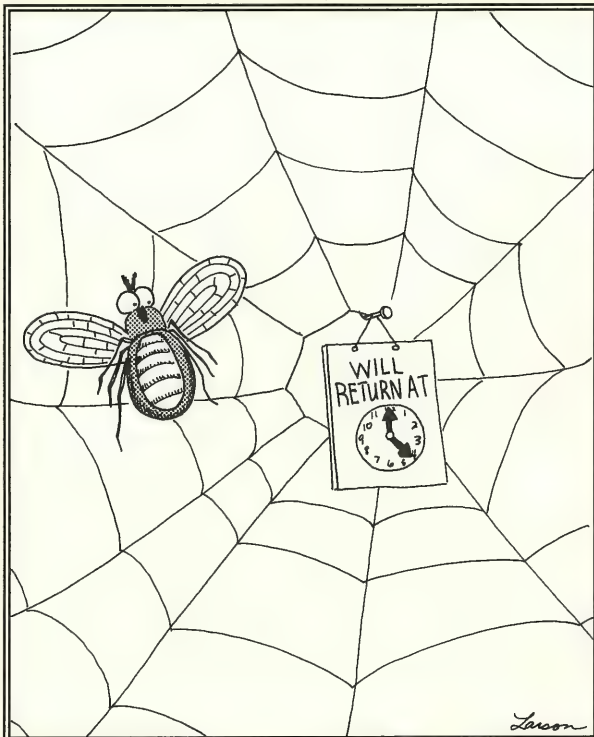
"Seems like Gramp's been there forever—
fossilized right there on his favorite rock. ...
Scares the hell out of the dog."

2/13/87



"See Dick run. See Jane run. Run run run.
See the wolves chase Dick and Jane.
Chase chase chase. ..."

2/20/87

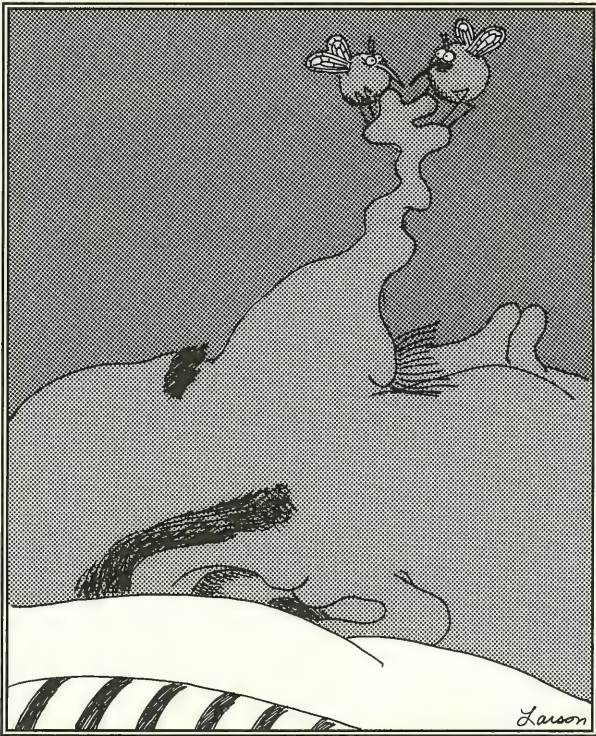


2/21/87



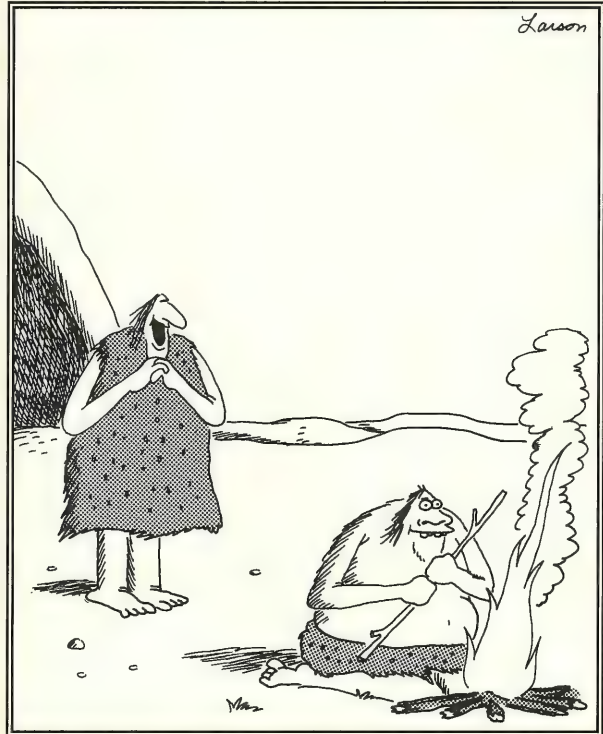
"Thanks for coming. Something's wrong—
everything just seems a little too quiet
and normal today."

2/17/87



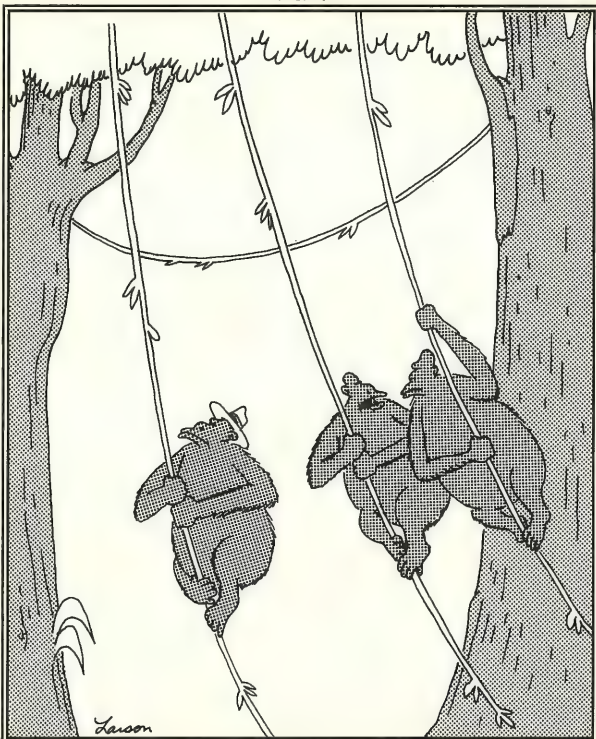
"Well, that about does it for the nose—I'm starting to hit cartilage."

2/18/87



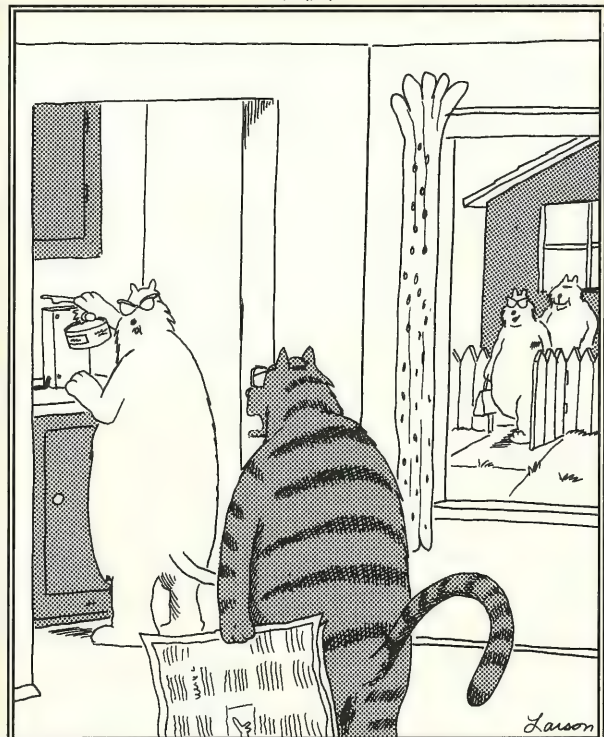
"Oh, Thak! You've done it! ... If only we had a camera—but, of course, I'm getting ahead of myself."

2/25/87



"Have you noticed that? ... You get stuck swinging behind some guy who's just lollygagging along, and sure enough he'll be wearin' a hat on the back of his head."

2/24/87



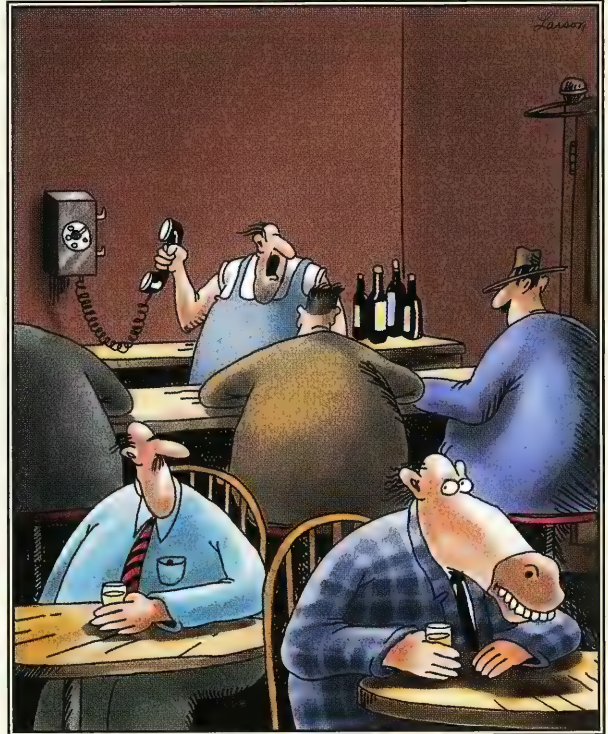
"Zelda! Cool it! ... The Rothenbergs hear the can opener!"

2/19/87



Deer grandmothers

2/26/87

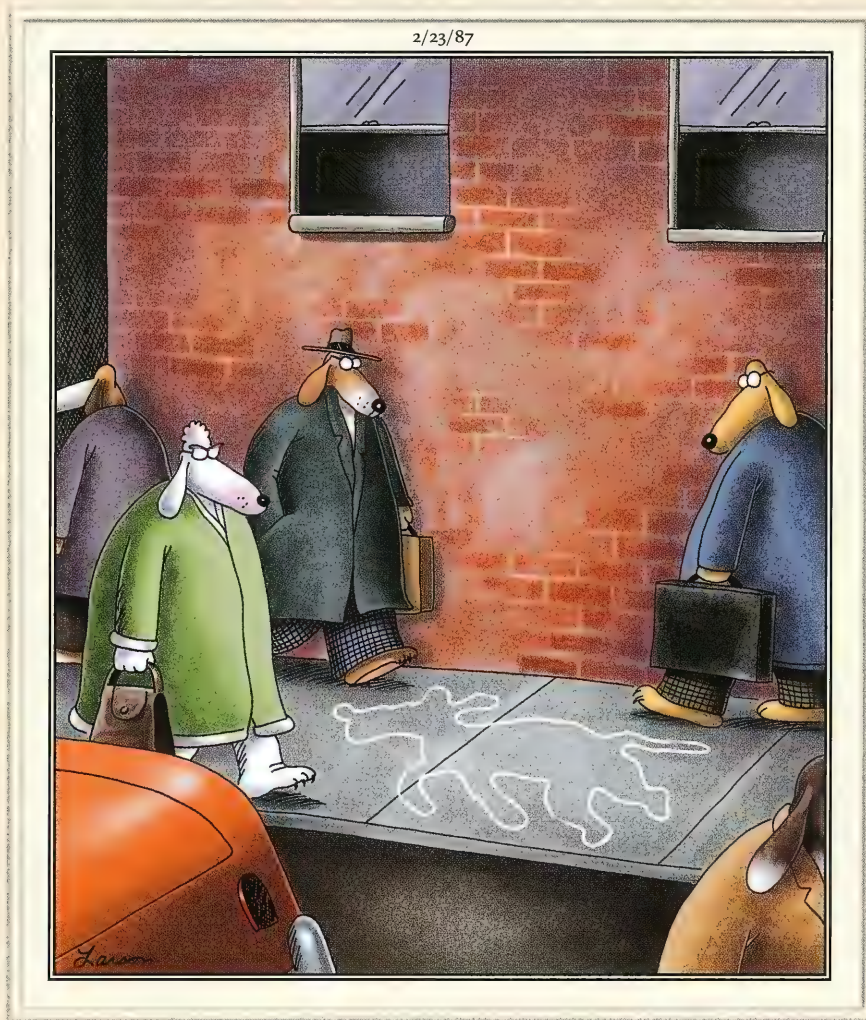


"Horse! ... Is there a man called 'Horse' in here?"

2/22/87



Early wheeler-dealers



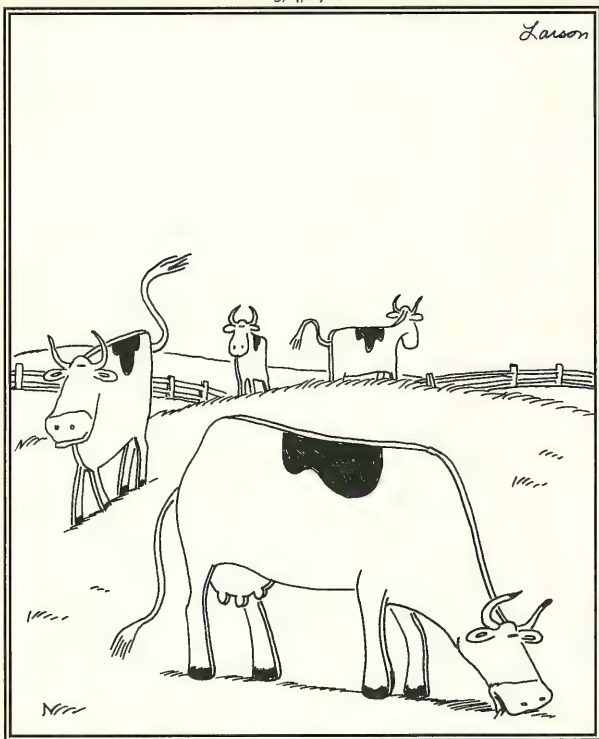
Wendall Zurkowitz: slave to the waffle light



When a body meets a body comin' through the rye

3/4/87

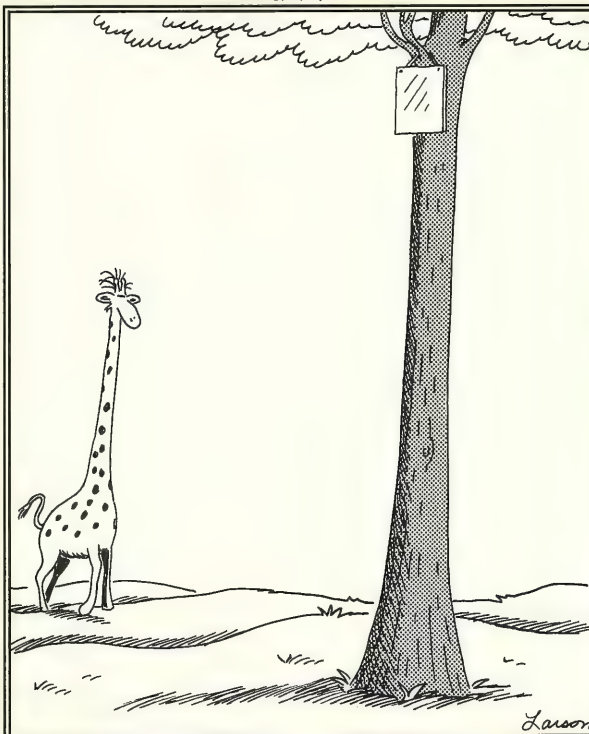
Larson



Where "minute" steaks come from

3/6/87

Larson



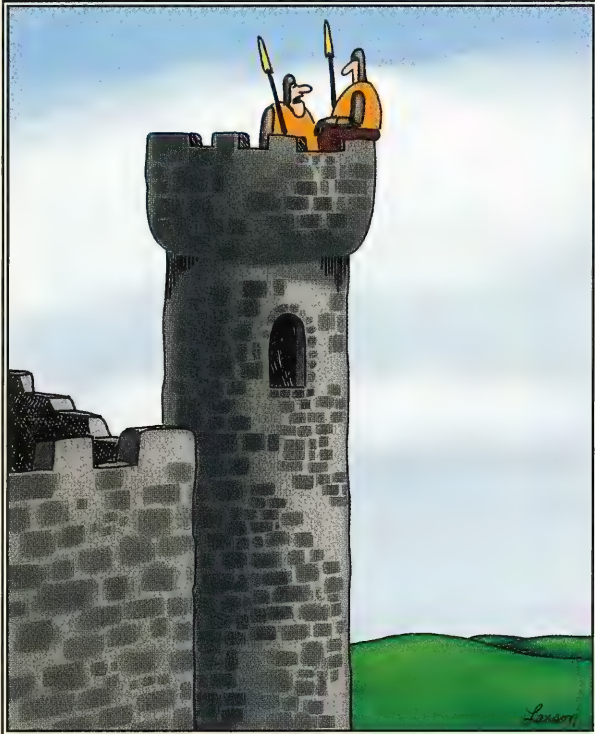
Where giraffes go to comb their hair

3/1/87

Larson

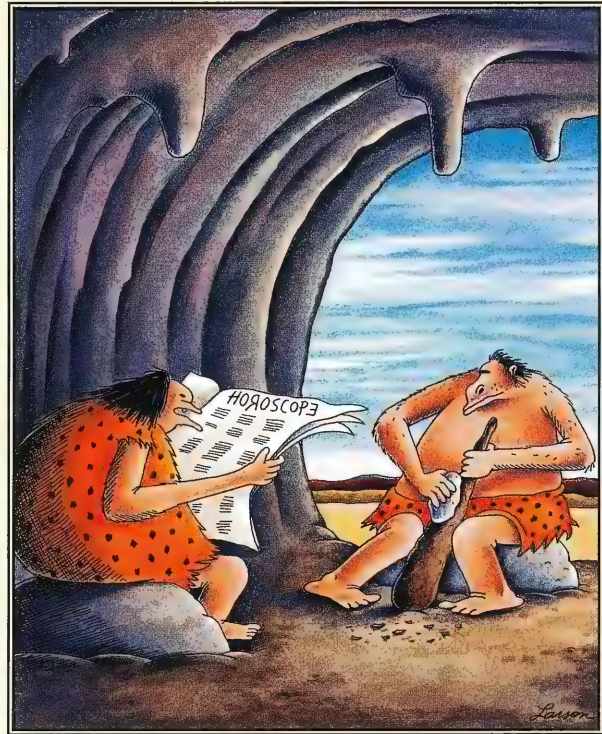


3/3/87



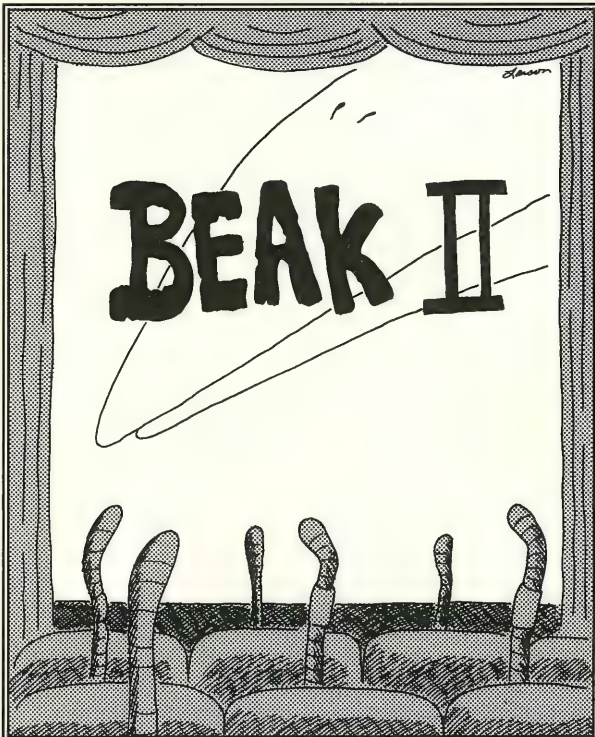
"Mom said no sitting on the edge, Wayne."

3/2/87



"You have a small capacity for reason, some basic tool-making skills, and the use of a few simple words.'... Yep. That's you."

3/9/87

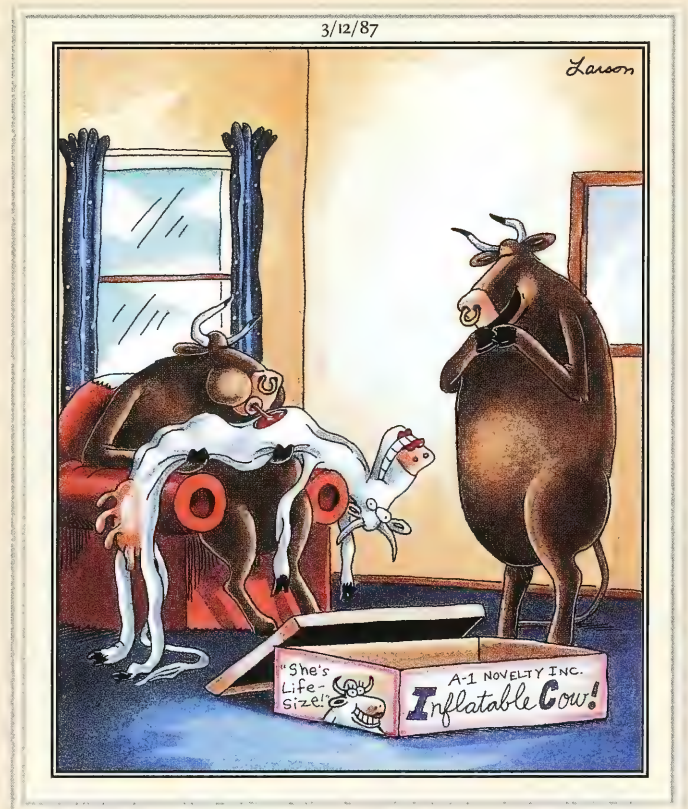


Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the topsoil ...

3/10/87



Animal scratch 'n' sniffs



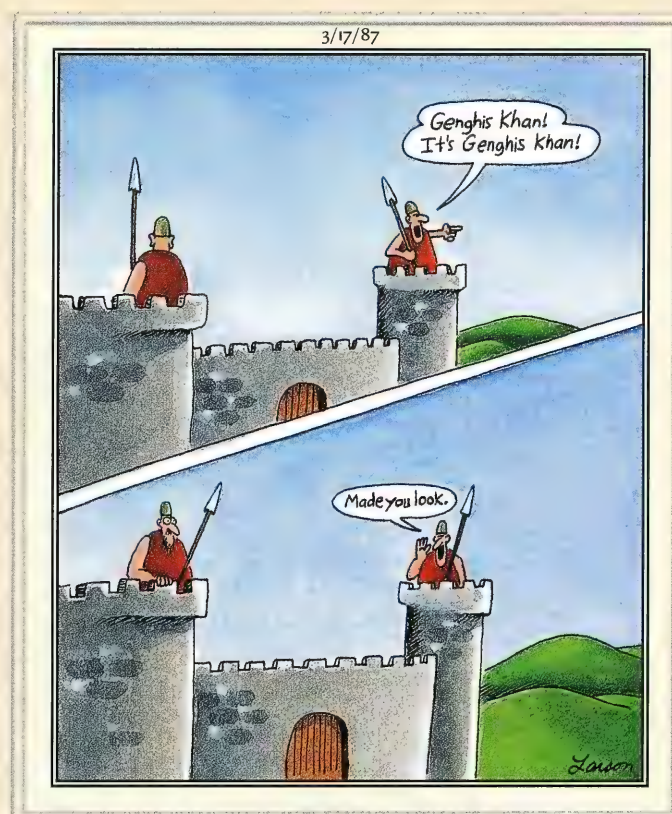
Breakfast on other planets



Poodles of the Serengeti



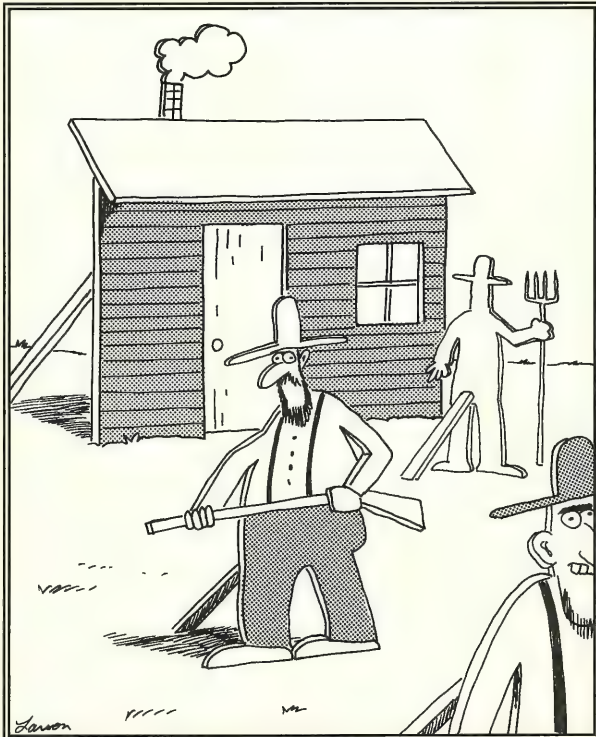
Nov. 12, 1957: Kevin Wakefield, during snack time, makes kindergarten history by selecting the soda cracker over the graham.



3/15/87

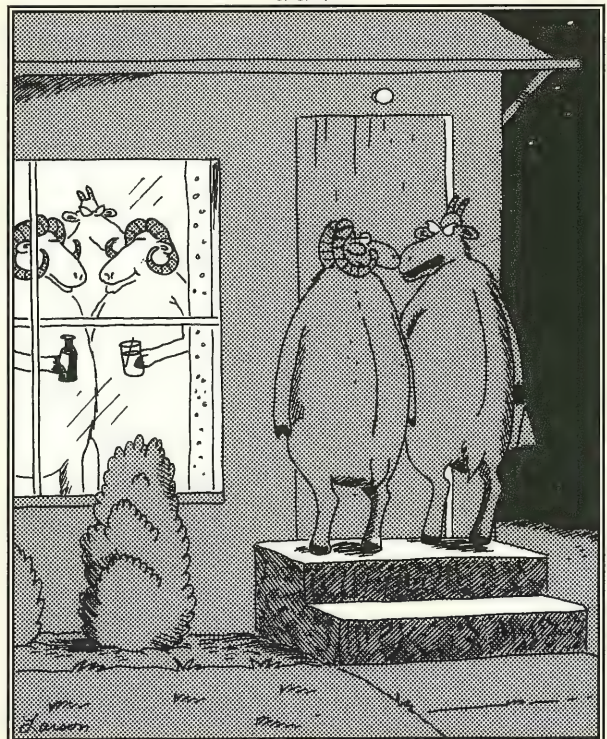


3/11/87

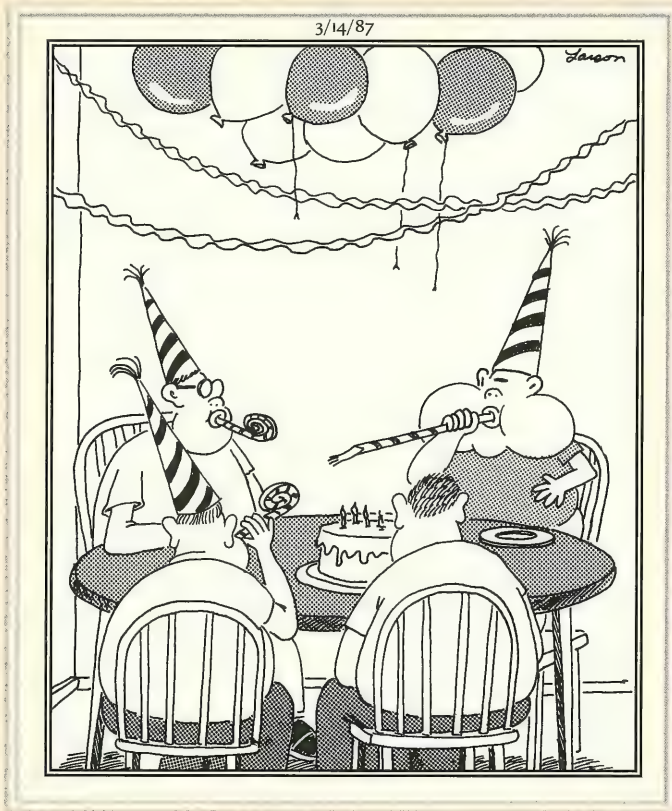


The fake McCoys

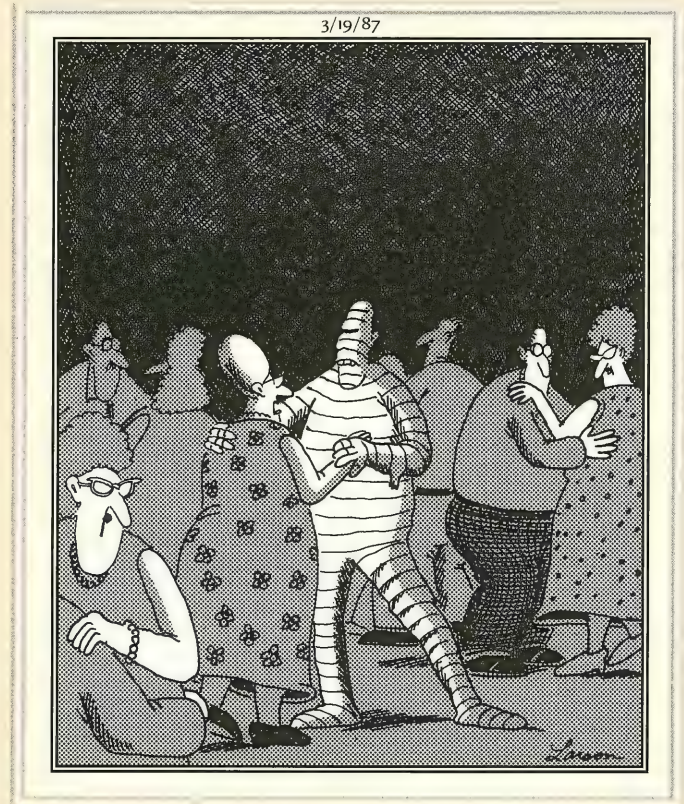
3/13/87



"Now listen—will you *please* try to control yourself tonight? ... I don't want to see you goading some guy into crashing heads with you."



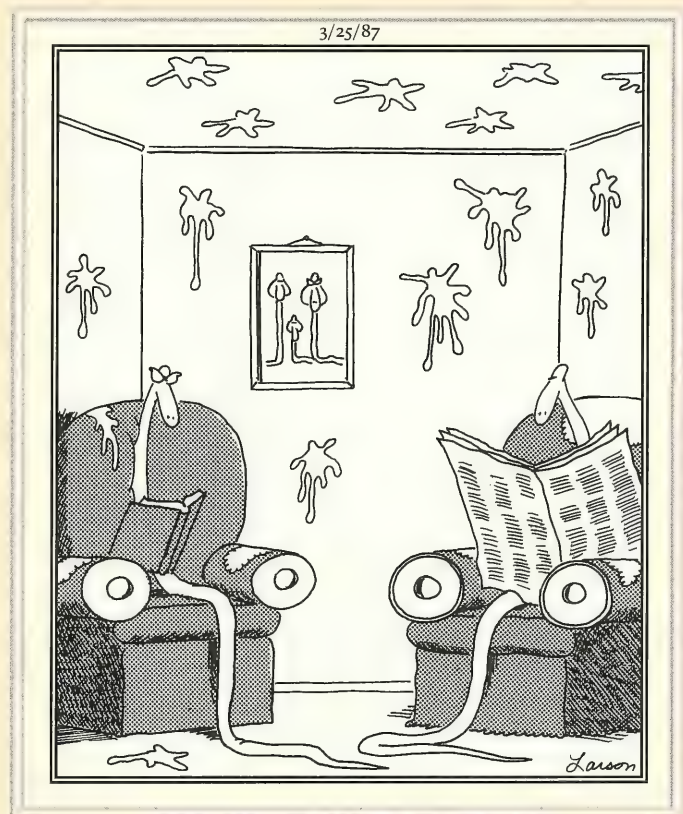
Dizzy Gillespie's seventh birthday party



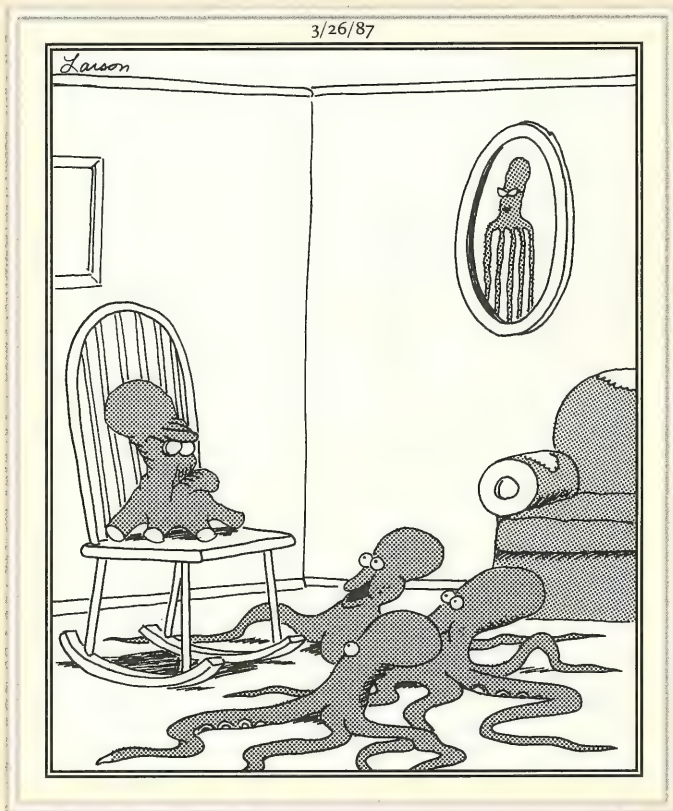
"For heaven's sake, Roger—stop dragging that one leg."



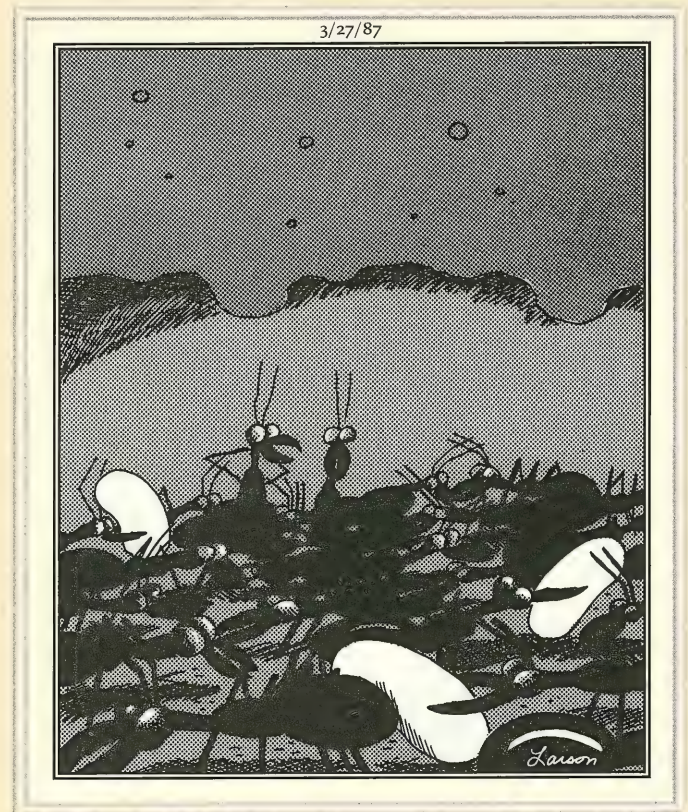
"Whoa! Smells like a French primate house in here."



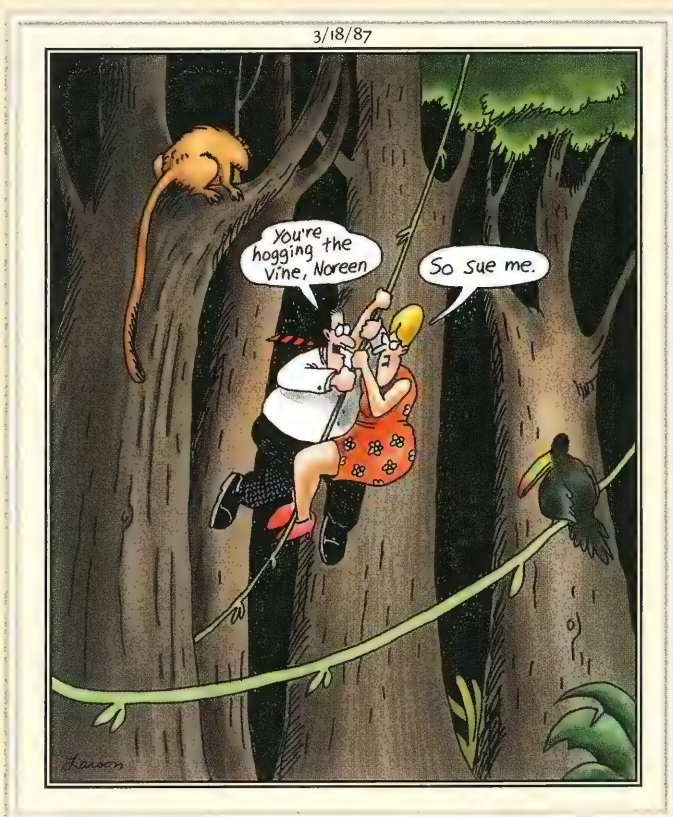
The spitting cobras at home



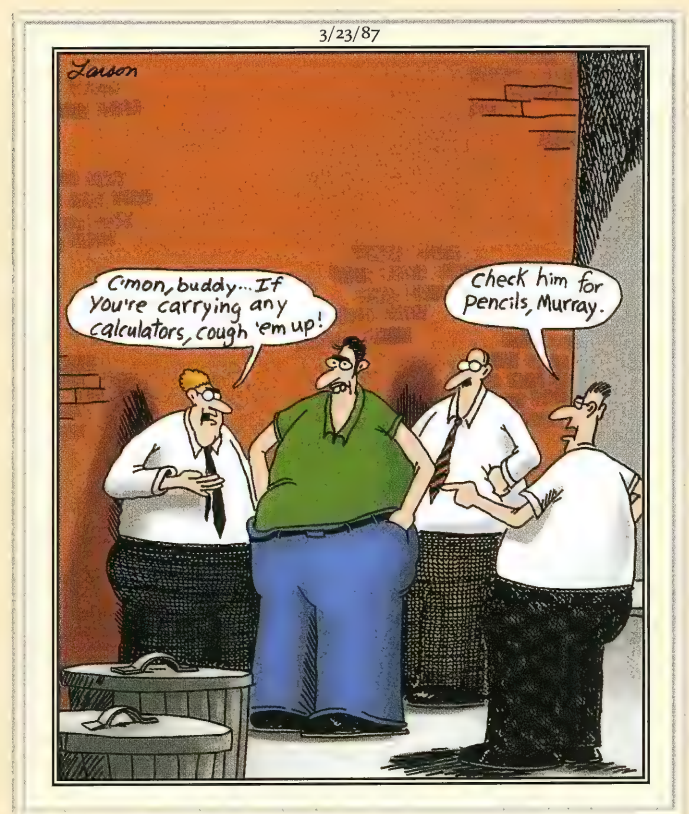
"Tell it again, Gramps! The one about being caught in the shark frenzy off the Great Barrier Reef!"



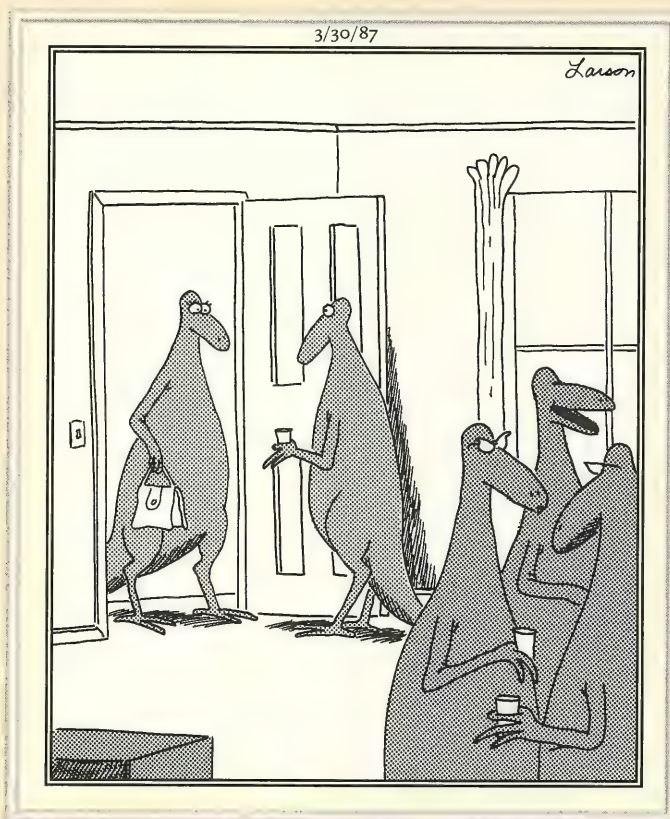
"You ever do this? ... Just sit in a place like this and antwatch?"



The Hendersons of the Jungle



Accountant street gangs

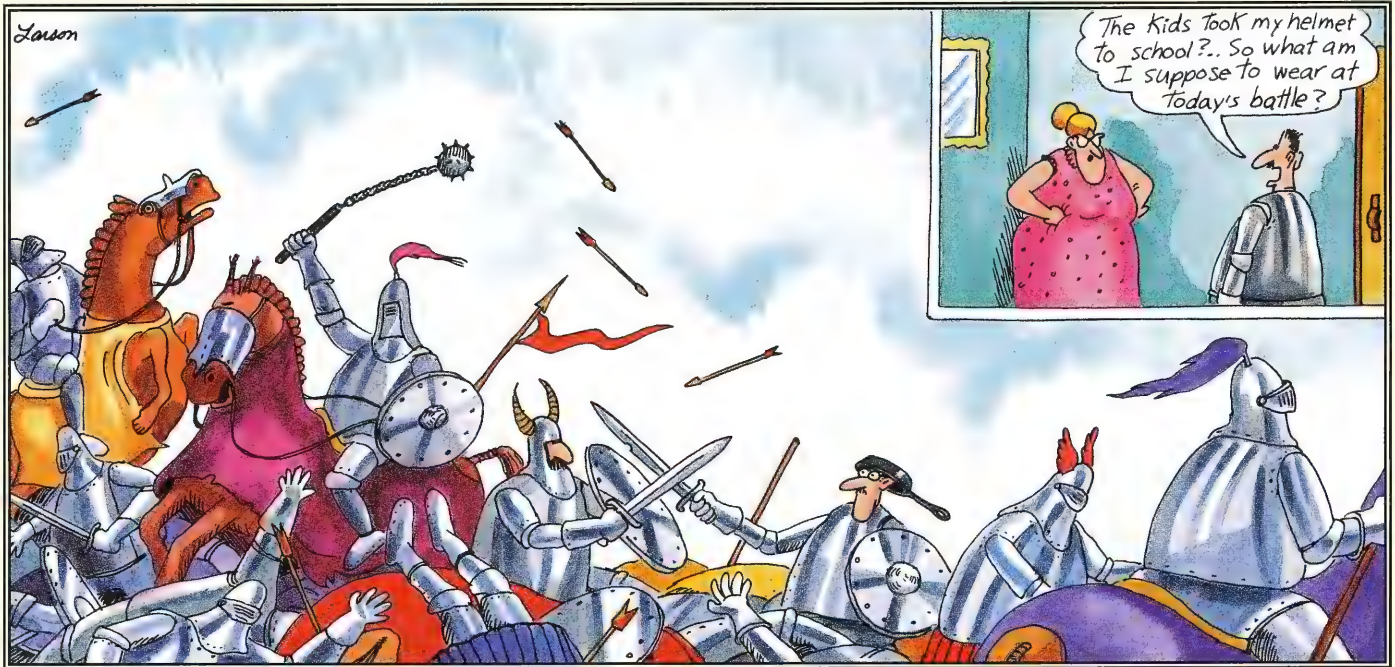


Chameleon faux pas: Arriving at a party in the same color as the host.

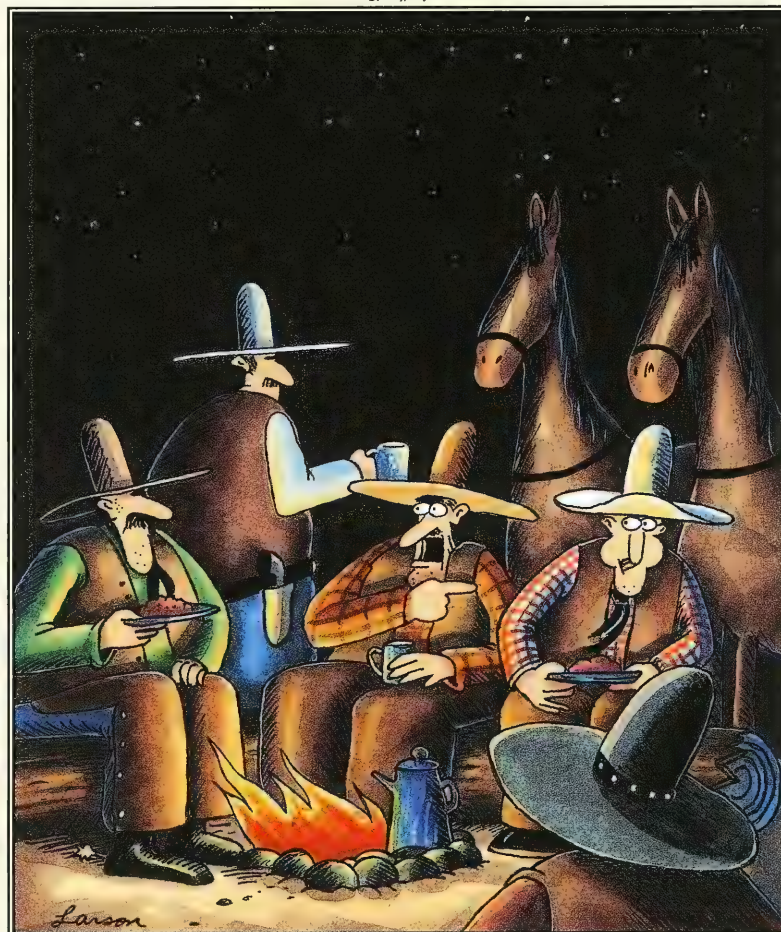


Unlucky fishing holes

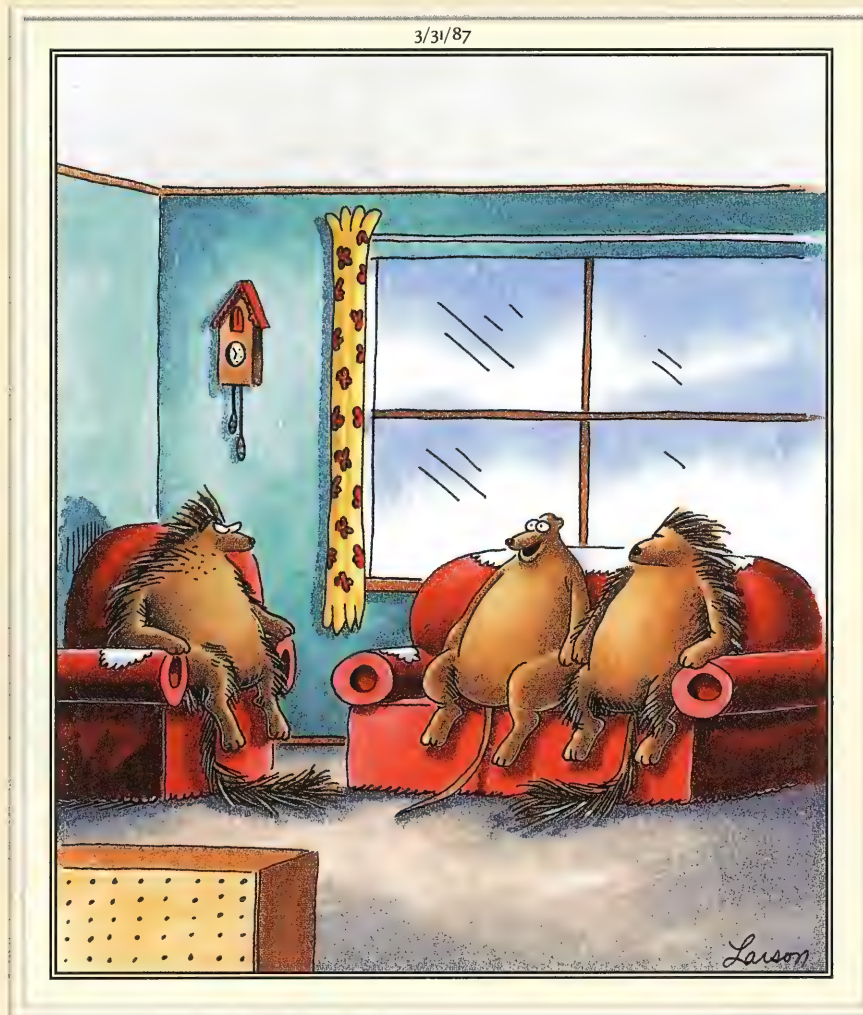
3/22/87



3/24/87



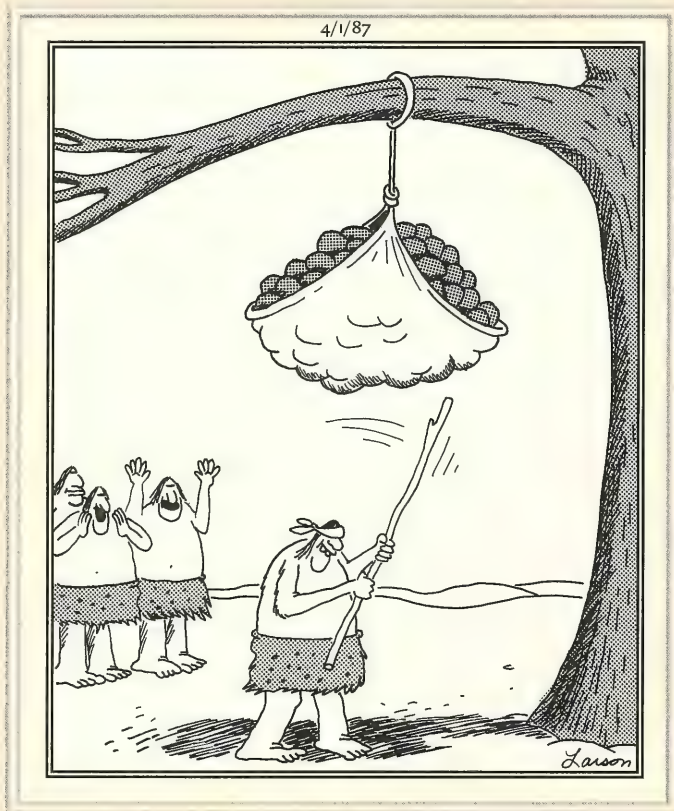
“Hey, everyone! Simmons here just uttered a discouraging word!”



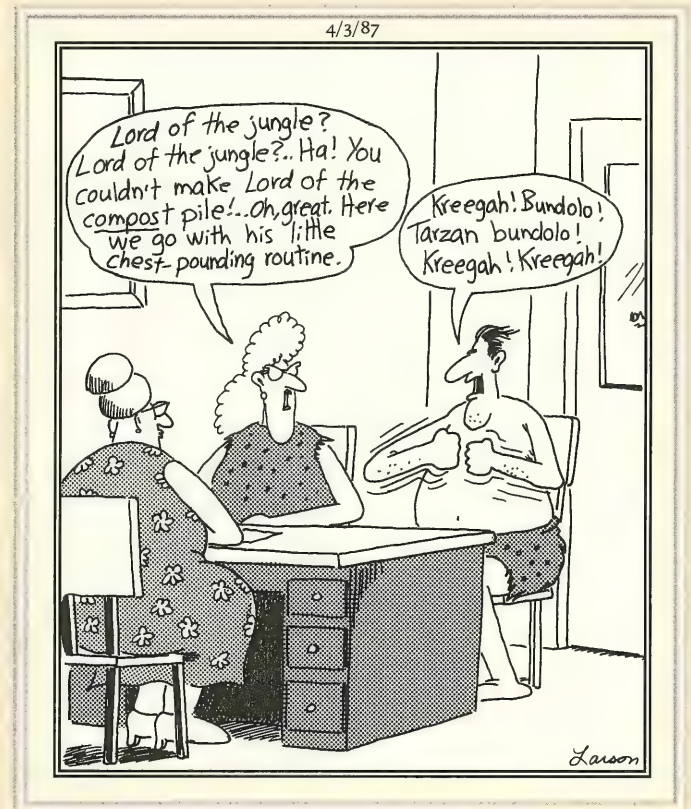
"I had them all removed last week and boy,
do I feel great!"



Horror films of the Wild



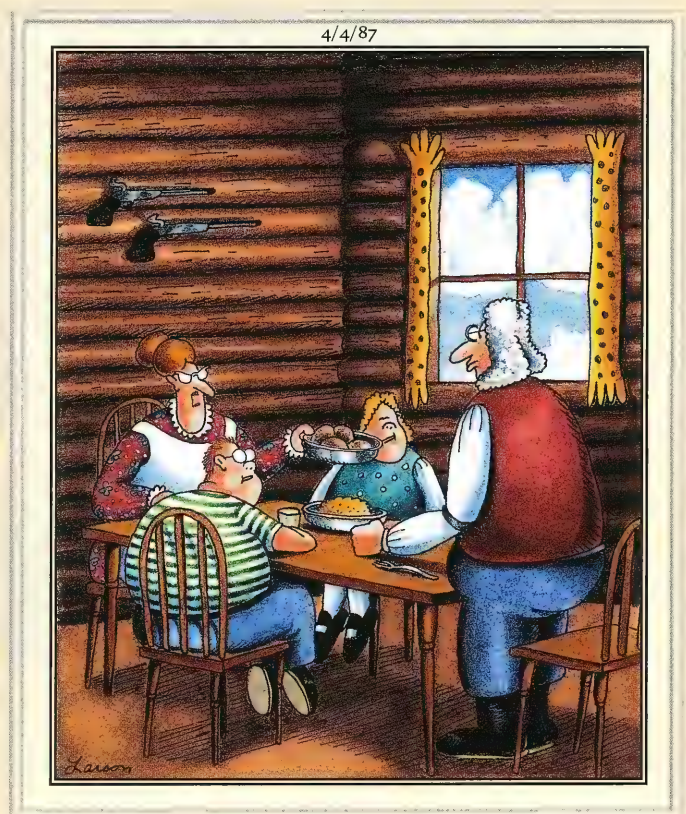
Early piñatas



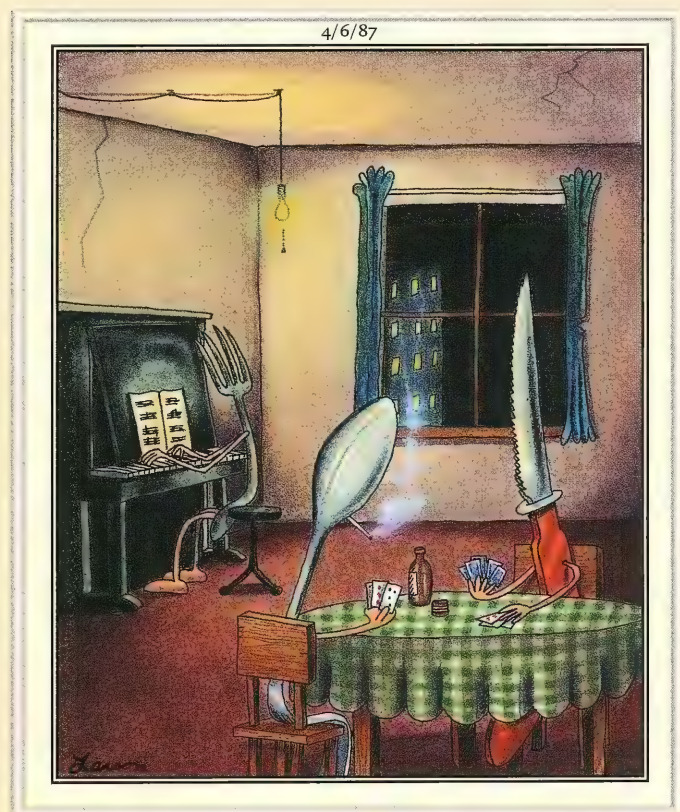
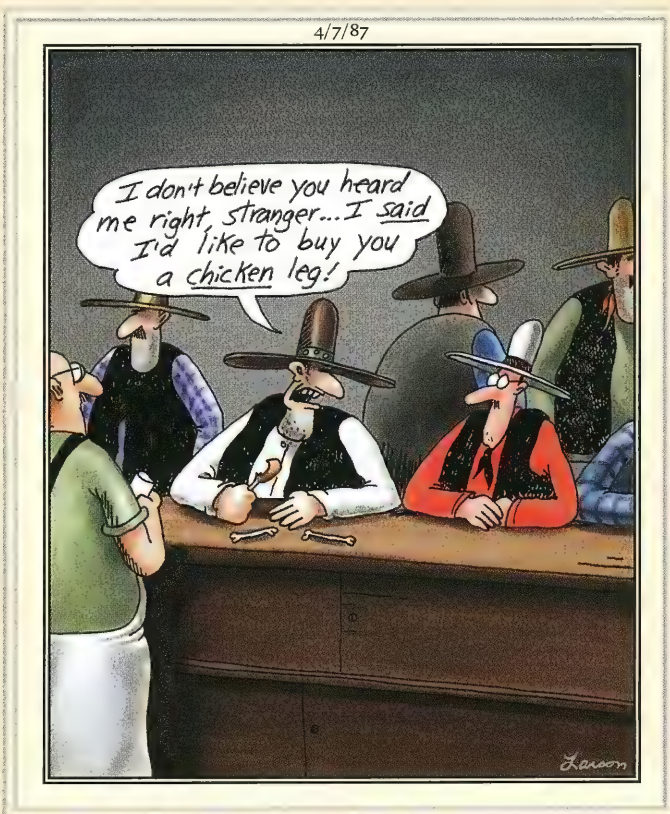
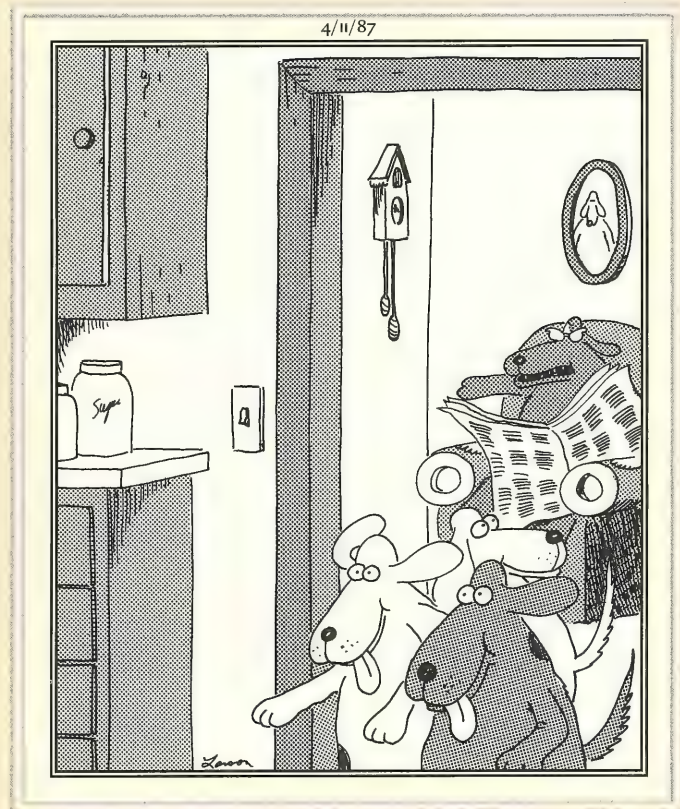
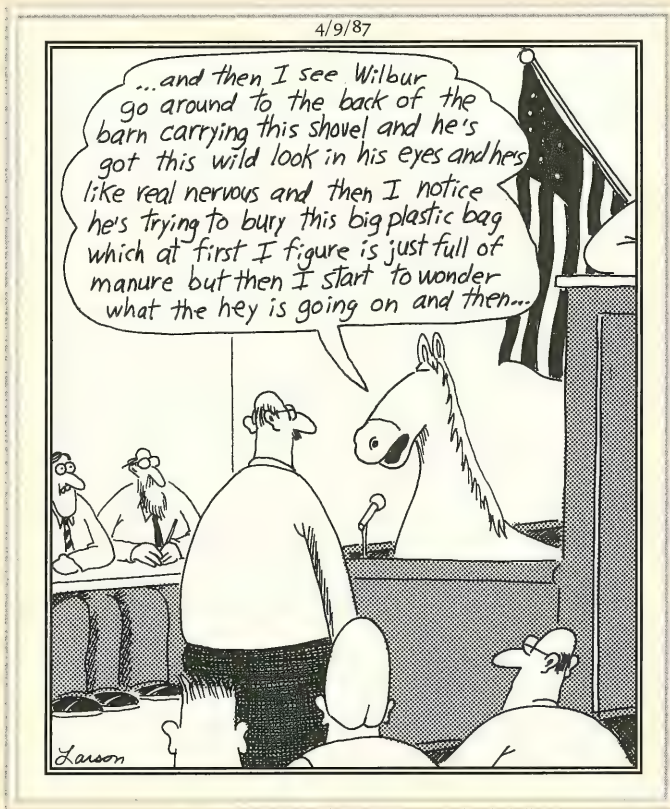
The Greystokes at marriage counseling



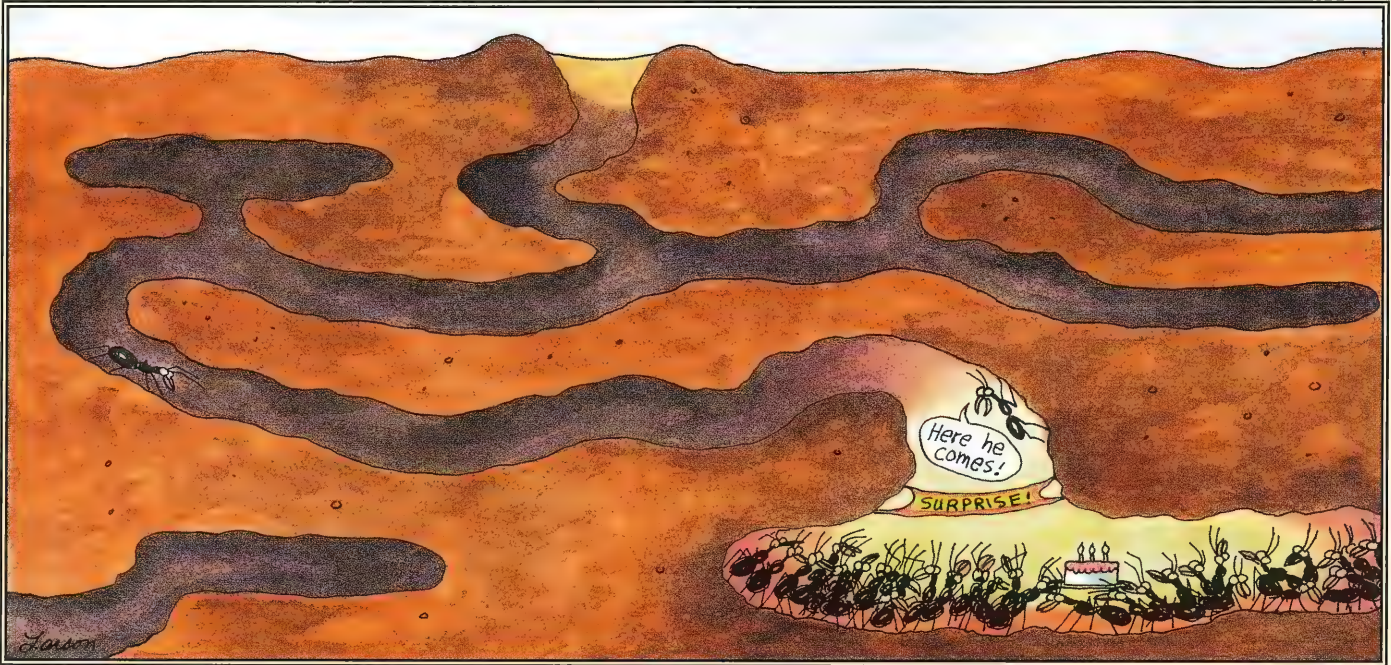
"Well, Frank's hoping for a male and I'd like a little female. ... But, really, we'll both be happy if it just has six eyes and eight legs."



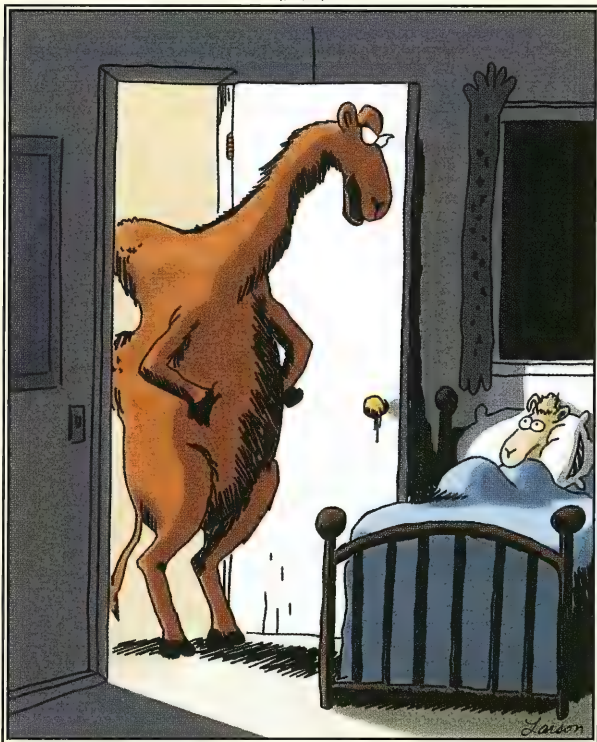
"For crying out loud, Patrick—sit down. ... And enough with the 'give me the potatoes or give me death' nonsense."



4/5/87



4/8/87



"Again? You just had a glass of water twelve days ago."

4/10/87



"Well, this is getting nowhere fast."

4/12/87



4/14/87



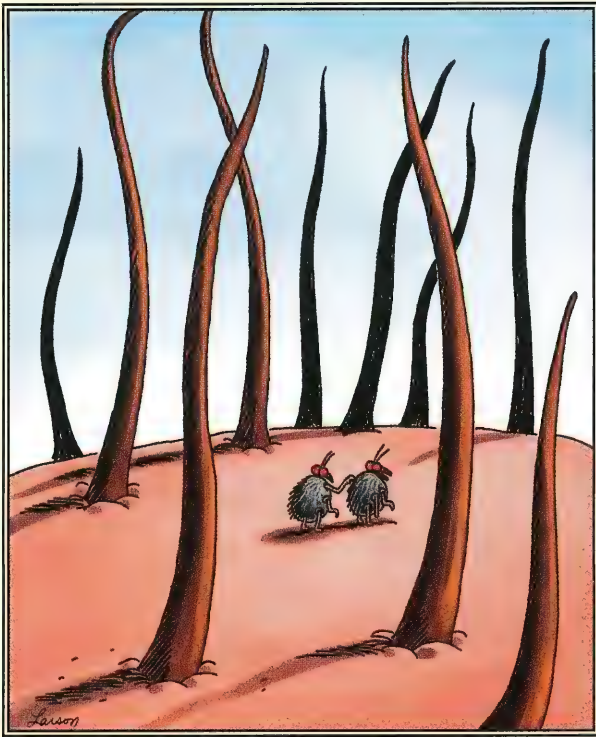
Thor's hammer, screwdriver, and
crescent wrench

4/15/87



"Won't talk, huh? ... Frankie! Hand me
that scaler."

4/17/87



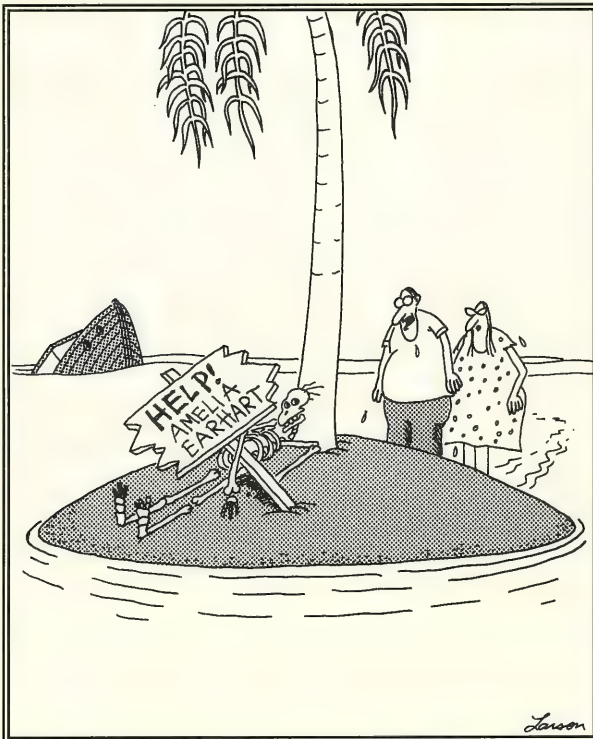
"Yes! Yes! That's it! Just a little higher. ...
Ahhhhhhhhh ..."

4/13/87



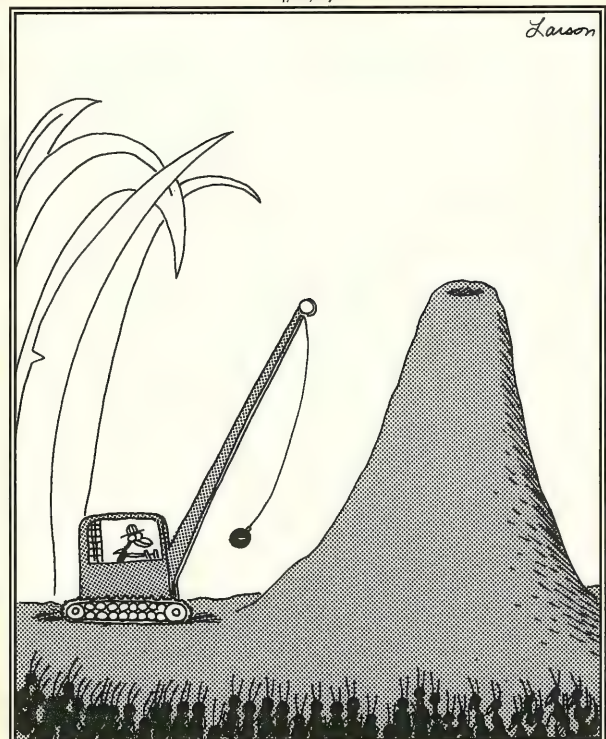
How cow documentaries are made

4/16/87



"Well, *this* isn't very promising."

4/18/87





Randy Schueler's wingless butterfly collection



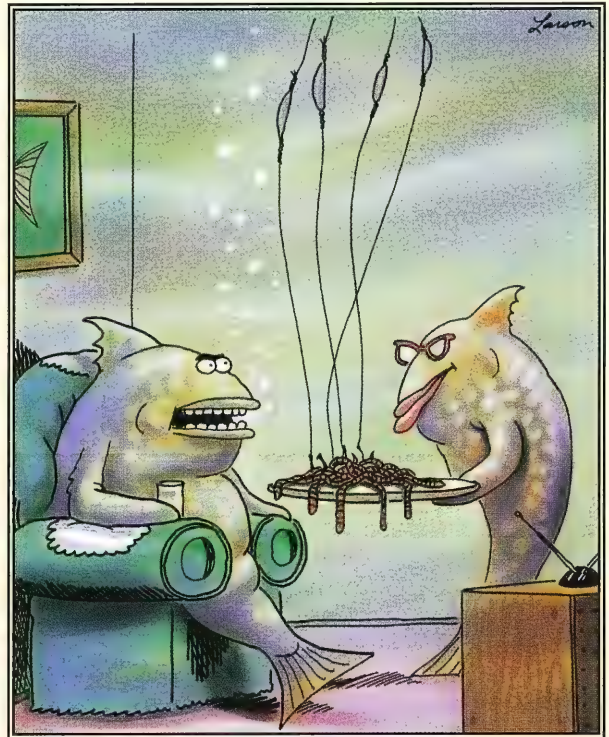
Early department stores



4/27/87

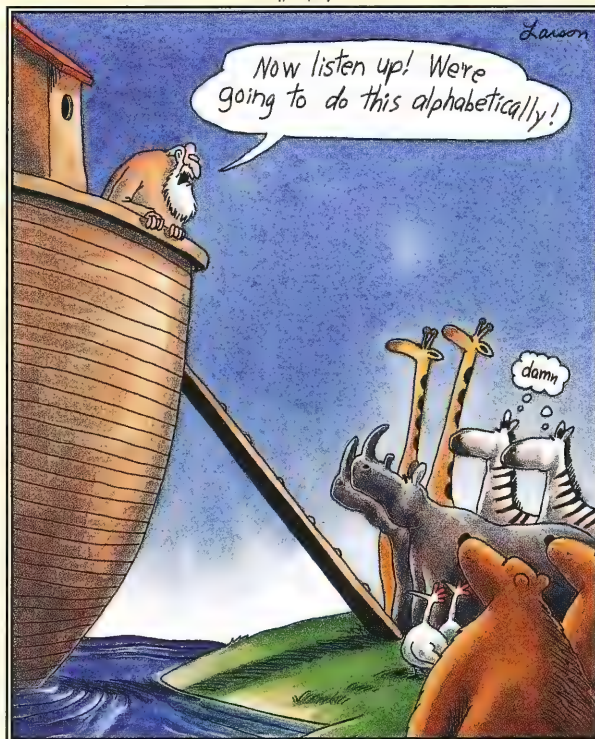


4/30/87



"More worms? ... Saaaaaaay—why are you being so nice to me all of a sudden?"

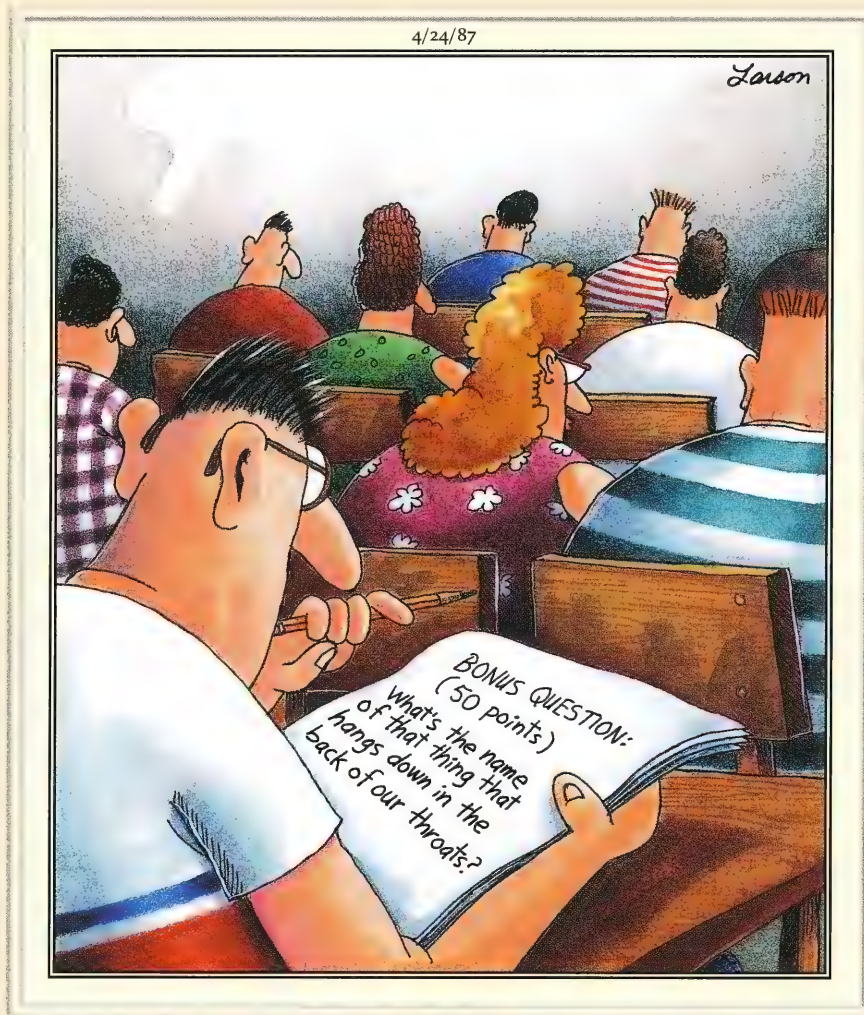
4/22/87



4/29/87



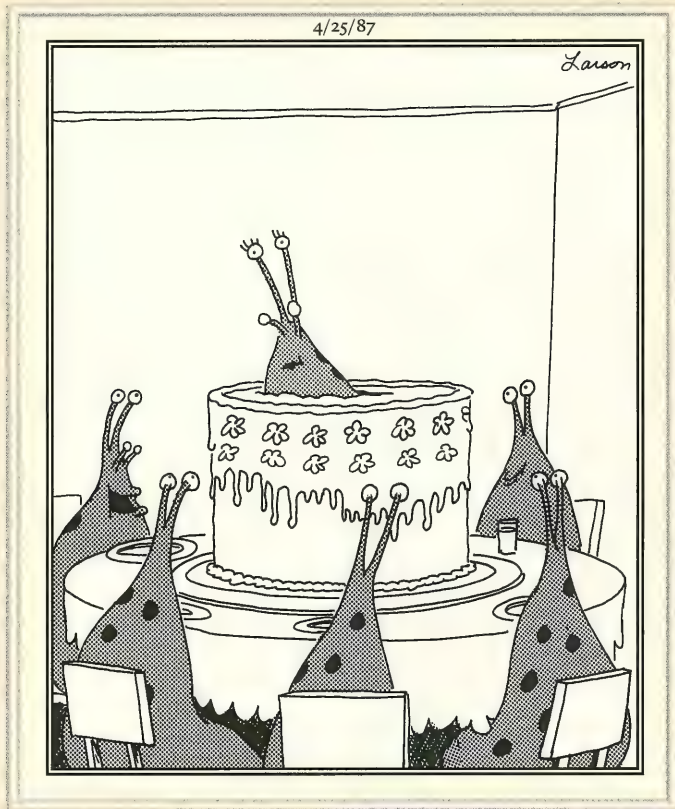
"Well, if I'm lucky, I should be able to get off this thing in about six more weeks."



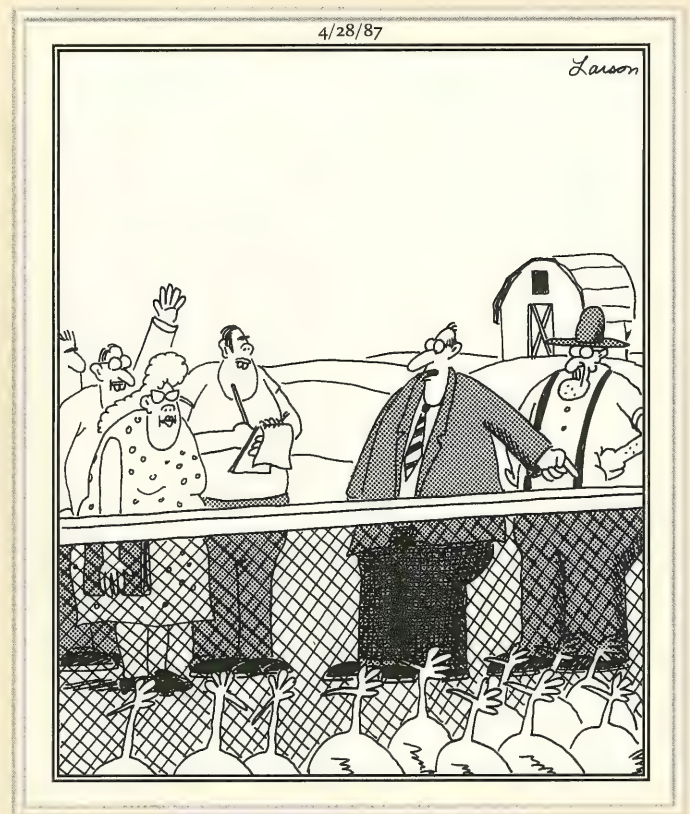
Final page of the medical boards



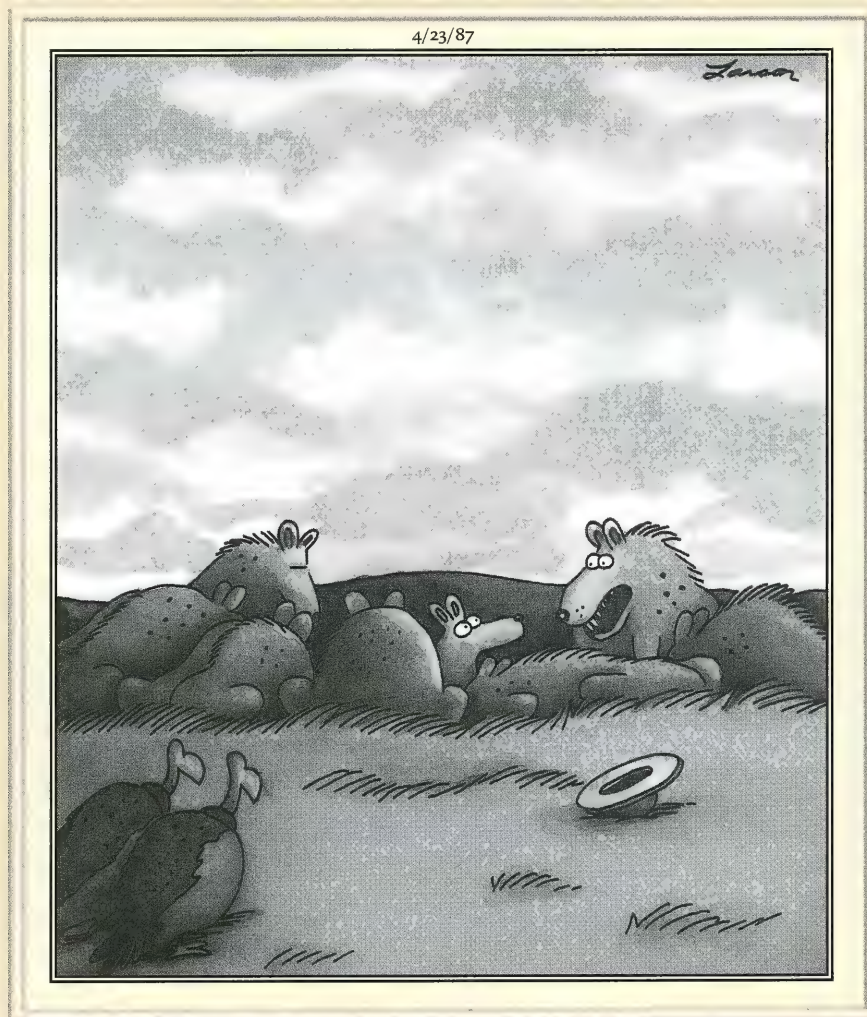
The African dawn



"Hey! Now her whole head is out! ...
This is getting better every minute!"



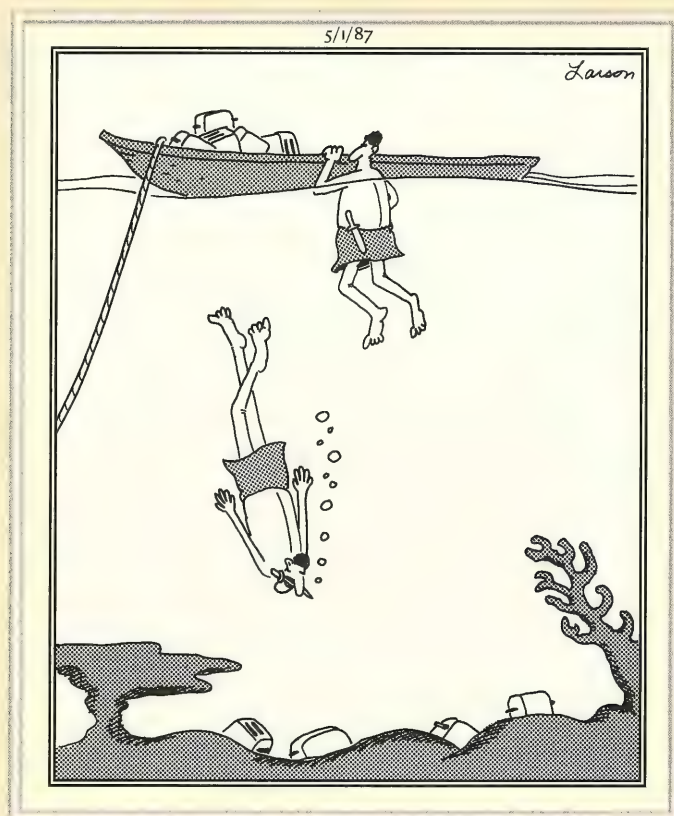
Ornithology 101 field trips



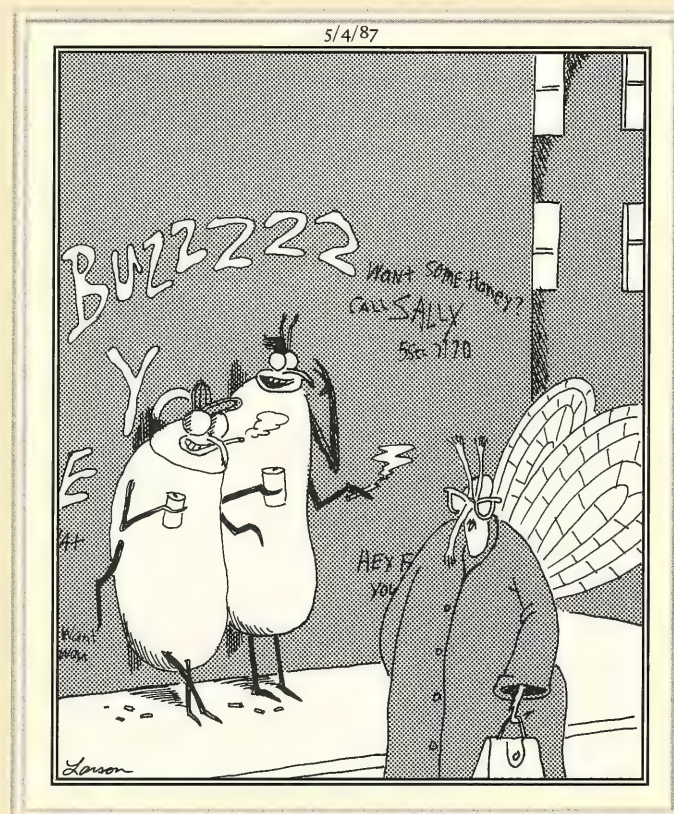
"You're not fooling anyone, Mitchell. ... You're not
eating, you're just spreading it around."



"Louis ... phonecaw."



The toaster divers of Pago Pago



Killer bees are generally described as starting out as larvae delinquents.

5/3/87



Bobo remained free the rest of his life, although he did find it necessary to seek counseling.

5/2/87

Larson

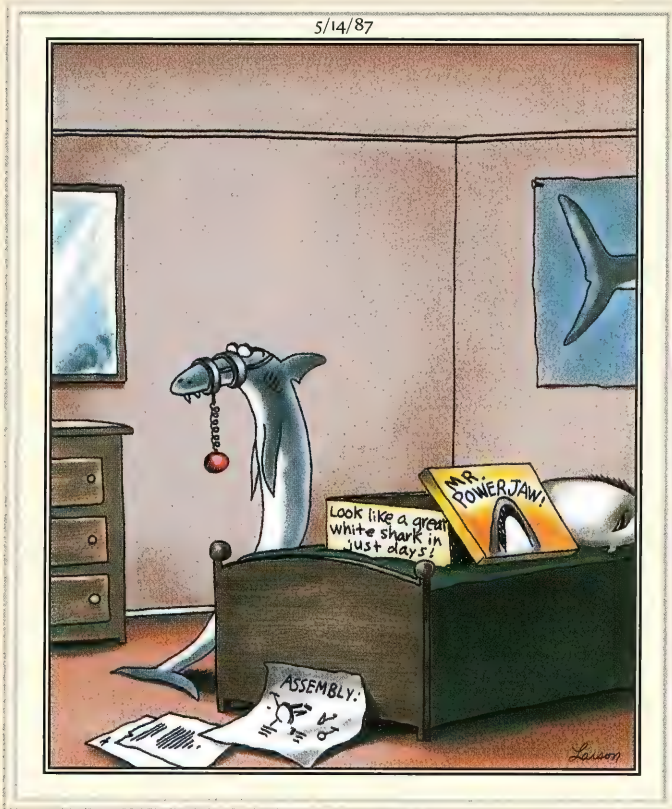


Inexplicably, Bob's porcupine goes flat.

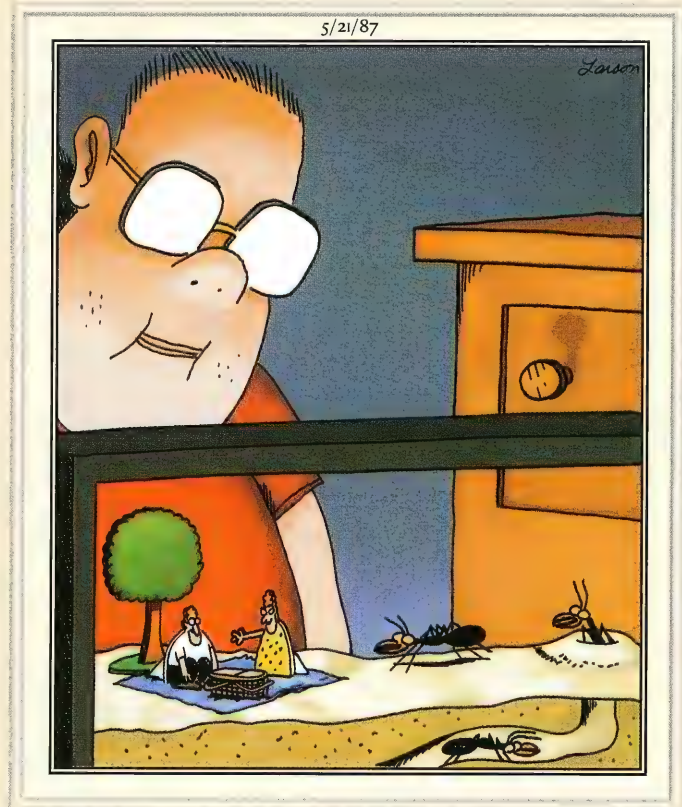
5/7/87



Mutants on the *Bounty*



Products that prey on shark wimps



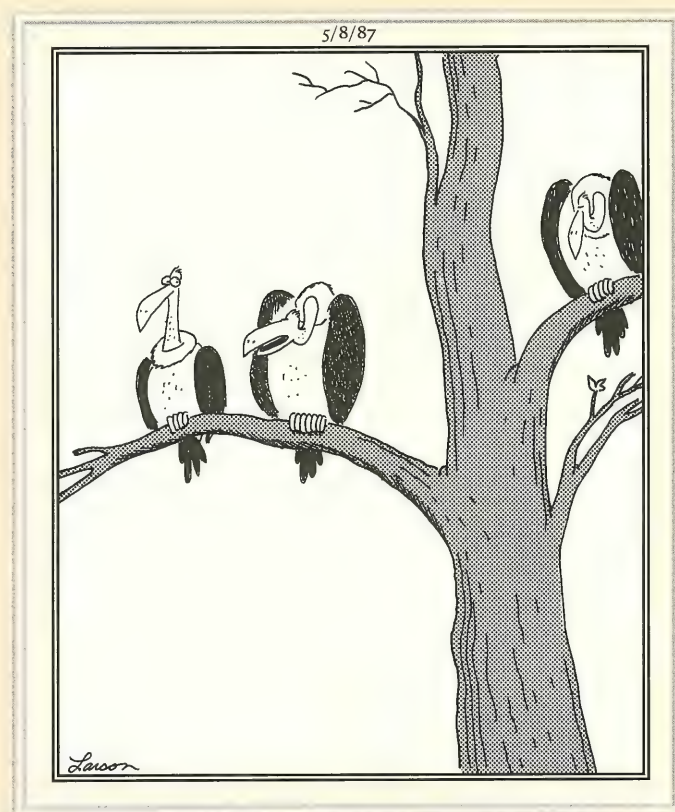
Stephen King's childhood ant farm



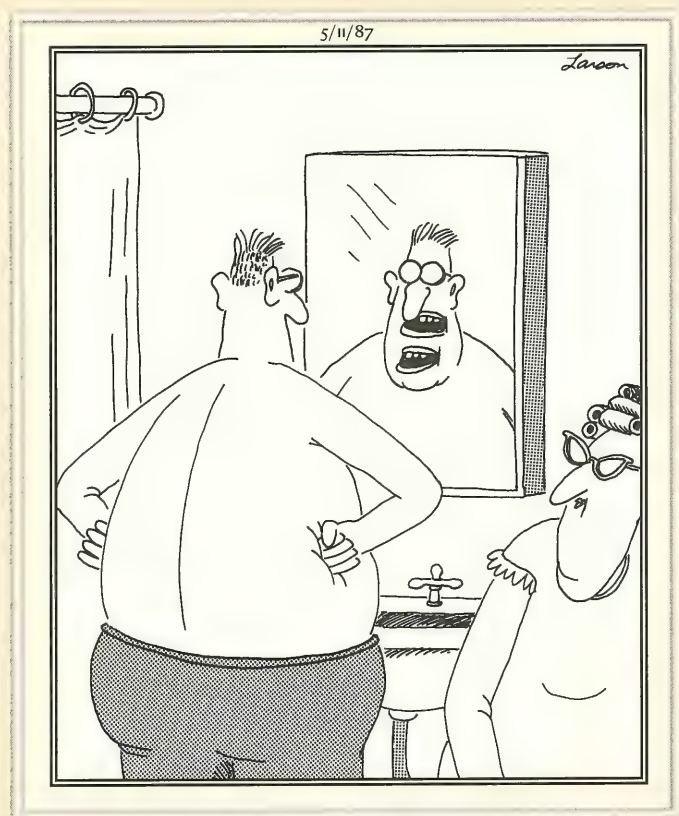
Suddenly, Dr. Frankenstein realized he had left his brain in San Francisco.



Early archaeologists



"Douglas! ... Hunch your shoulders!"

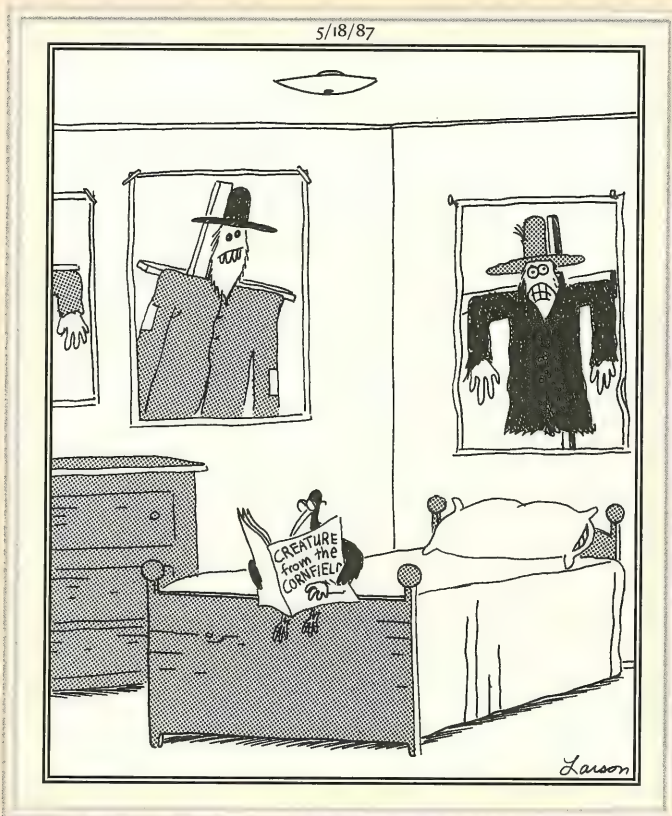


"Oh, wonderful! Look at this, Etta—another mouth to feed."

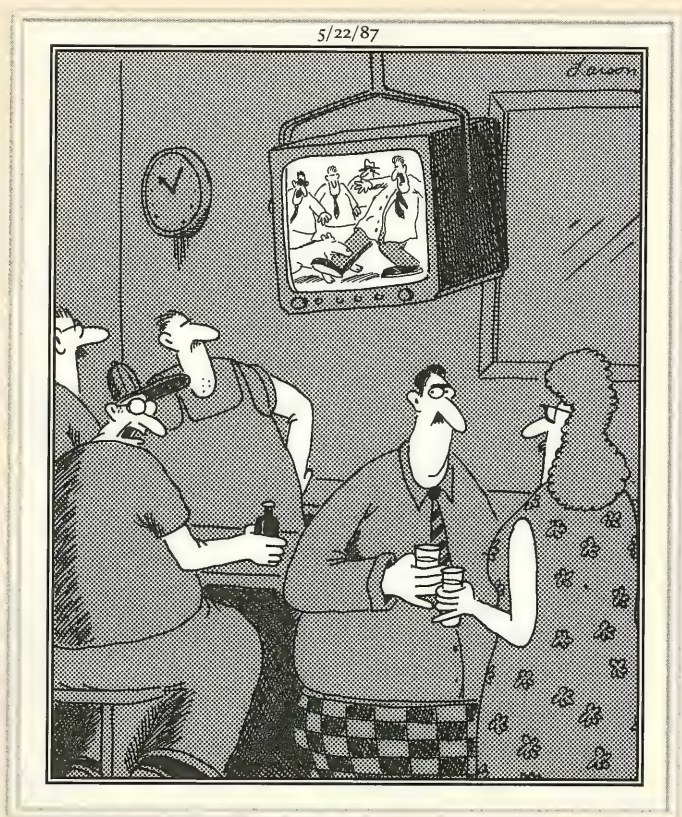




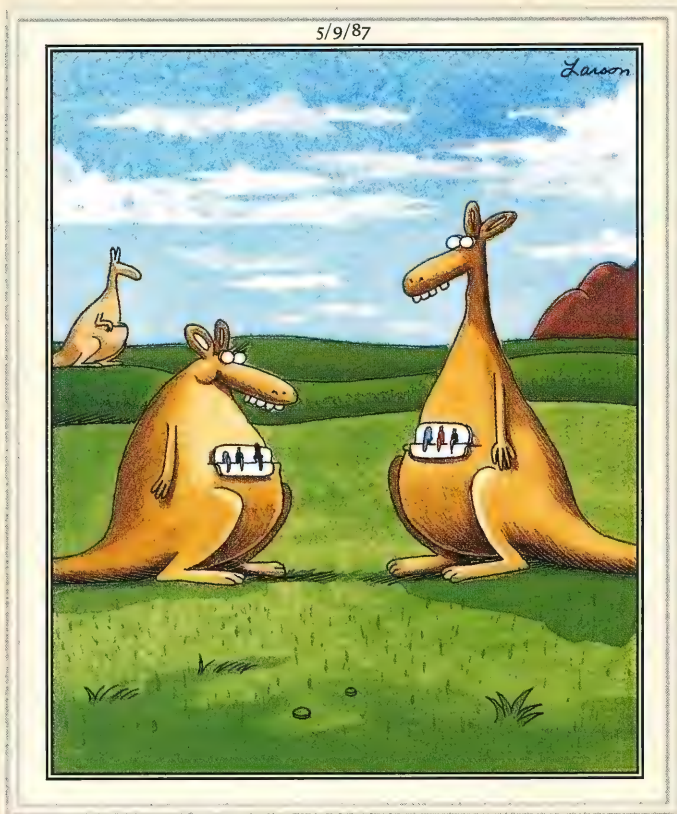
"You know, I don't feel so good, Dale. ... I think some of those red ants were still on the pink side."



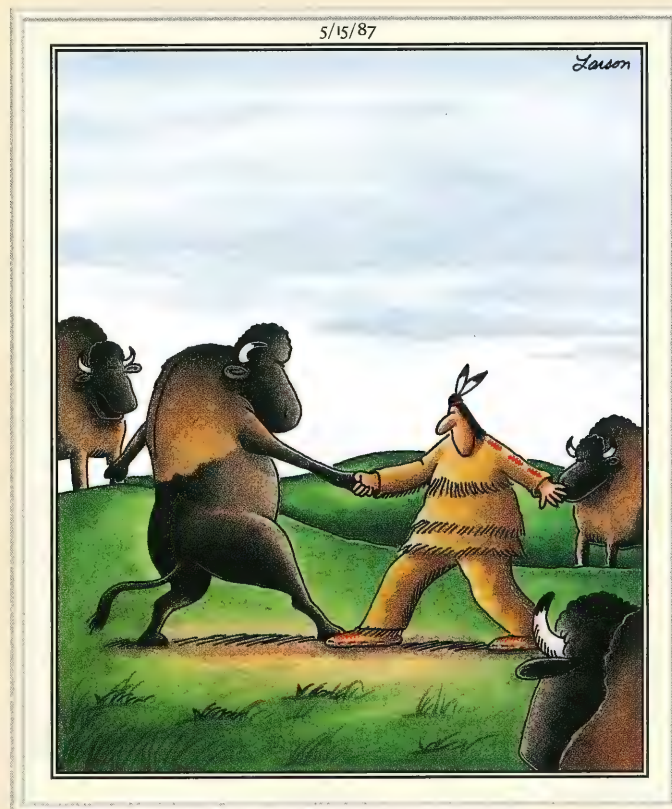
Crow kids



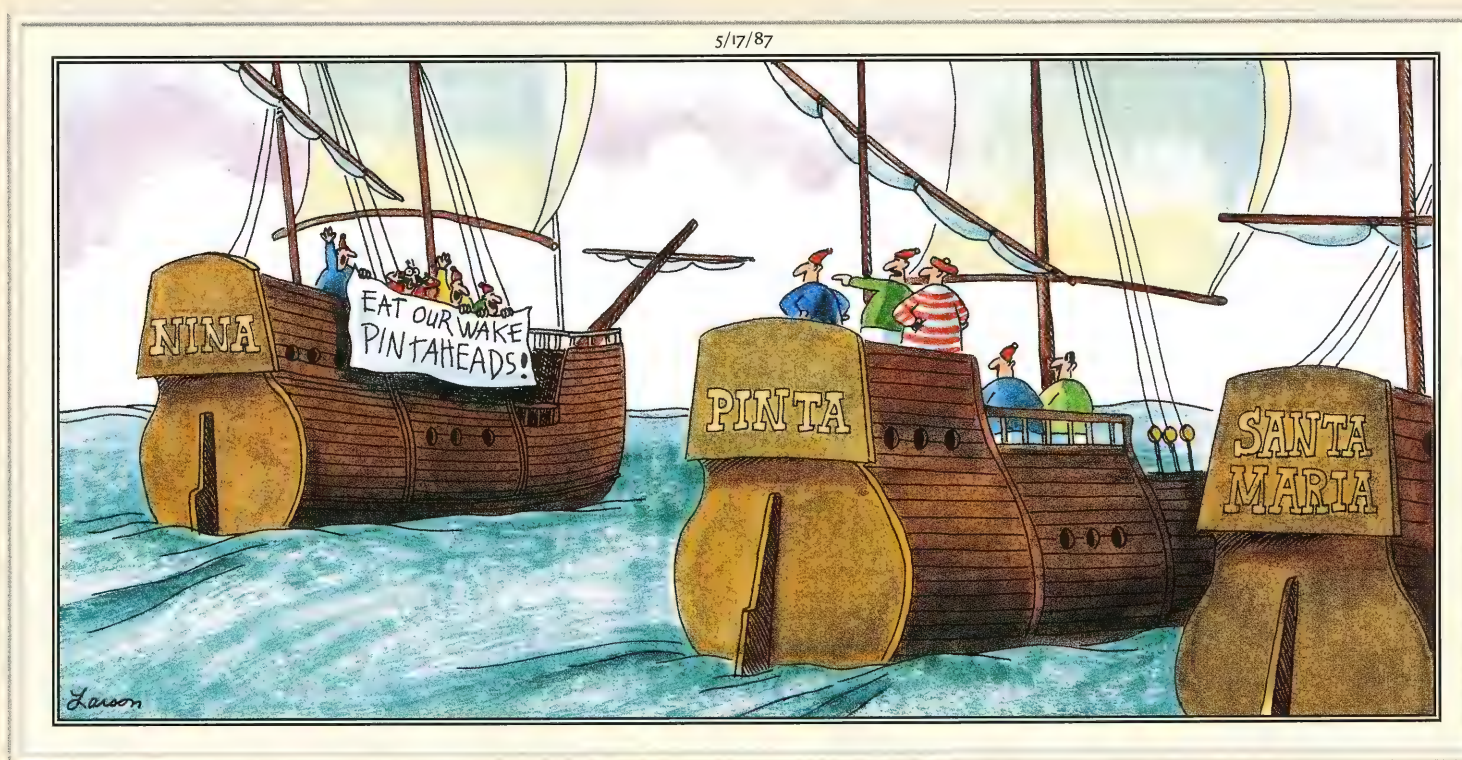
"Hey, Norton! ... Ain't that your dog attackin' the president?"



Kangaroo nerds



"Vince! Just trample him! ... He's drawing you into his kind of fight!"



5/19/87



And for the rest of his life, the young reptile suffered deep emotional scars.

5/20/87



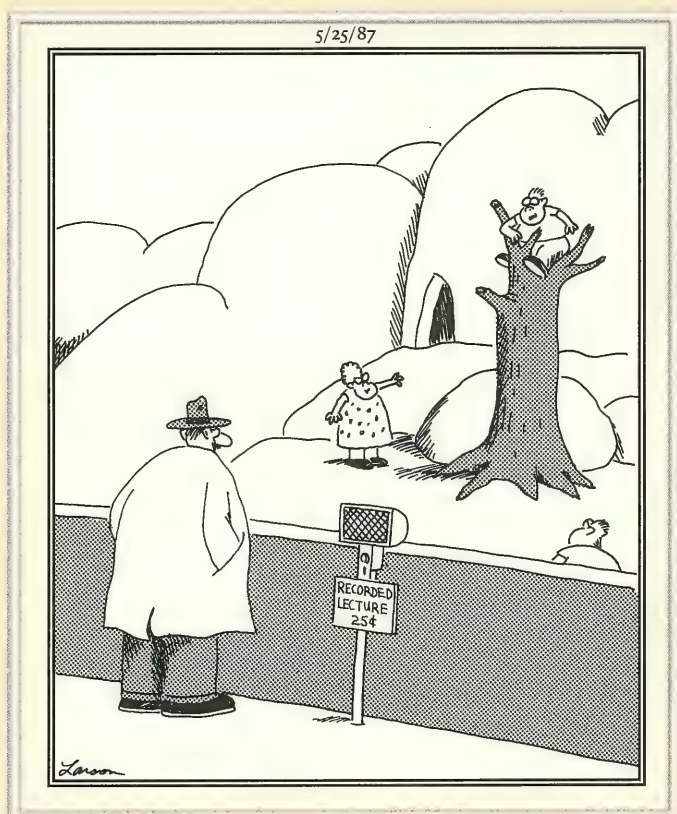
And there, deep in the forest, both of them decided they would settle this the old-fashioned way.

5/24/87

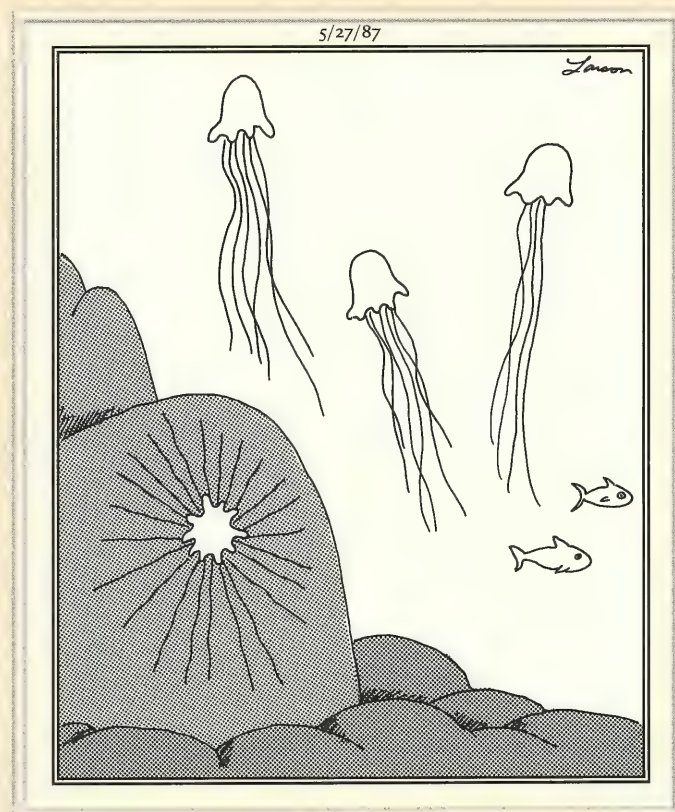




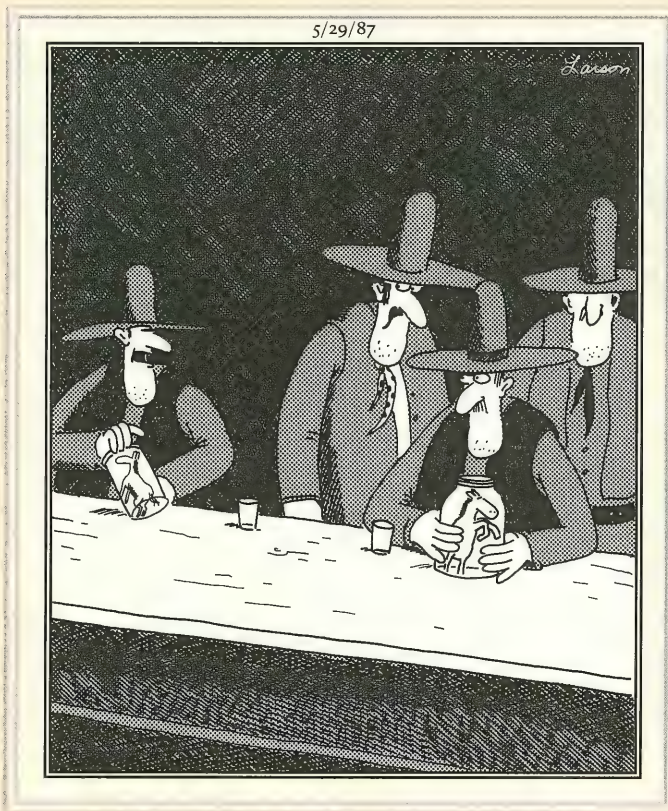
"This is it, Jenkins—indisputable proof that the Ice Age caught these people completely off guard."



At the Children's Zoo



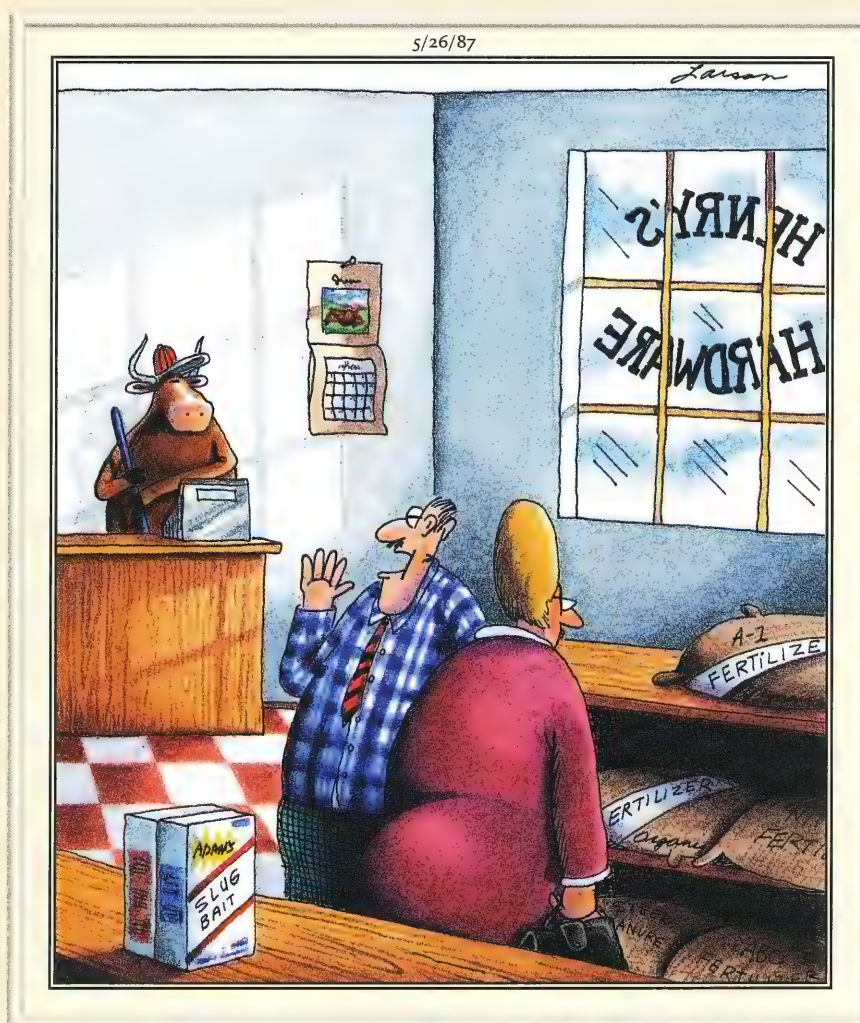
When jellyfish travel at unsafe speeds



"Not bad, but you guys wanna see a *really* small horse?"



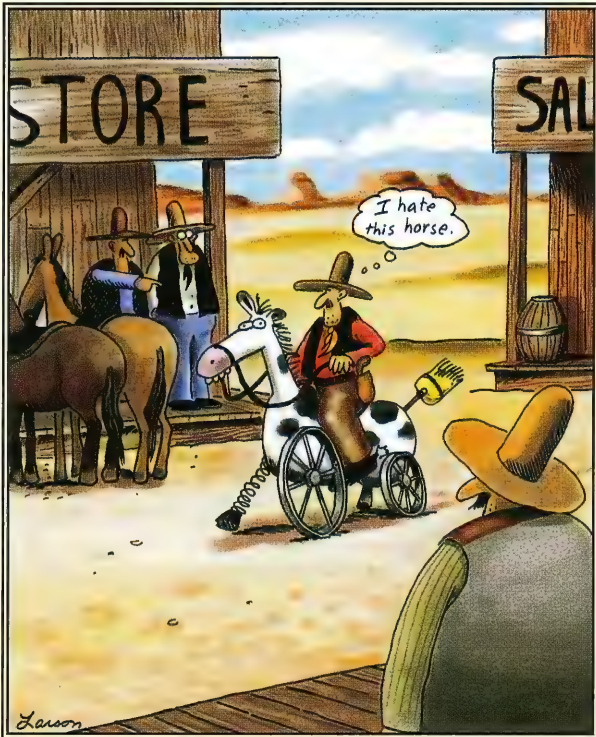
The armadillo ring of Belize



"Actually, Johnny knows this stuff better than me. ...
Hey, Johnny! This lady wants to know the
difference in all these fertilizers!"



6/1/87



6/2/87



"Do I like it? Do I like it? ... Dang it, Thelma, you know my feelings on barbed wire!"

6/3/87



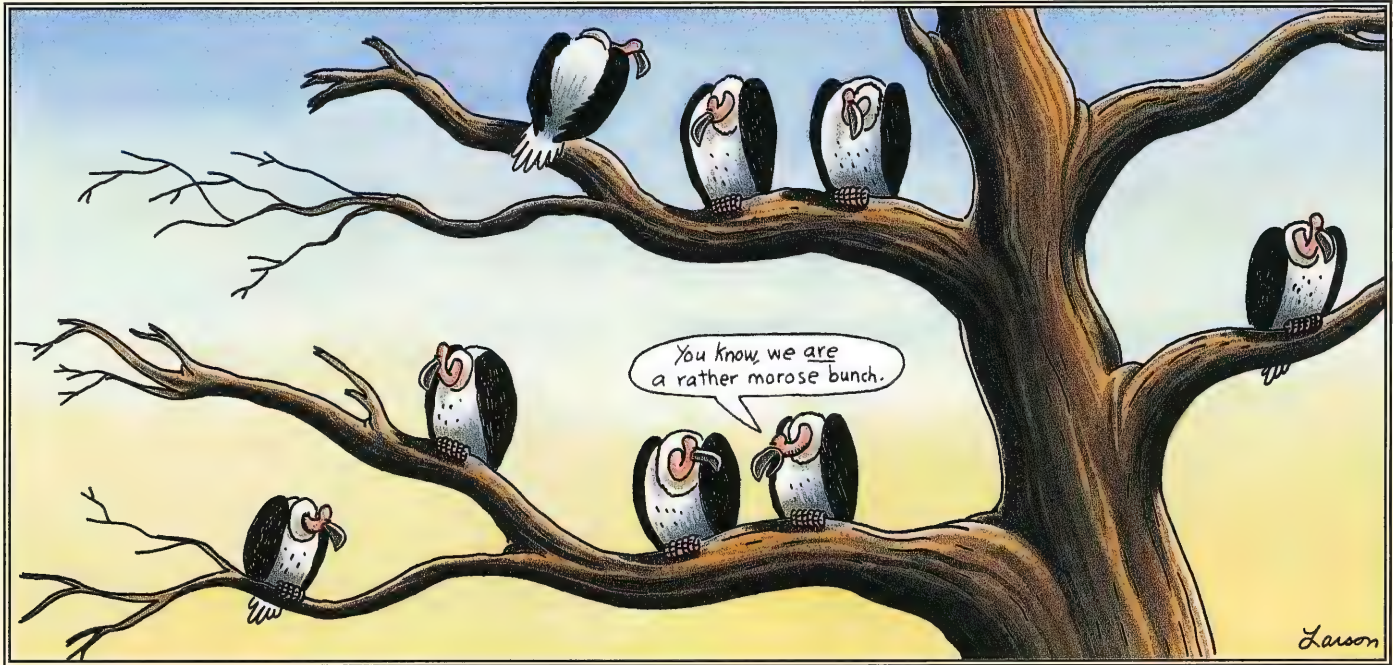
"Hey, bucko ... I'm through begging."

6/8/87

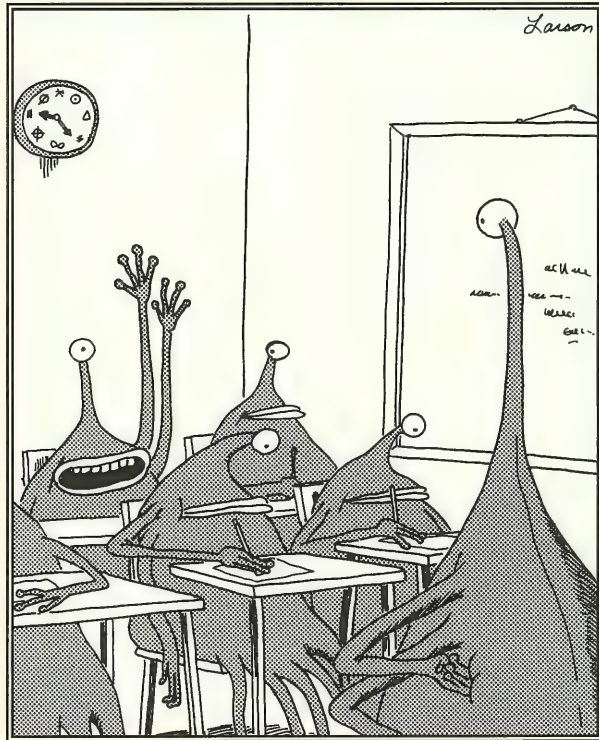


"For crying out loud, I was hibernating! ... Don't you guys ever take a pulse?"

6/7/87

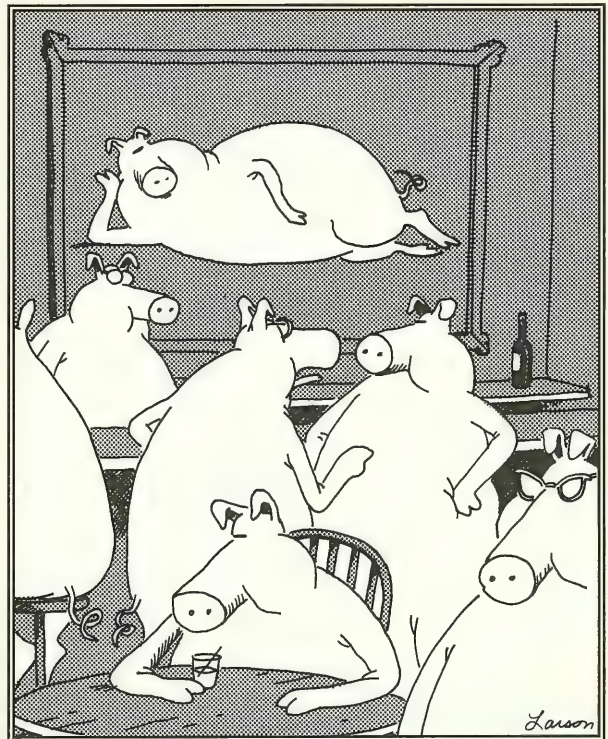


6/4/87



"Mrs. Xxgzhr, may I be excused? I have to go
Number $\sqrt{(17.003)(n-2)}$."

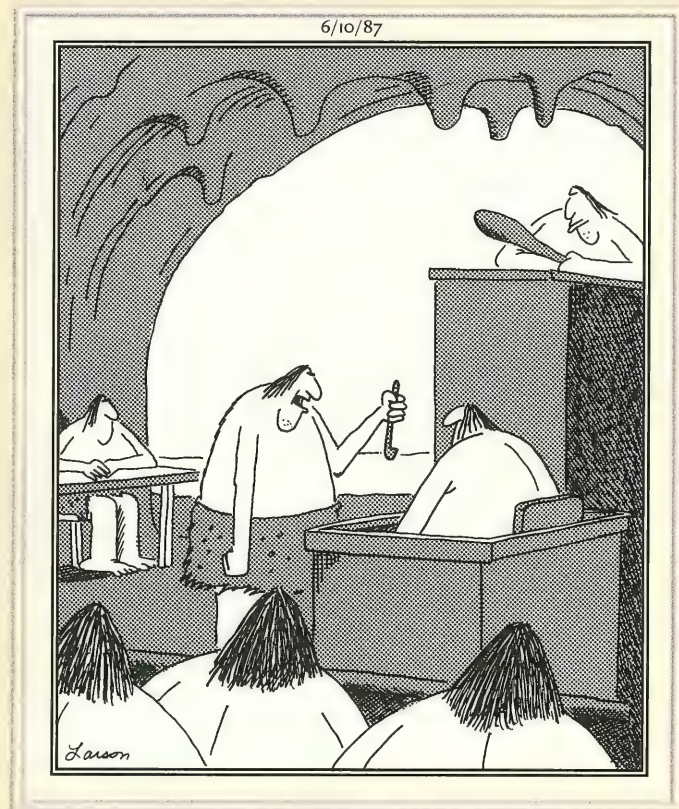
6/5/87



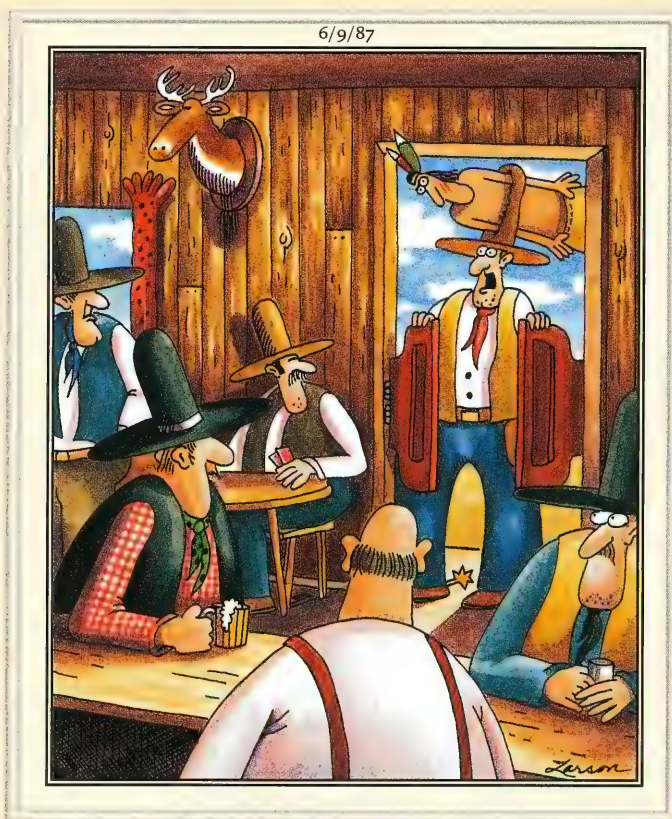
"Oh, yeah? ... How'd you like your
nose unflattened?"



At the worm beach



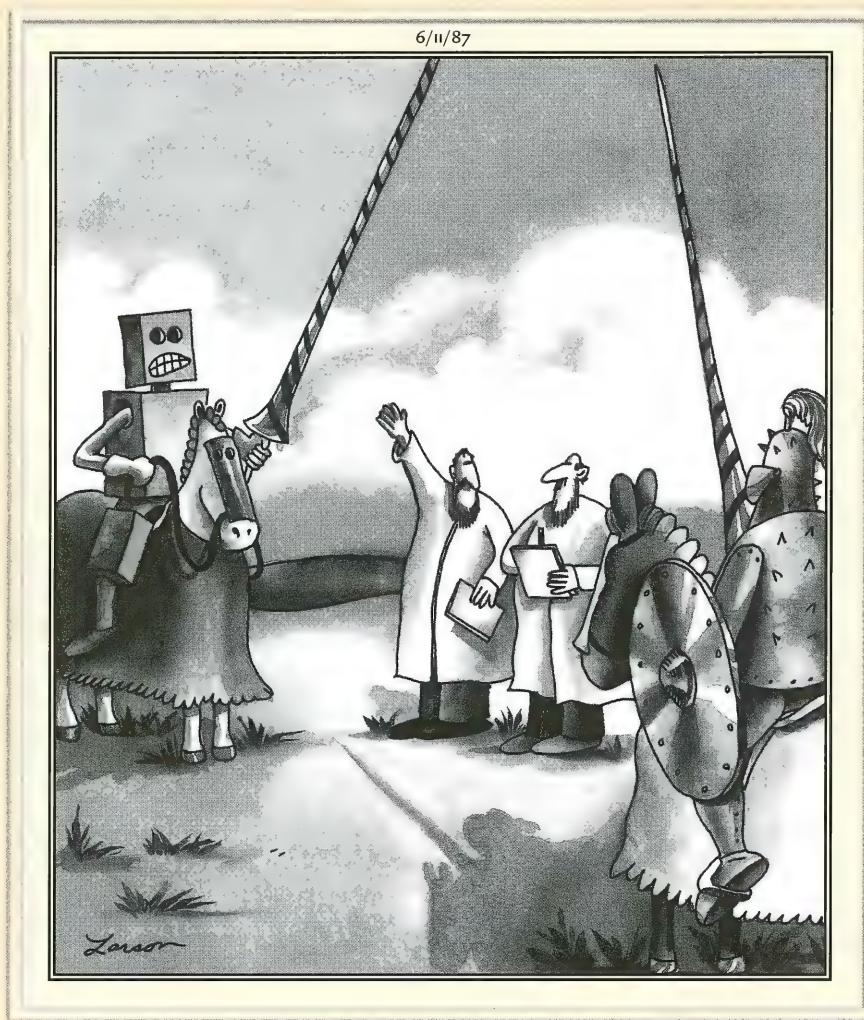
"You recognize this, Mr. Grok? ... We found it in the bushes near the victim's cave. Isn't this your atlatl, Mr. Grok?"



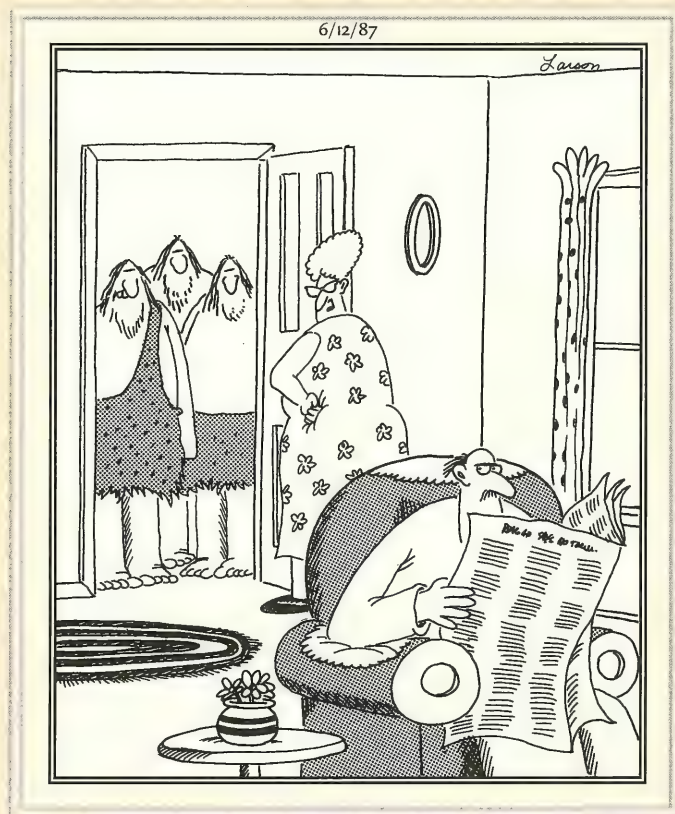
"INDIANS!"



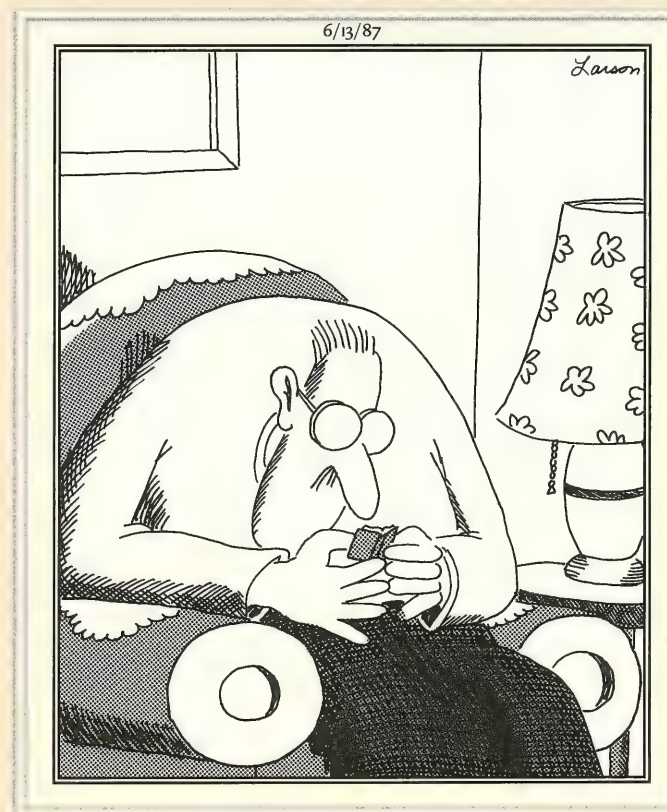
"So, Raymond ... Linda tells us you work in the security division of an automobile wreckage site."



For a very brief period, medieval scientists were known to have dabbled in the merits of cardboard armor.



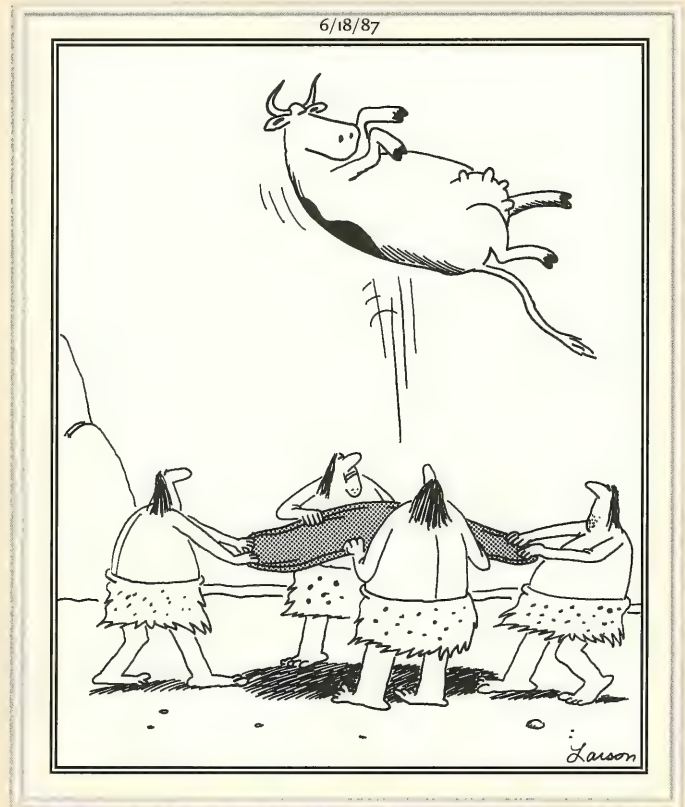
"Wendell ... it's a quest for fire."



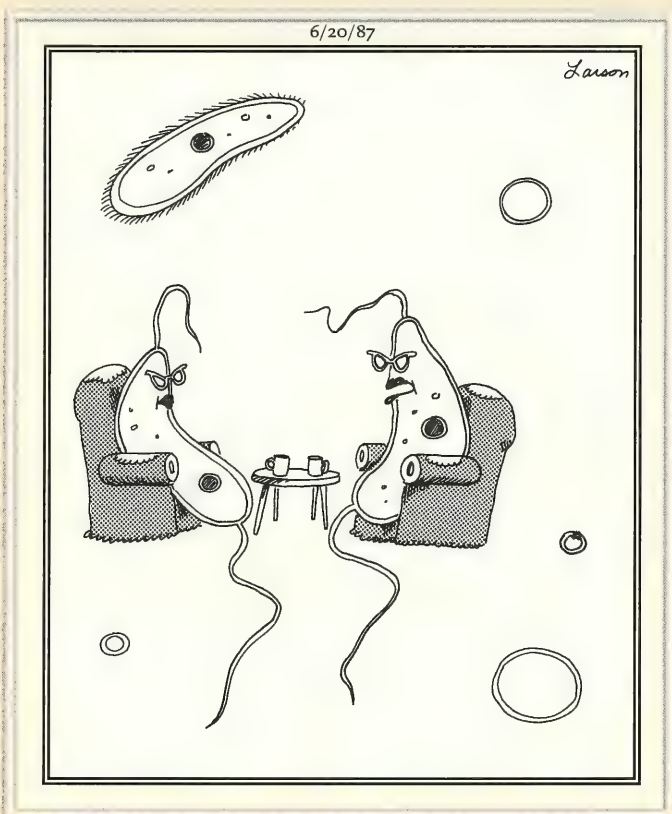
Roger crams for his microbiology midterm.



"Shoot! Drain's clogged. ... Man, I hate to think what might be down there."



Early attempts at the milkshake



"He told you *that*? Well, he's pulling your flagellum, Nancy."



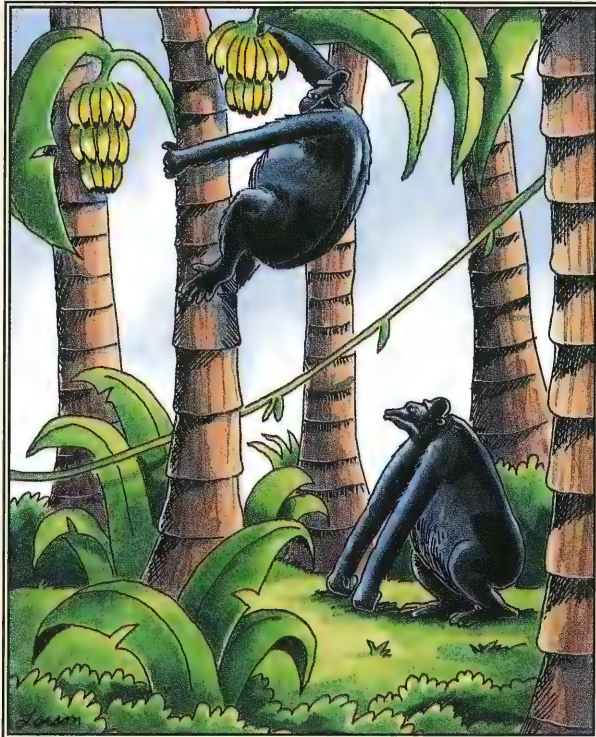
"AAAAAAA! ... I CAN SEE! I CAN SEE! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

6/14/87



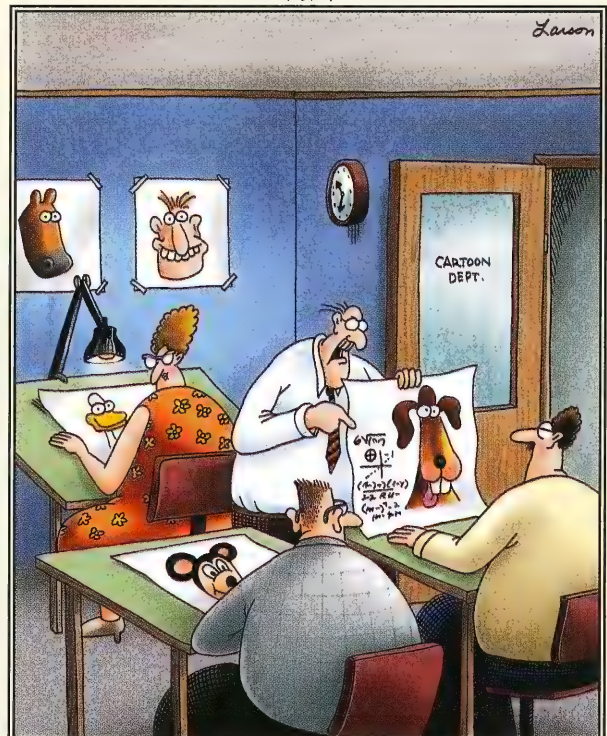
When chickens dream

6/16/87



"That does it, Sid! ... You yell 'tarantula' one more time and you're gonna be wearin' this thing!"

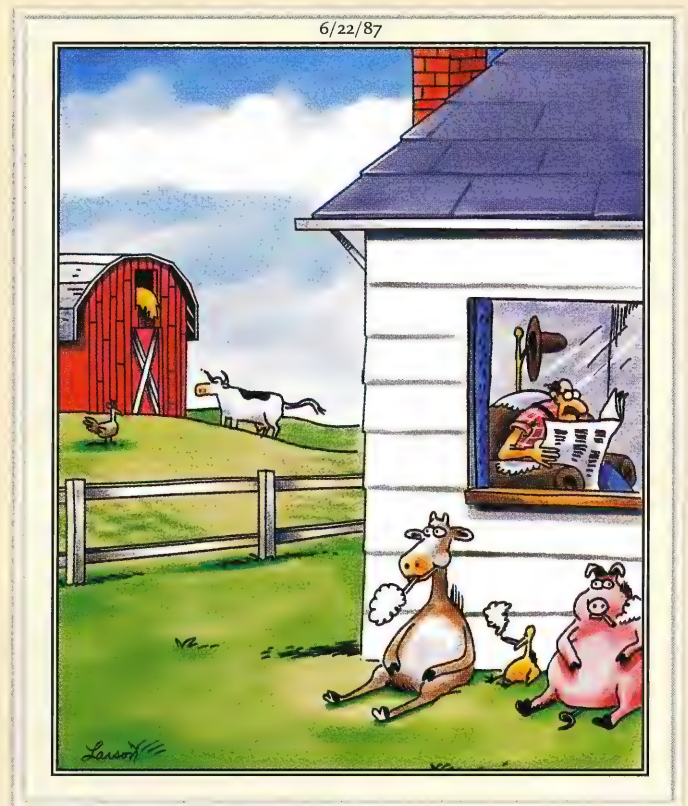
6/19/87



"Hey! What's this, Higgins? Physics equations? ... Do you enjoy your job here as a cartoonist, Higgins?"



"And when the big moment comes, here's the nursery Robert and I have fixed up."



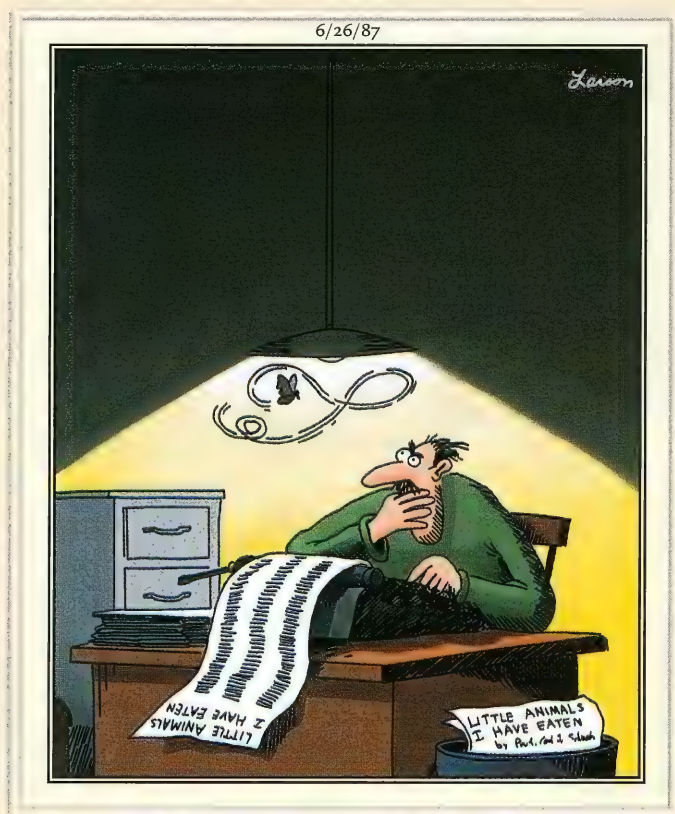
Where all the young farm animals go to smoke



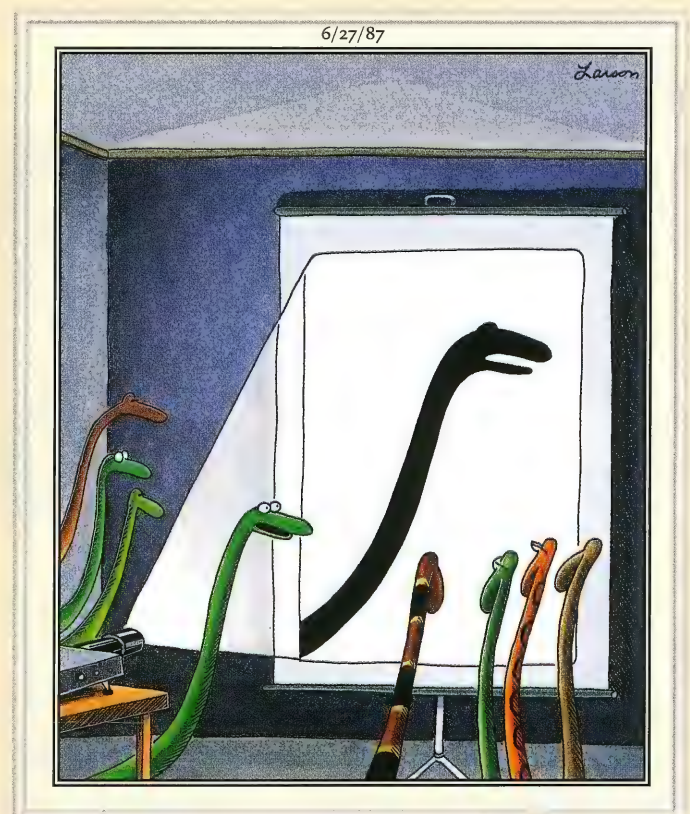
Sled chickens of the North



"For crying out loud, Warren ... can't you just beat your chest like everyone else?"

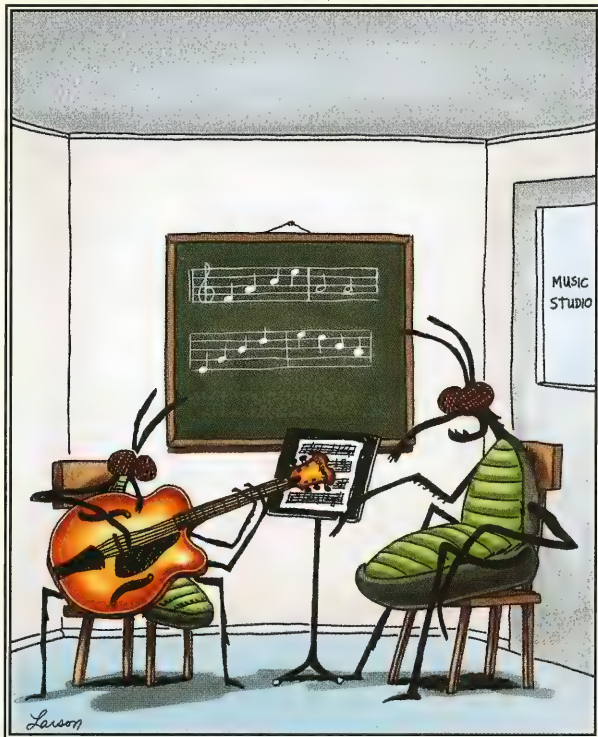


And by a lucky coincidence, Carl had just reached the "m's."



"Now this is ... this is ... well, I guess it's another snake."

6/29/87



"No, no, no! What are you doing? ...
Fifth leg! Fifth leg!"

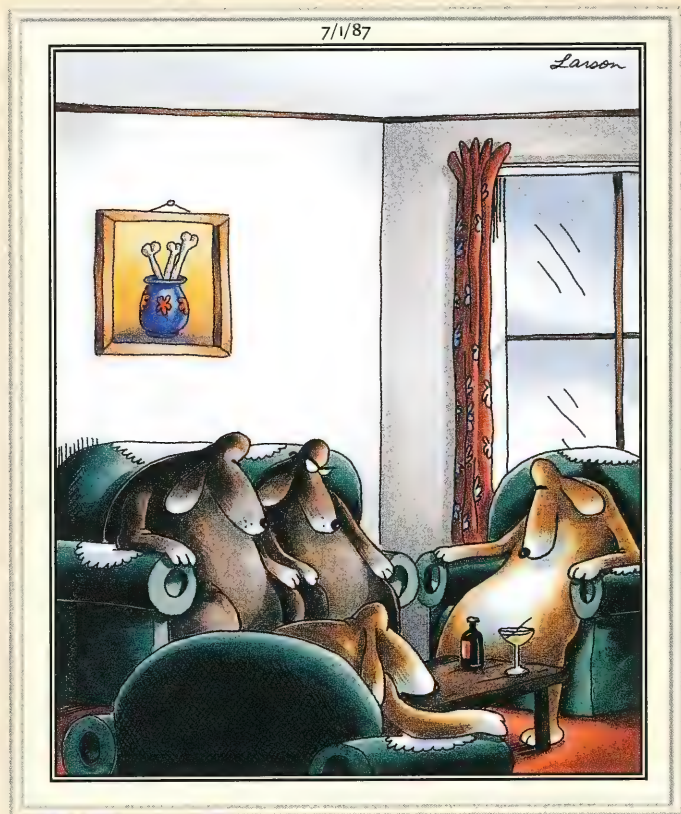
6/30/87



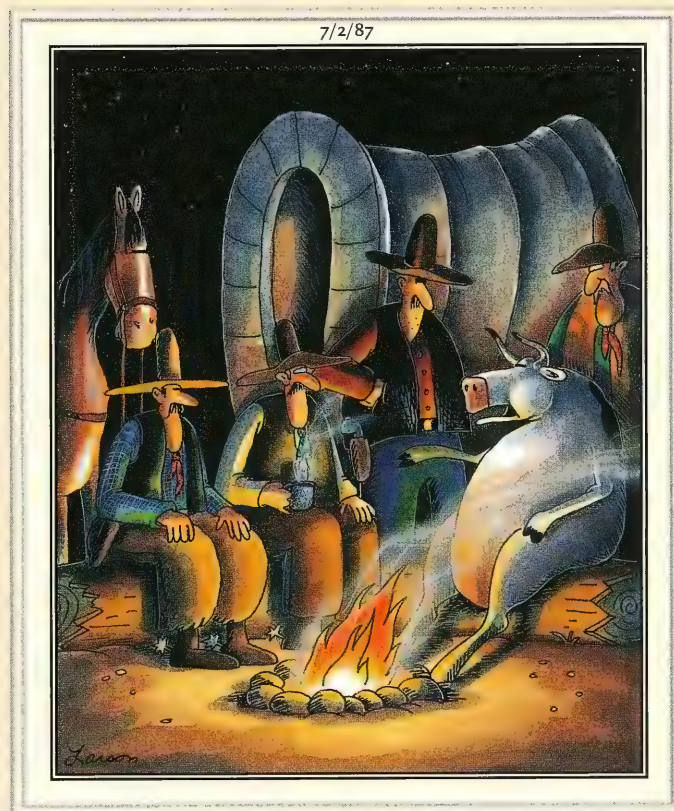
"And you, Johnson! You stick with your man
and keep that hand in his face!"

6/28/87



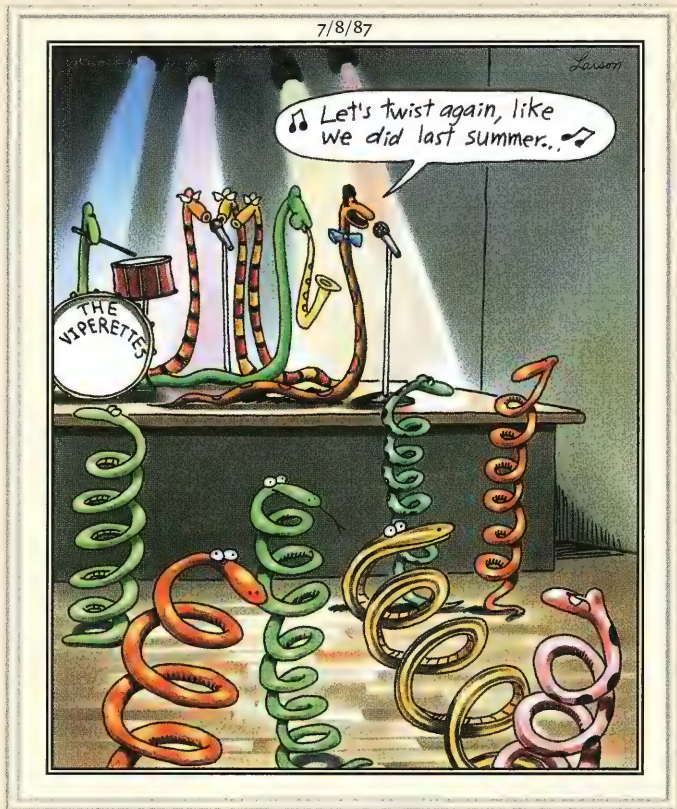


The conversation had been brisk and pleasant when, suddenly and simultaneously, everyone just got dog tired.

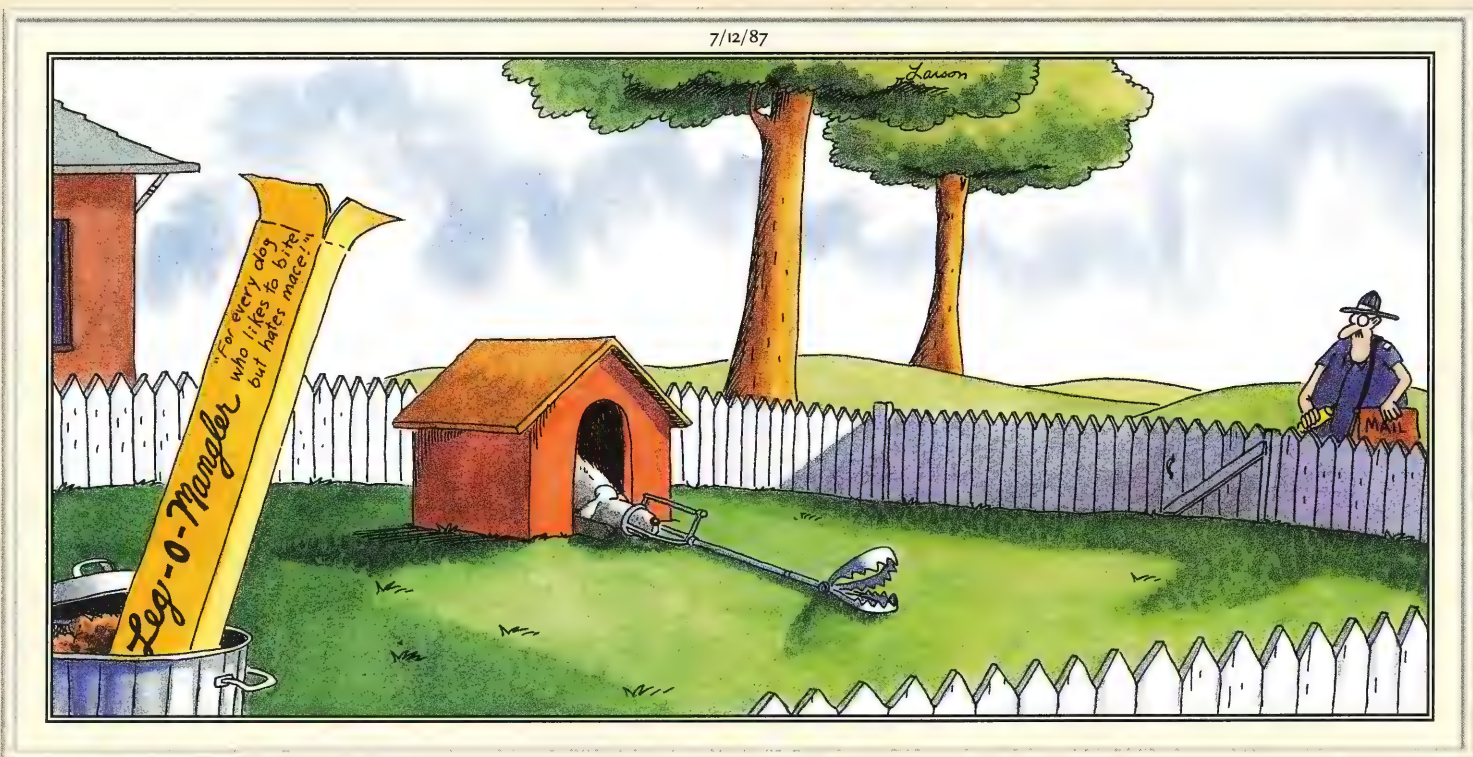


"A few cattle are going to stray off in the morning, and tomorrow night a stampede is planned around midnight. Look, I gotta get back. ... Remember, when we reach Santa Fe, I ain't slaughtered."





"You sure you're supposed to be doin' that, Mitch?"

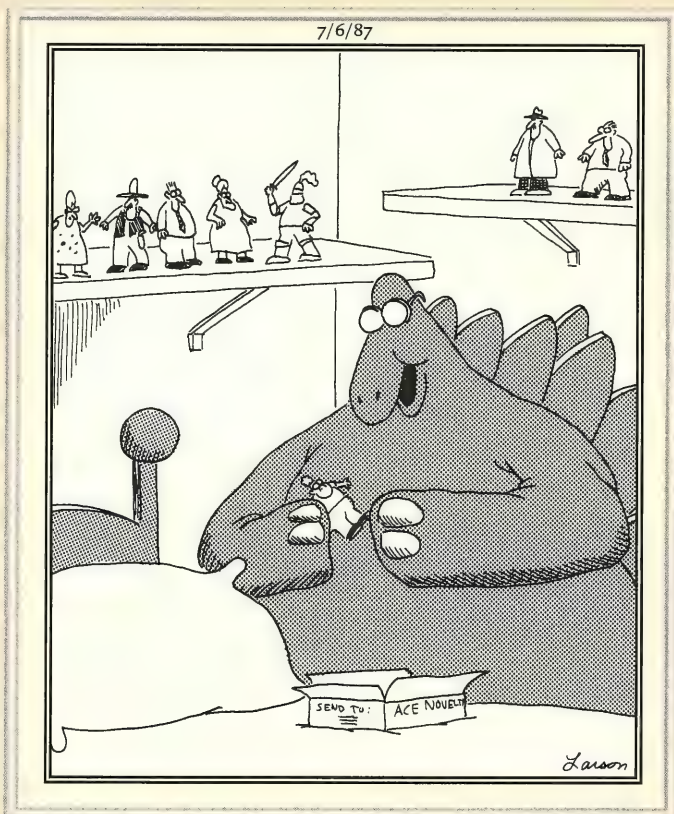




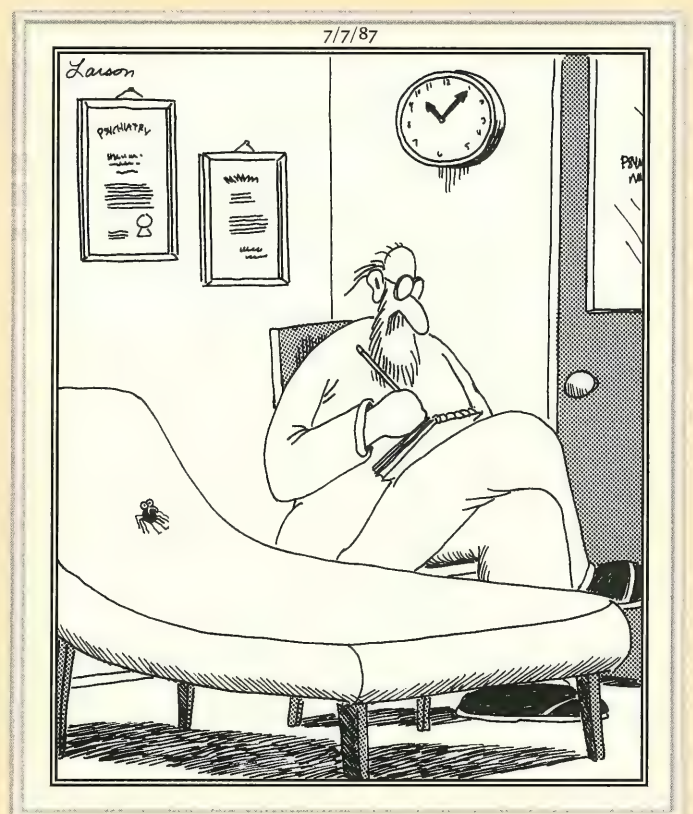
"Well, the sloth nailed him. ... Y'know, ol' Hank never was exactly a 'quick draw.'"



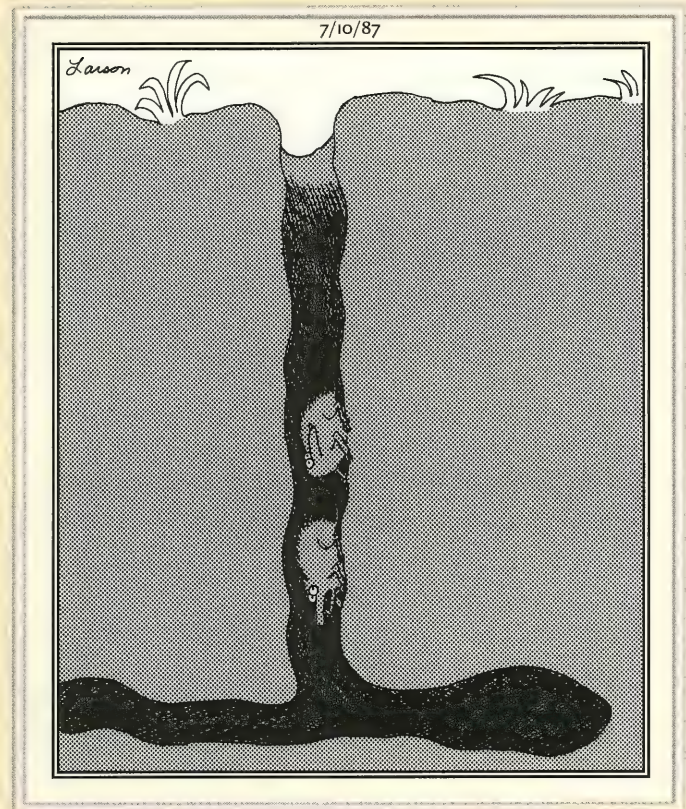
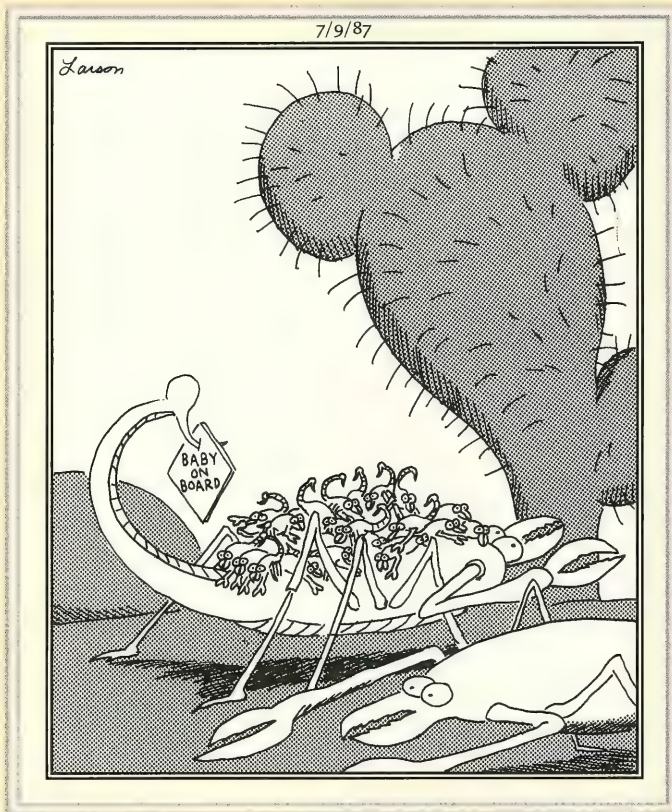
"Oh my God! Murray's attacking the bathroom mirror!"



"Oh, boy! The 'Nerd'! ... Now my collection's complete!"



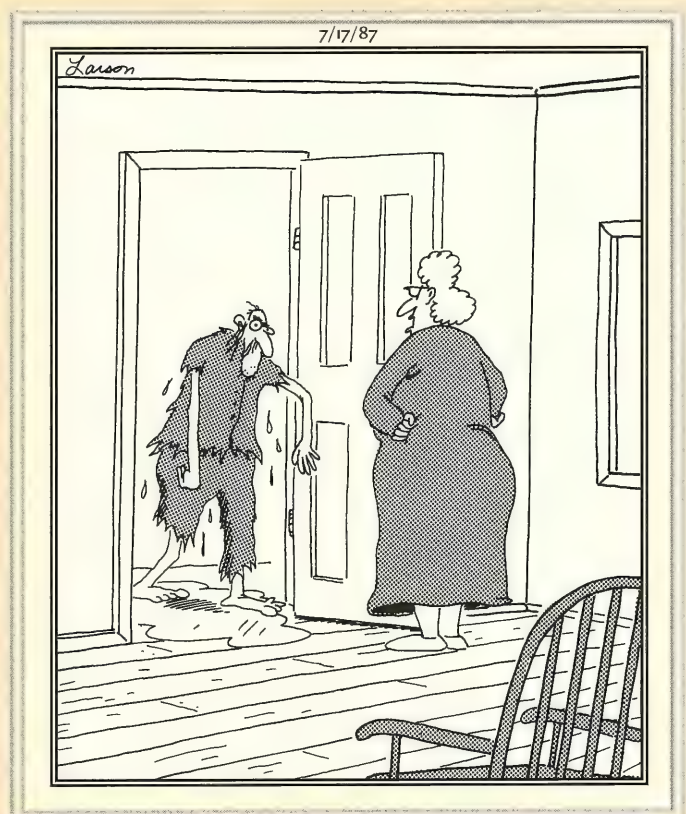
"It's the same dream night after night ... I walk out on my web, and suddenly a foot sticks—and then another foot sticks, and another, and another, and another ..."



"Arnold, you fool! Don't look up!"



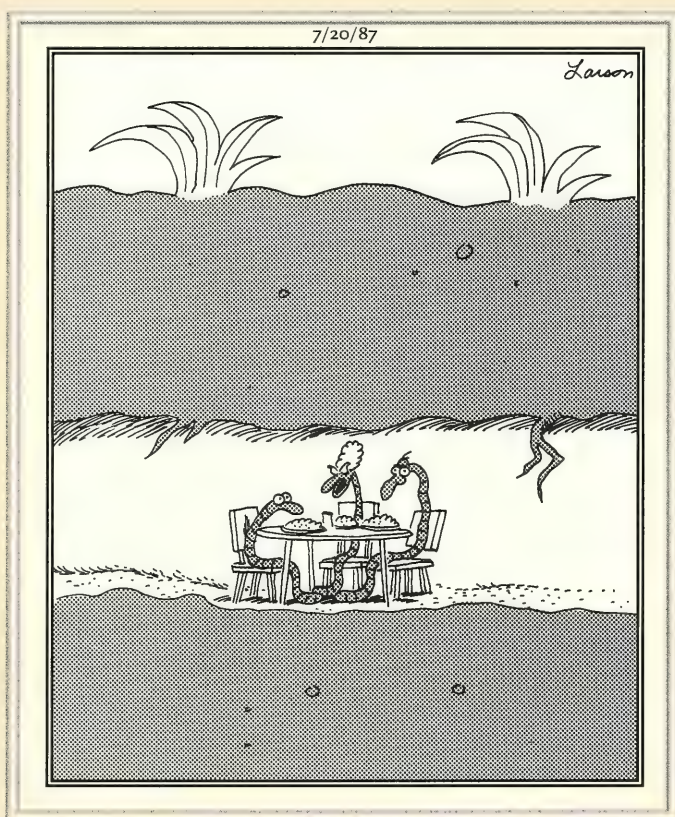
Viking campfires



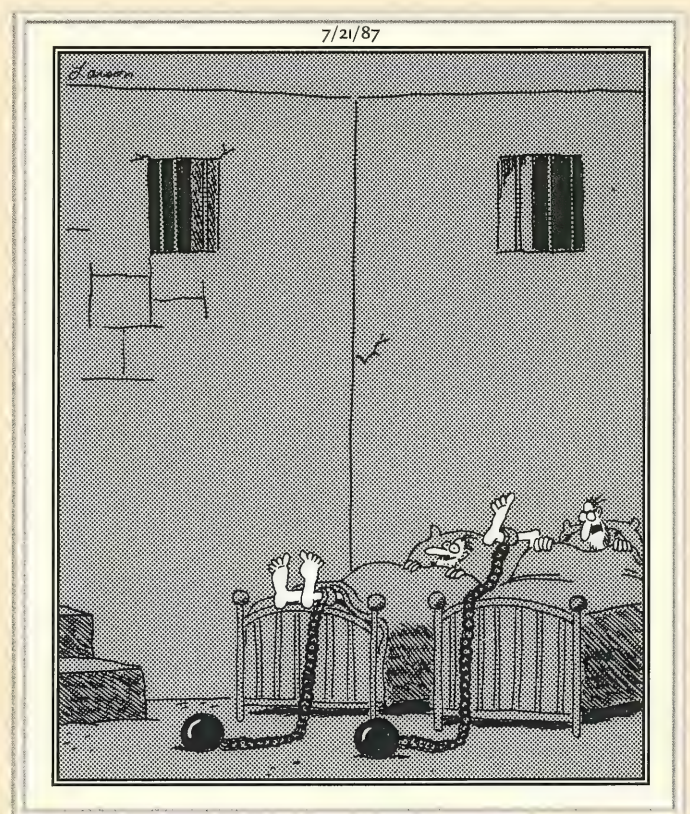
"For crying out loud, Jonah! Three days late, covered with slime, and smelling like fish! ... And what story have I got to swallow this time?"



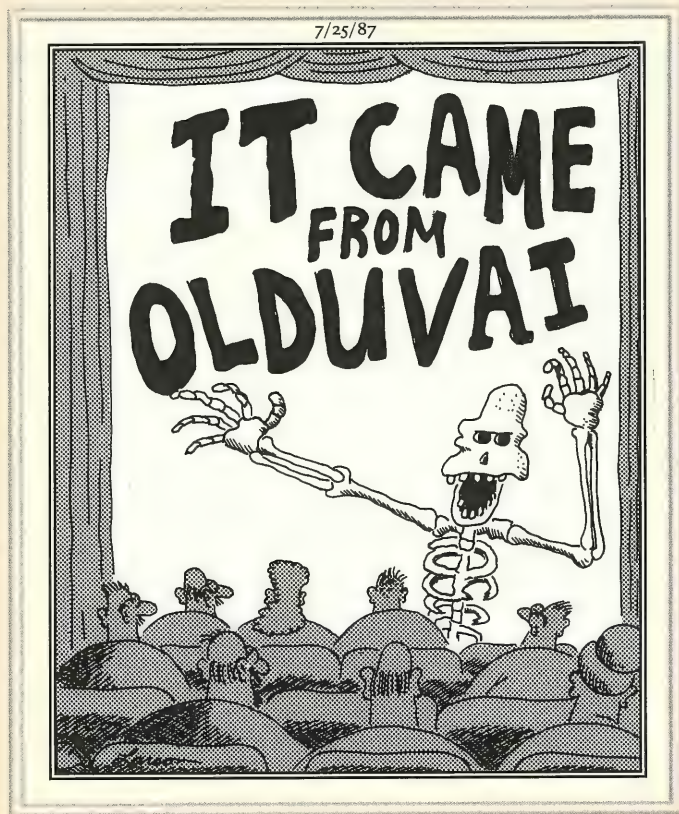
Although impolite, the other bears could never help staring at Larry's enormous deer gut.



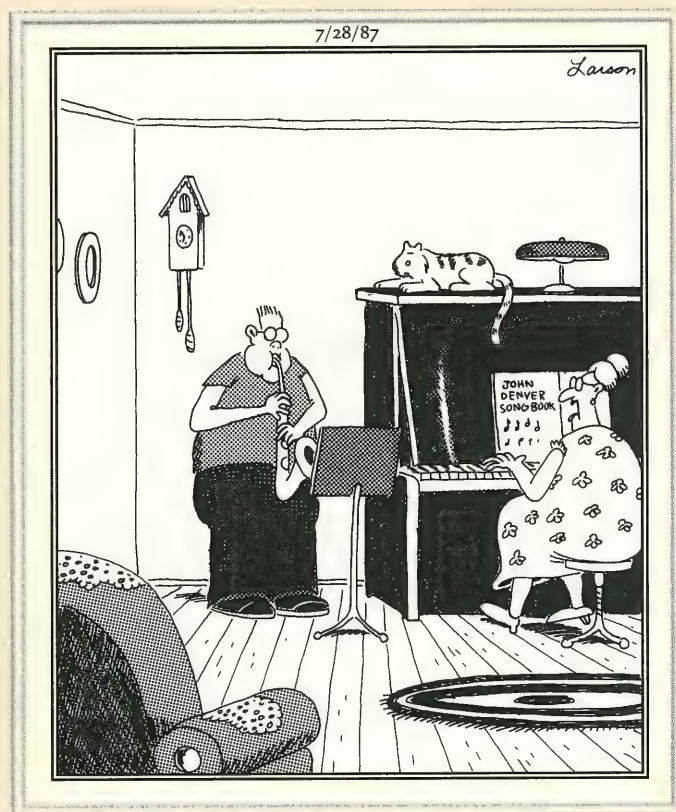
"You eat your dirt, Billy. You want to grow up as big and slimy as your dad, don't you?"



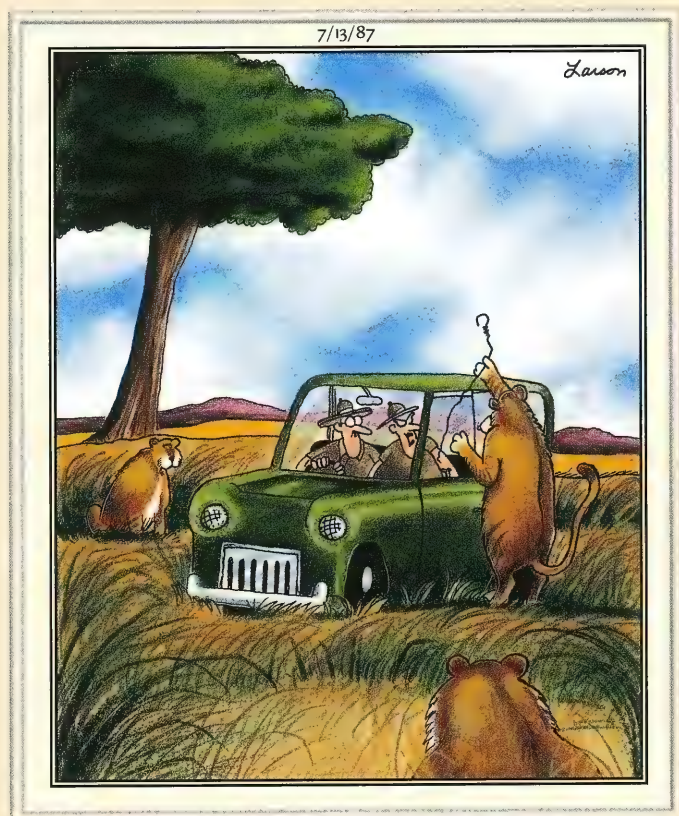
"What the hey? ... Someone's short-sheeted my bed again!"



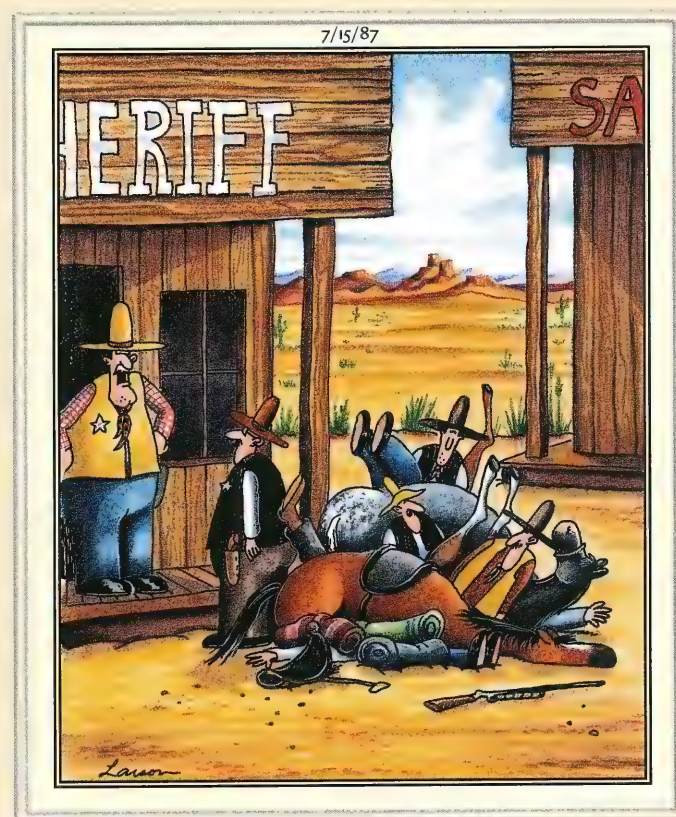
Anthro horror films



"Blow, Howie, blow! ... Yeah, yeah, yeah!
You're cookin' now, Howie! ... All right! ...
Charlie Parker, move over! ... Yeah!"



"Drive, George, drive! This one's got a
coat hanger!"



"And so you just threw everything together?
Matthews, a posse is something
you have to *organize*."

7/19/87



When piranha dine out

7/18/87



Animal horoscopes

7/22/87



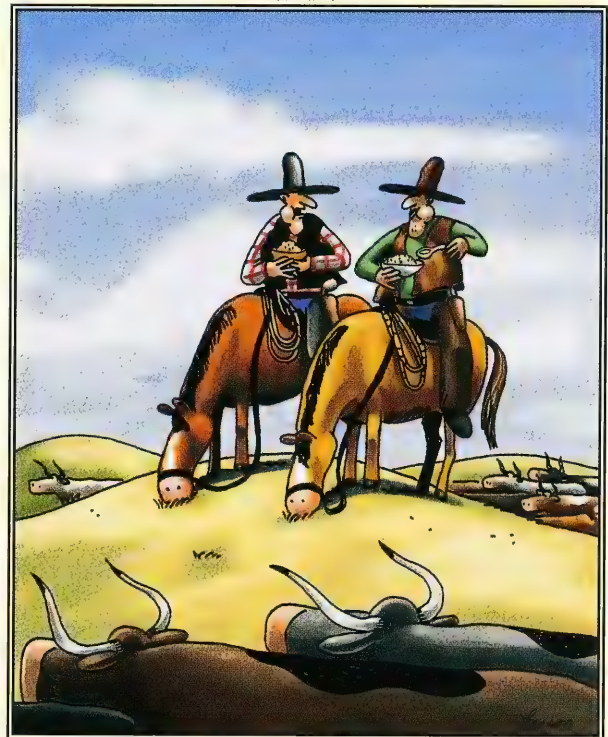
"You're sick, Jessy! ... Sick, sick, sick!"

7/23/87



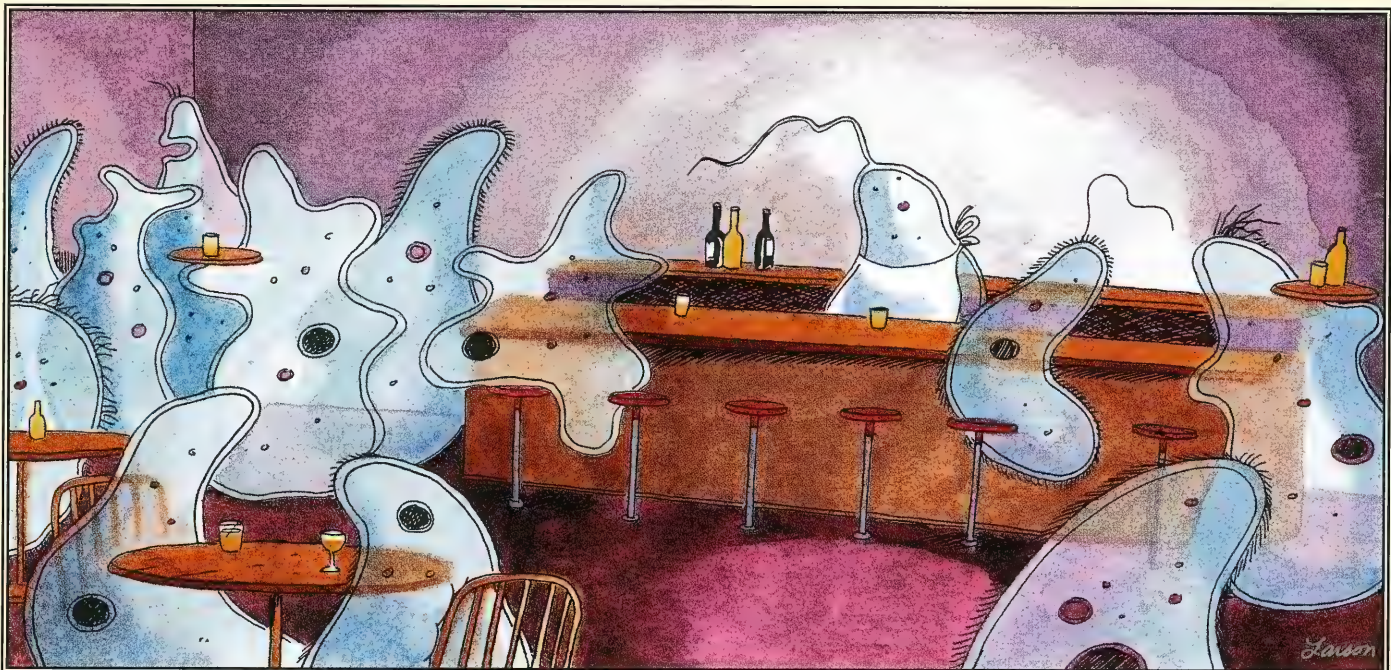
Another unsubstantiated photograph of the Loch Ness monster (taken by Reuben Hicks, 5/24/84, Chicago).

7/24/87



"Man, Ben, I'm gettin' tired of this. ... How many days now we've been eatin' this trail dust?"

7/26/87



Single-cell bars

7/27/87



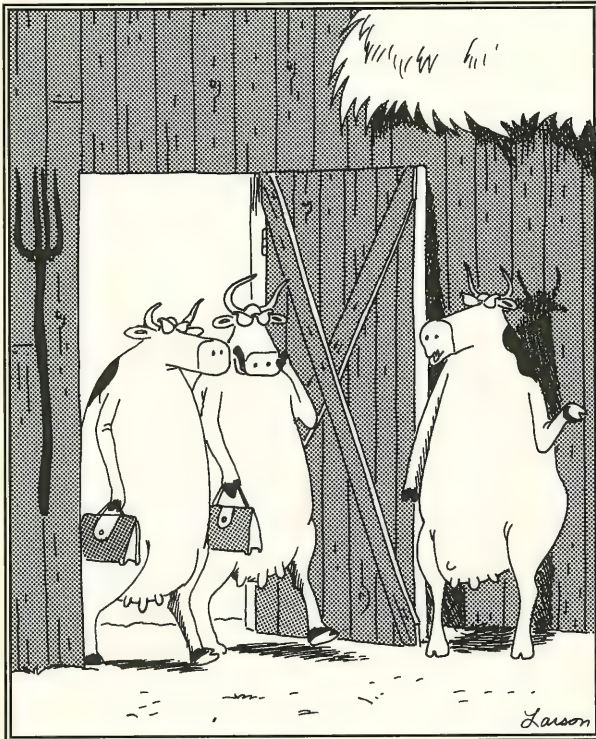
"Think about it, Murray. ... If we could get this baby runnin', we could run over hikers, pick up females, chase down mule deer—man, we'd be the grizzlies from hell."

7/30/87



Superman in his later years

7/29/87

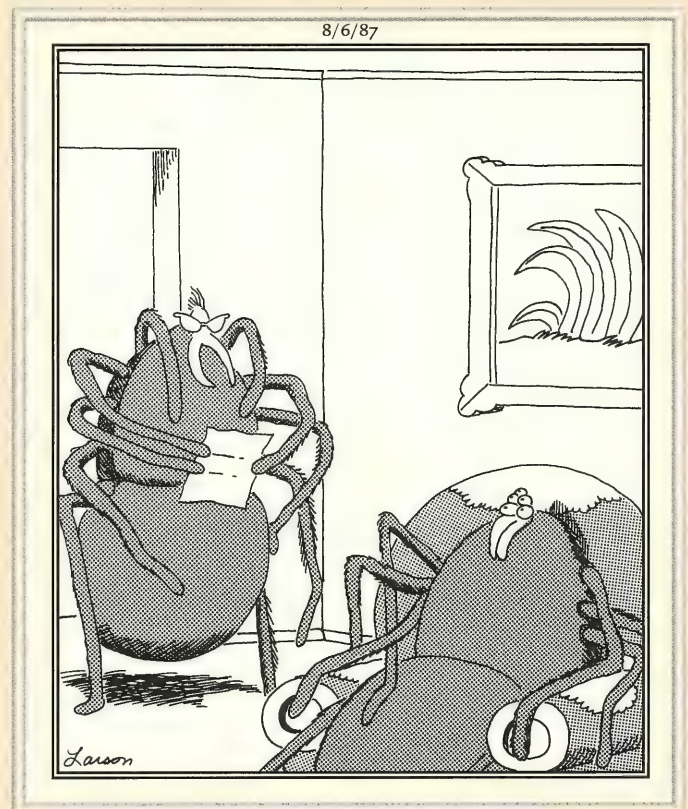
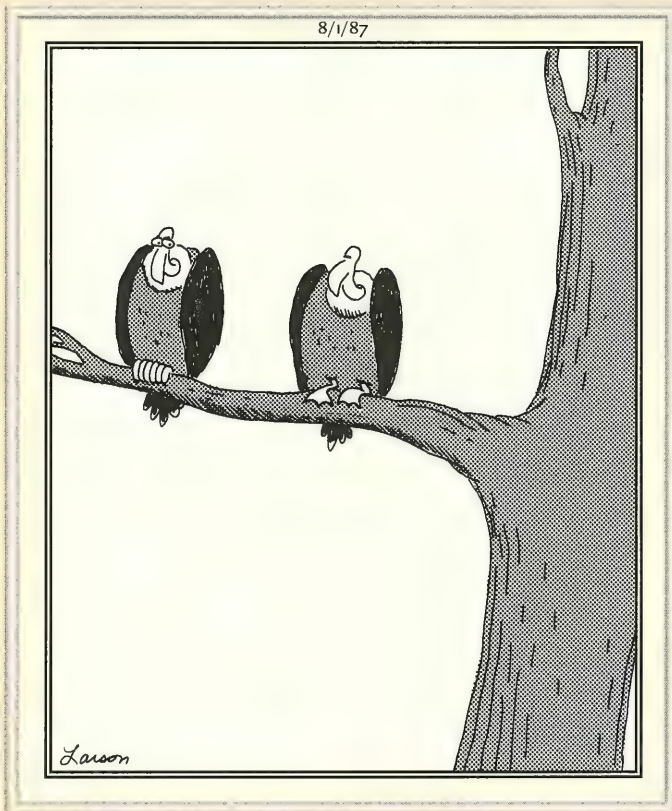


"What'd I tell you, Blanche? Her place always smells like a house."

7/31/87



"Make your move, Bart—if you're feelin' lucky, that is."



"It's a letter from Julio in America. ... His banana bunch arrived safely and he's living in the back room of some grocery store."



"Bummer, Rusty. ... Seven years bad luck—of course, in your case, that works out to be 49 years."

8/2/87



8/4/87



Ineffective tools of persuasion

August 10, 1987

Universal Press Syndicate
4900 Main Street
Kansas City, Missouri 64112

Re: Our Reference No. 1185/General

Dear Sirs:

We represent The Wiffle Ball, Inc. in trademark matters. It has come to our attention that the trademark WIFFLE was referred to in the comic strip "The Far Side" by Gary Larson. A copy of the comic strip is enclosed.

In the comic strip you refer to a "...wiffle bat" and then show a man holding a bat with perforations. Please be advised that WIFFLE does not make a bat with perforations, and therefore the use of the brand name WIFFLE to a product that is not a product of The Wiffle Ball, Inc. is an inappropriate use of our client's valuable trademark WIFFLE.

In the future, when you use the brand name WIFFLE, the entire brand should be capitalized, and it should only be used in reference to a product currently manufactured by The Wiffle Ball, Inc.

Please forward a copy of this letter to Mr. Gary Larson.

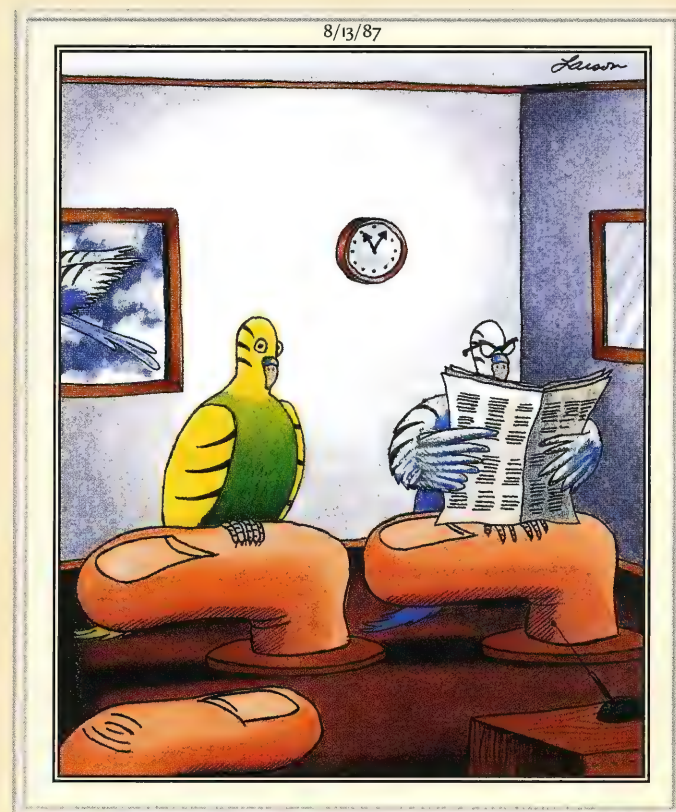
Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Very truly yours,
Gene S. Winter

GSW:led
Enclosure
cc: David A. Mullany



Just as Dale entered the clearing and discovered, standing together, the Loch Ness monster, Bigfoot, and Jackie Onassis, his camera jammed.

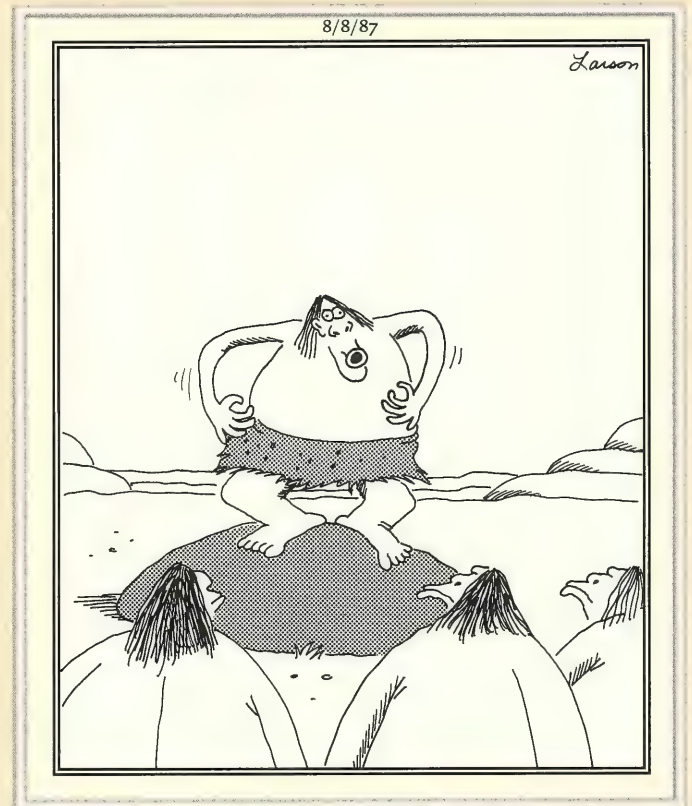


Parakeet furniture





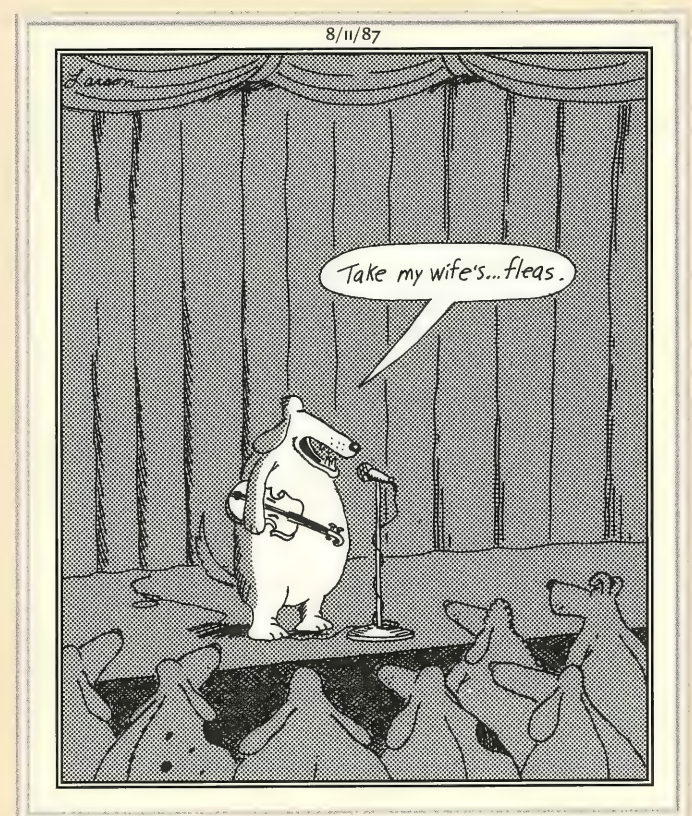
How bears relax



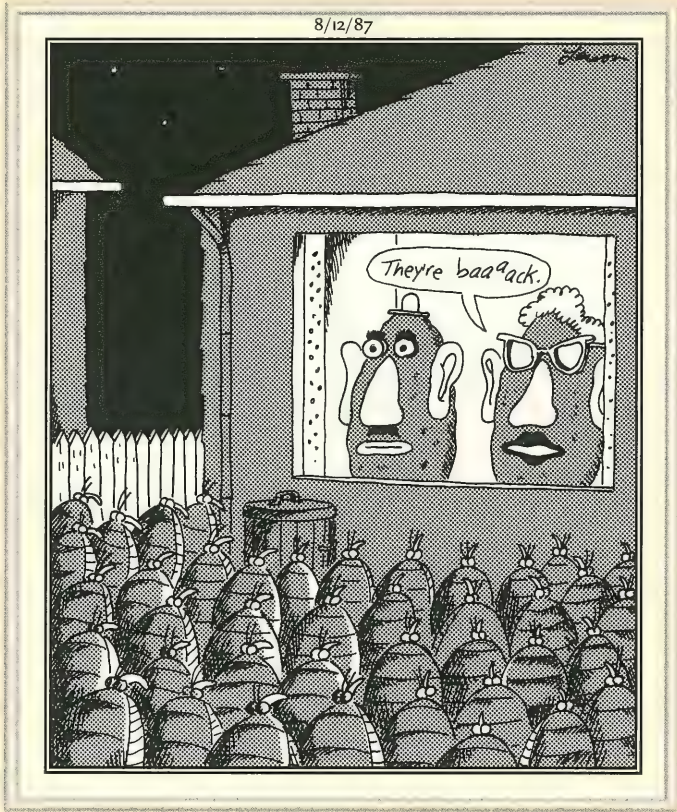
And then, just as he predicted, Thag became the spiritual channeler for a two-million-year-old gibbon named Gus.



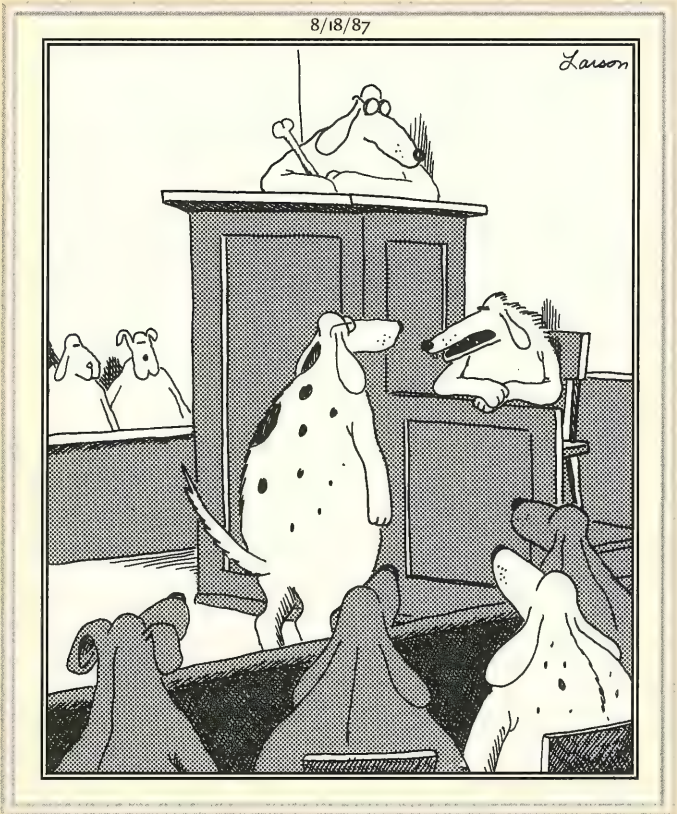
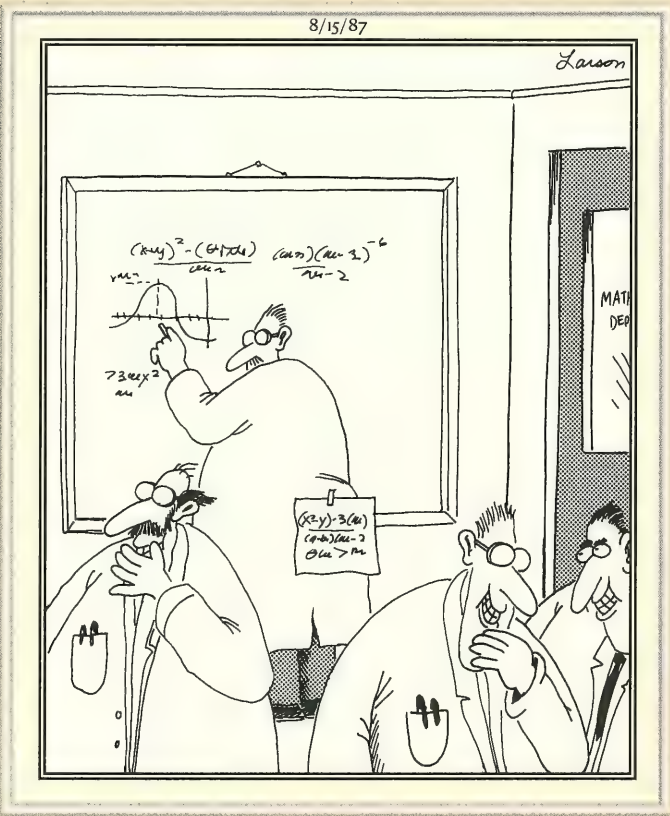
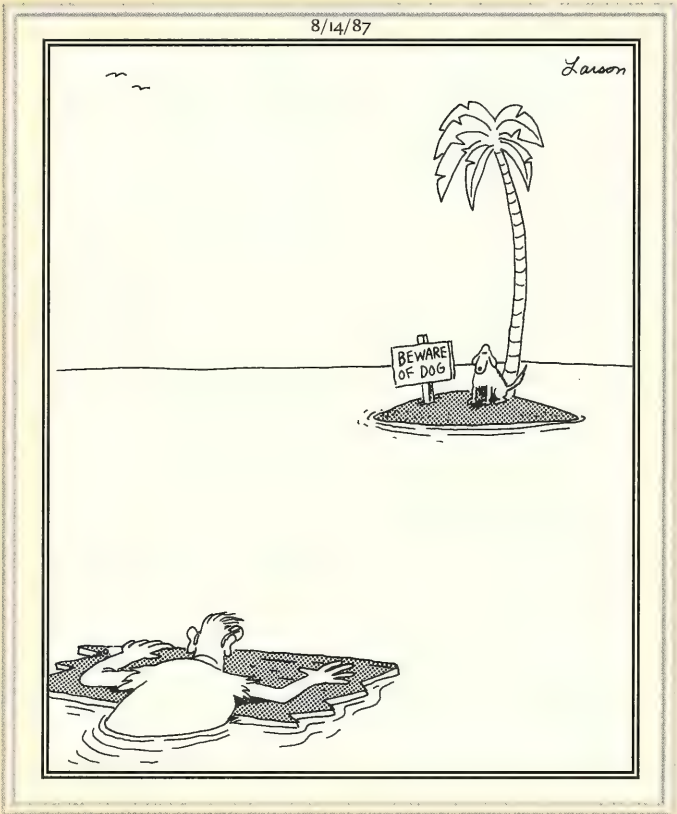
“Oh, don’t be silly! No thanks needed. Just take the brain—but tell that doctor you work for not to be such a stranger.”



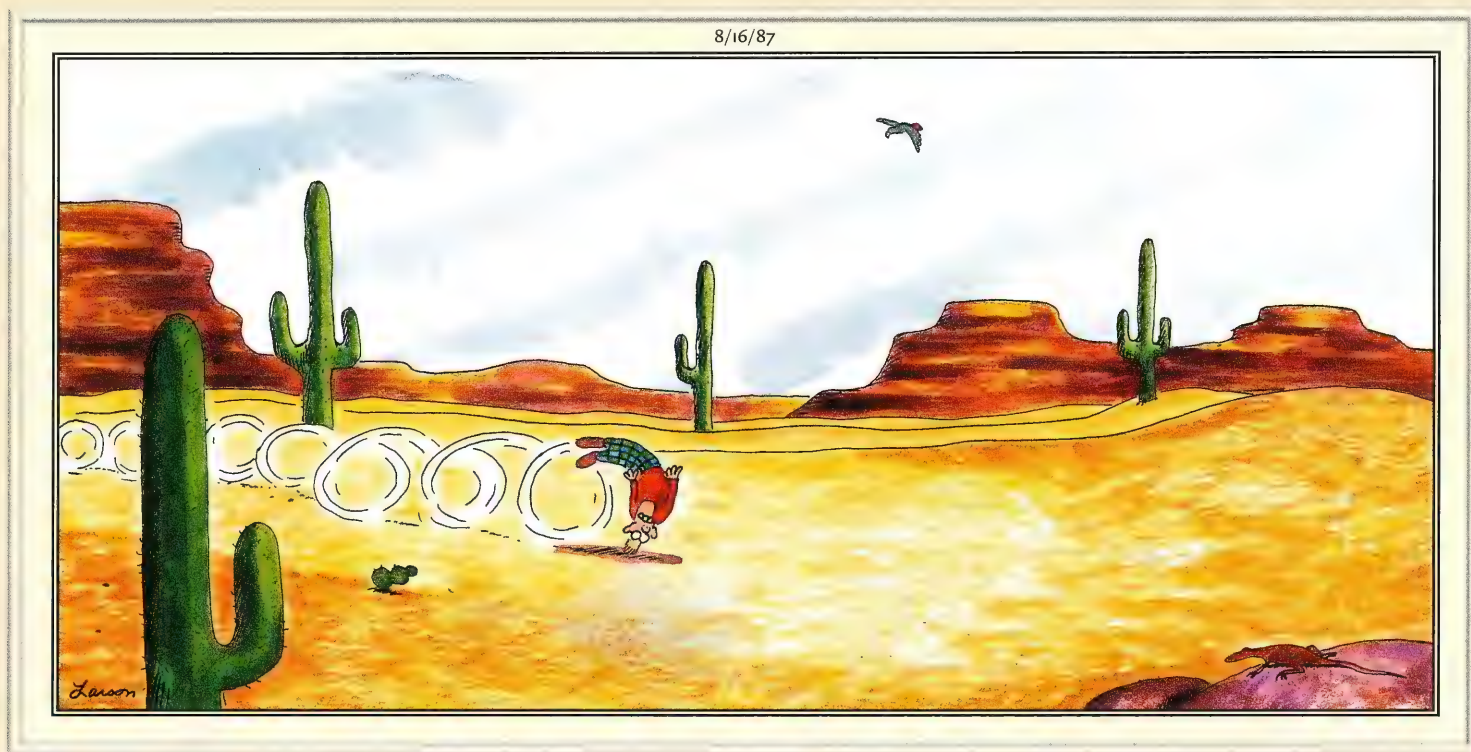
Canine comedians



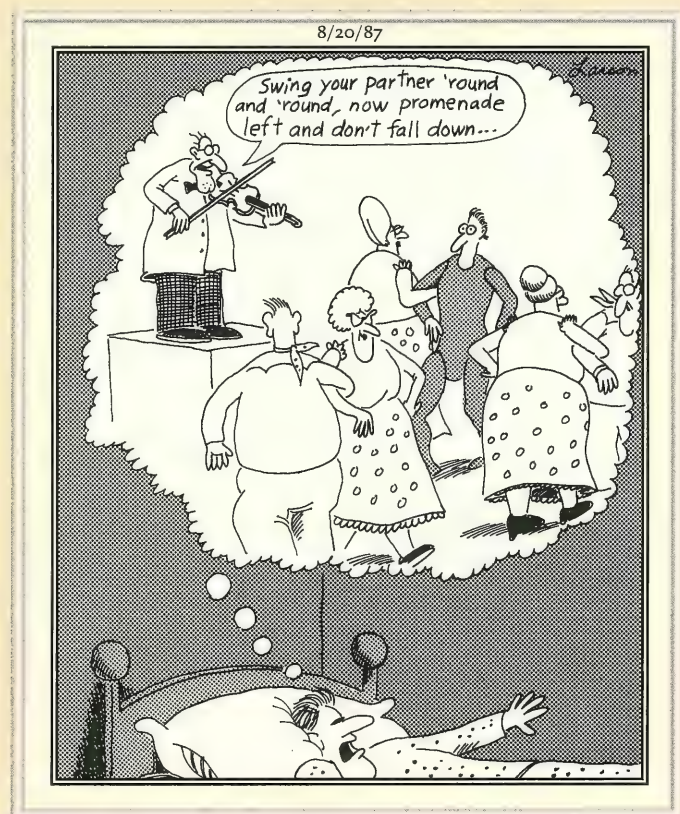
Night of the Potato Bugs



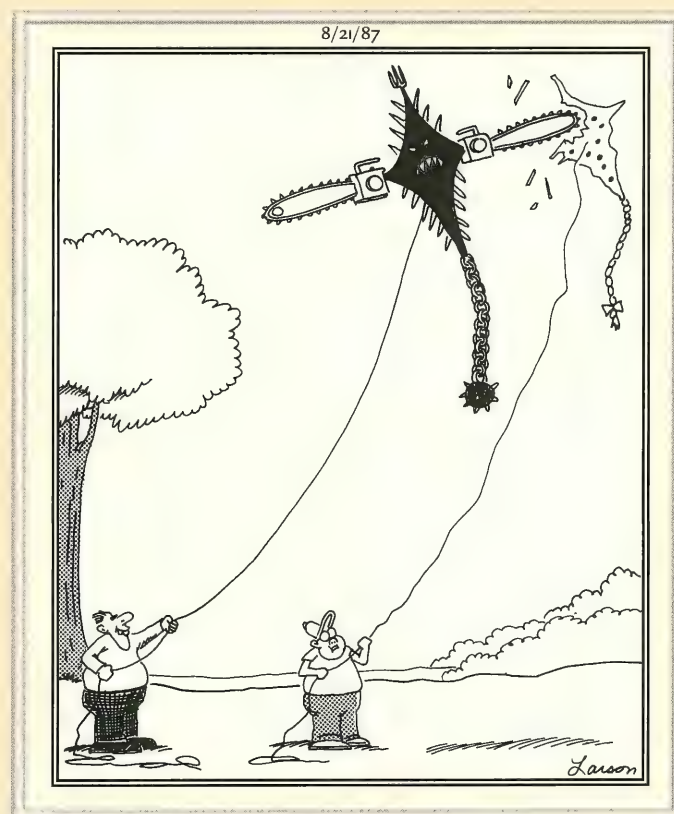
"Well, the defendant and I had made this deal in which we both prospered. ... You know, one of those 'you-scratch-me-behind-my-ears-I'll-scratch-you-behind-yours' arrangements."



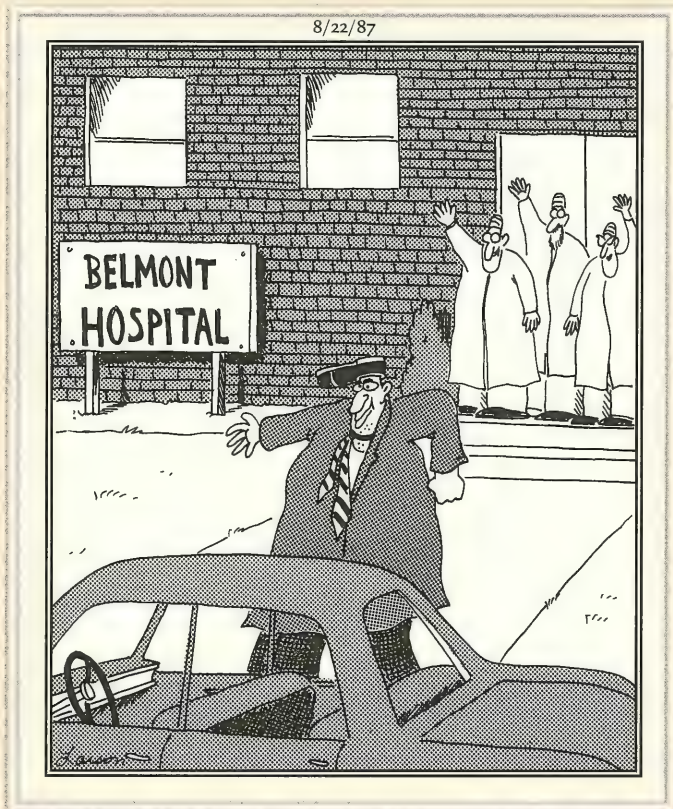
As the cactus stood watch over the sun-drenched land, a red-tailed hawk hung motionless in the desert sky. Little stirred, except an occasional lizard scurrying for shade or a tumblerner drifting by.



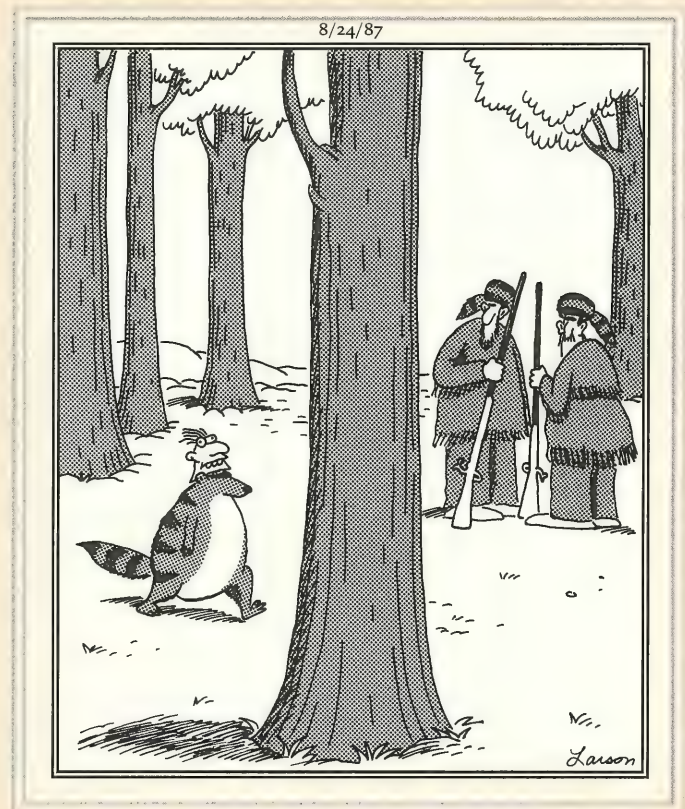
Baryshnikov's ultimate nightmare



Eddie Nordquist and his "Death Kite"



Gus Ferguson: recipient of the first brain bypass operation.



When crows dream



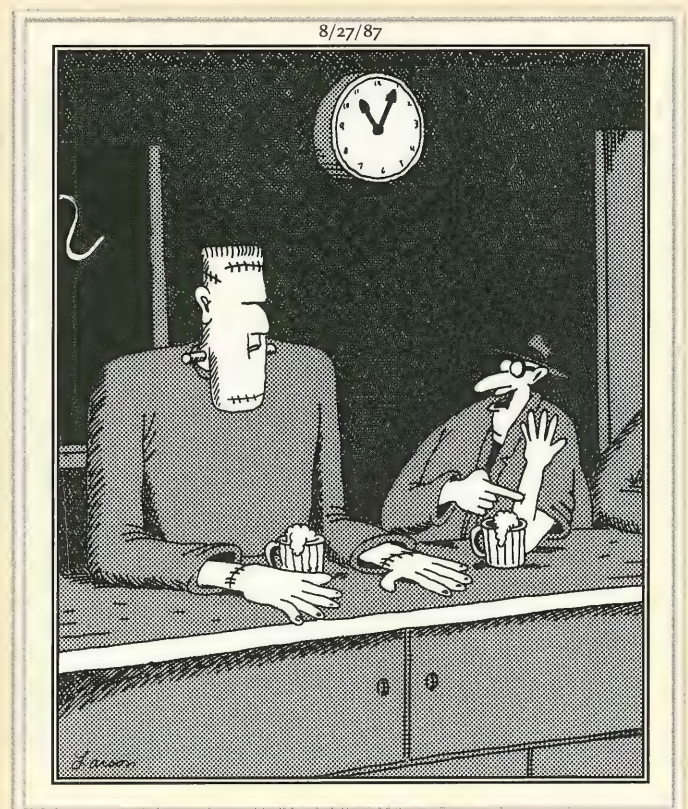
Hell's library



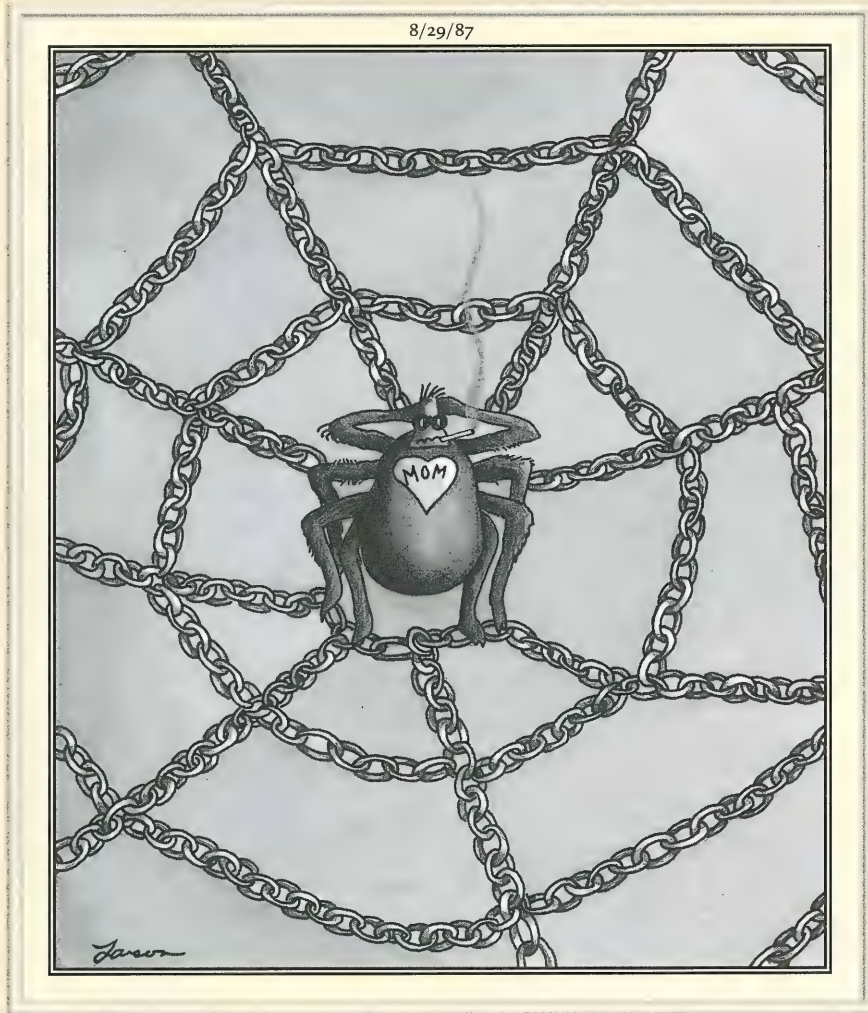
Crossing paths on their respective journeys of destiny, Johnny Appleseed and Irving Ragweed nod "hello."



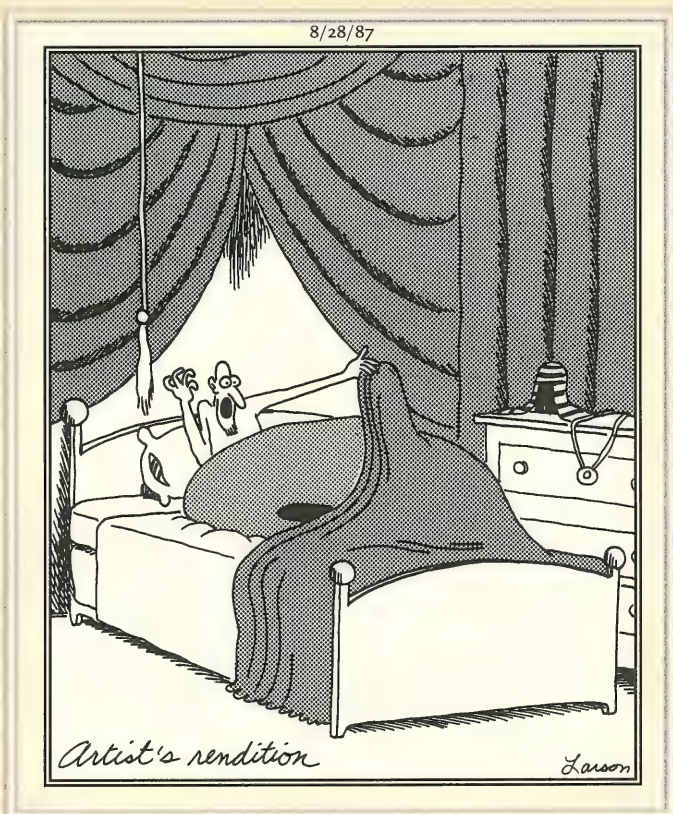
Trick clubbing exhibitions



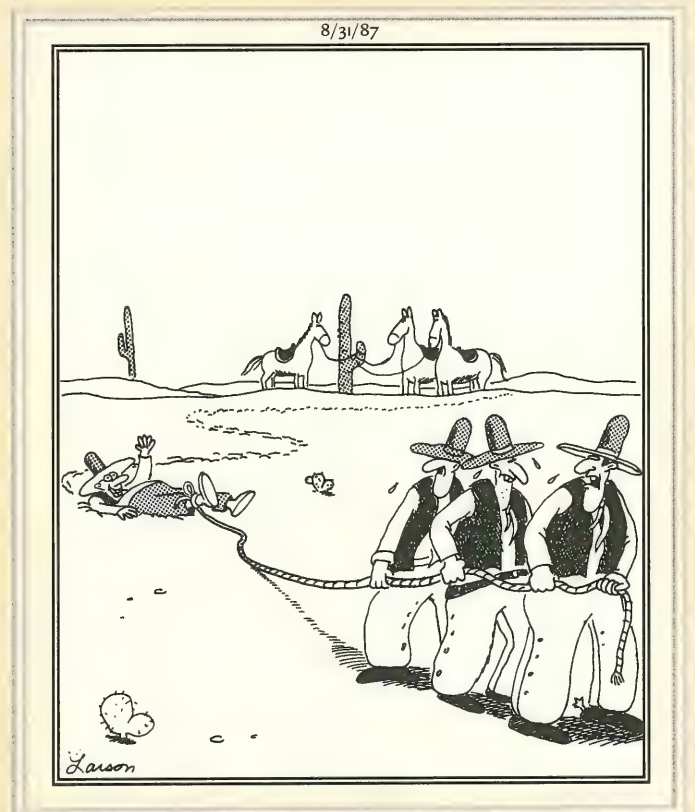
"Hey, you wanna see a *real* scar? Check *this* baby out!"



Tough spiders



Some historians theorize that the Sphinx's nose was actually severed by Egyptian mobsters and, in an act of defiance, "delivered" to an unpopular pharaoh.



"Man, this is havin' no effect. ... But if the boss wants this varmint dragged through the desert, I ain't gonna argue."

Arizona Daily Star, Tucson, Ariz., 9/1/87

Offensive 'Far Side'

To the editor:

I was appalled when I saw Gary Larson's "The Far Side" cartoon in the Star Aug. 26. This was of two Larson animals — presumably chimpanzees — in a tree. One, which was evidently supposed to be the female, was picking a long hair from the other's shoulder. The caption read: "Well, well — another blond hair . . . Conducting a little more 'research' with that Jane Goodall tramp?"

To refer to Dr. Goodall as a tramp is inexcusable — even by a self-described "loony" as Larson. The cartoon was incredibly offensive and in such poor taste that readers might well question the editorial judgment of running such an atrocity in a newspaper that republishes to be supplying the news to persons with a better than average intelligence. The cartoon and its message were absolutely stupid.

Dr. Goodall is a world-renowned scientist who has devoted 28 years of her life to studying chimpanzees in the wild. Her findings have caused the scientific world to redefine the meaning of the word "mankind" with her discoveries that include the

erroneous assumption that man was the only primate to make and use tools, a distinction that had — until her findings disproved it — been a measure of superiority of human beings over other primates.

With no alignment to any animal welfare group, Dr. Goodall is working very hard to instigate better treatment of chimpanzees in biomedical laboratories. Dr. Goodall has vowed to speak out for these animals that cannot speak for themselves.

"Tramp?" Hardly.

The irresponsibility of the Star in choosing to run such an obscenity is disgusting. In fact, any woman should be insulted by the reference that the female — in this case, a typical Larson eyeglass wearing animal — would be unaware of what Dr. Goodall's research really is, its seriousness and the assumption that a female only would have the mentality to look for sexual implications.

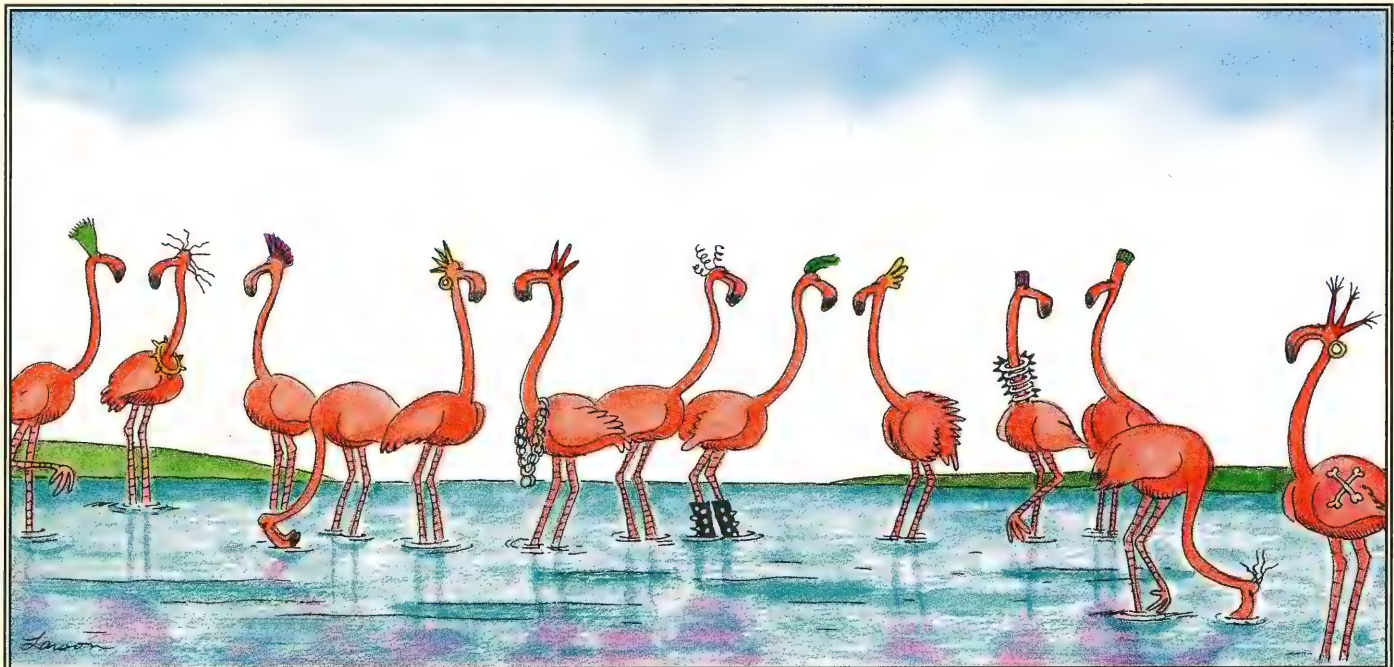
Sue Engel
Executive director
The Jane Goodall Institute

Editor's note: Jane Goodall was out of the country when this cartoon appeared in newspapers and had not seen it when this letter was written. Unbeknownst to her then executive director, Dr. Goodall was a big fan of The Far Side. Her reaction upon seeing the cartoon was to guffaw (her word) and say, "Wow! Fantastic! Real fame at last! Fancy being in a Gary Larson cartoon!" She intended to write Gary an apology herself but got sidetracked. A year or so later, the National Geographic Society requested permission from Gary's syndicate to reprint the cartoon and was denied, because of this letter. They responded, "That doesn't sound like the Jane Goodall we know." They checked around and discovered that Dr. Goodall loved the cartoon; permission was granted. Jane and Gary eventually met at her research facility in Gombe, and she went on to write the introduction to The Far Side Gallery 5 (1995).



"Well, well—another blonde hair. ...
Conducting a little more 'research'
with that Jane Goodall tramp?"

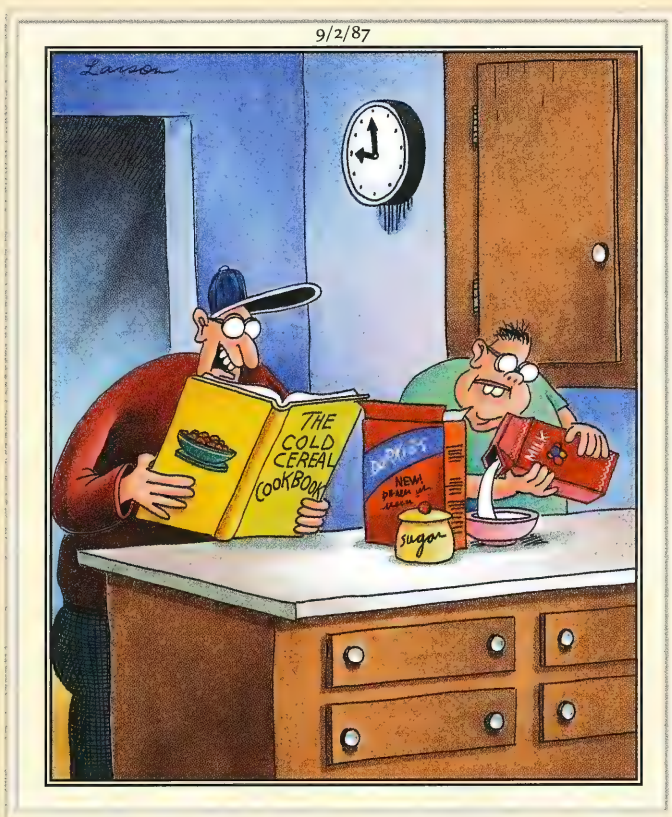
8/30/87



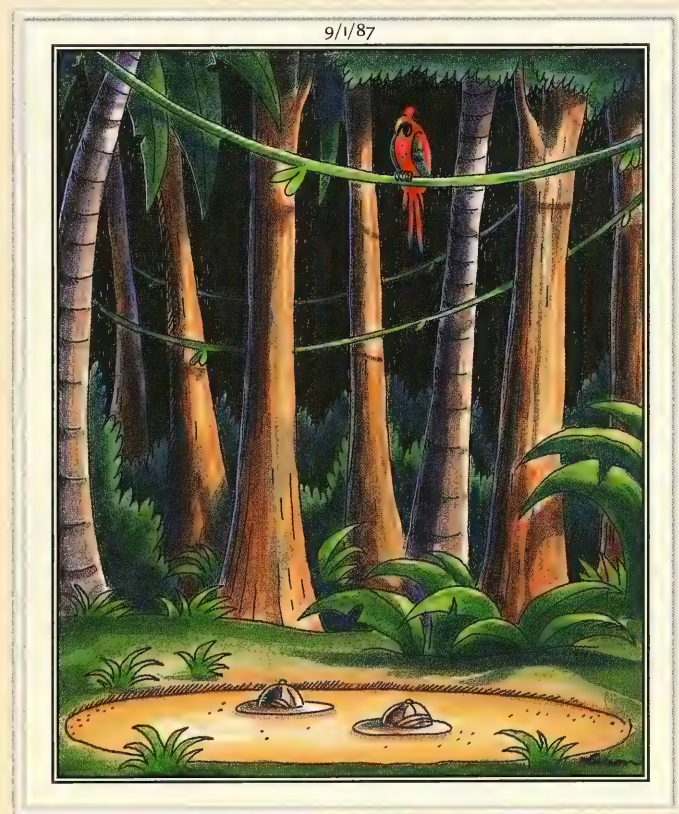
Punk flamingoes



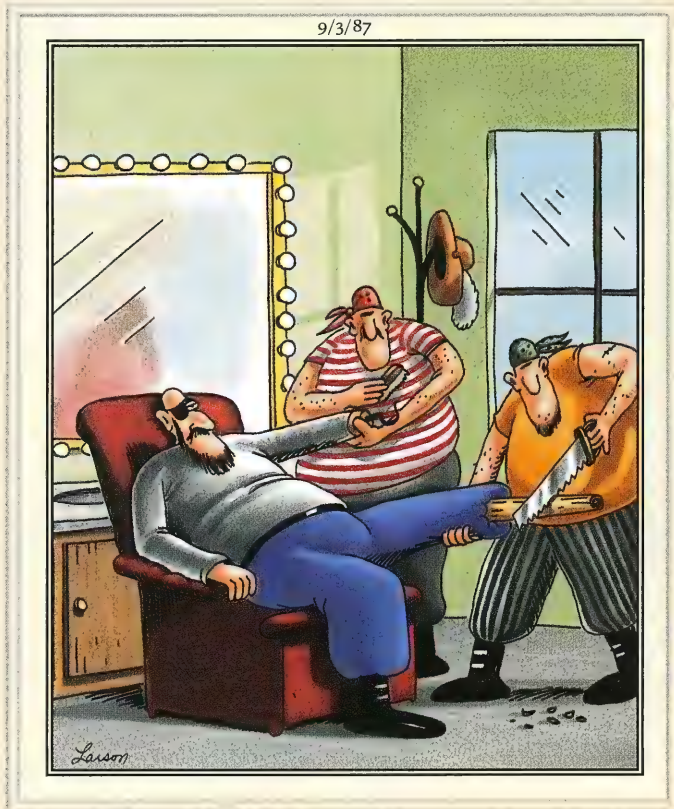
Python dinners



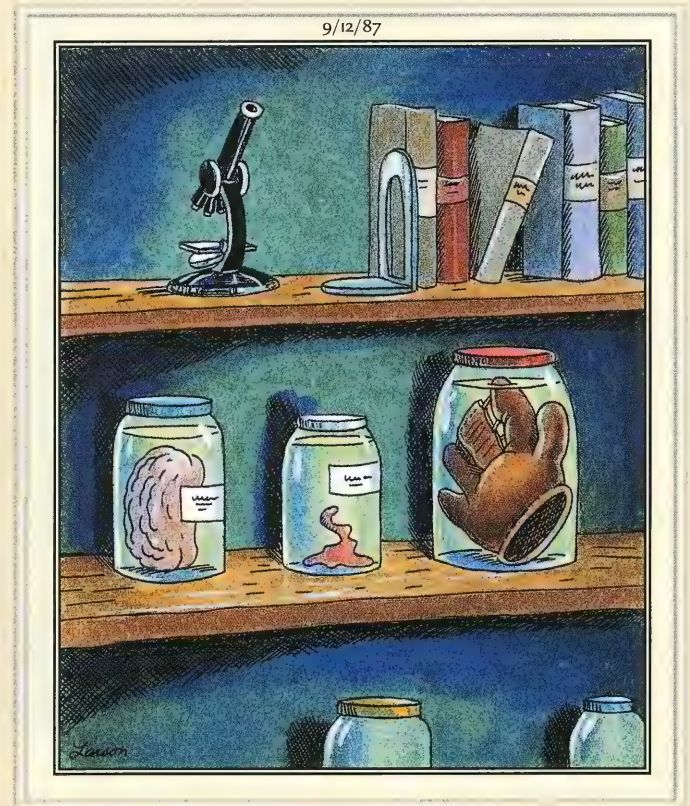
"Oh, wait! Wait, Cory! ... Add the cereal *first* and *then* the milk!"



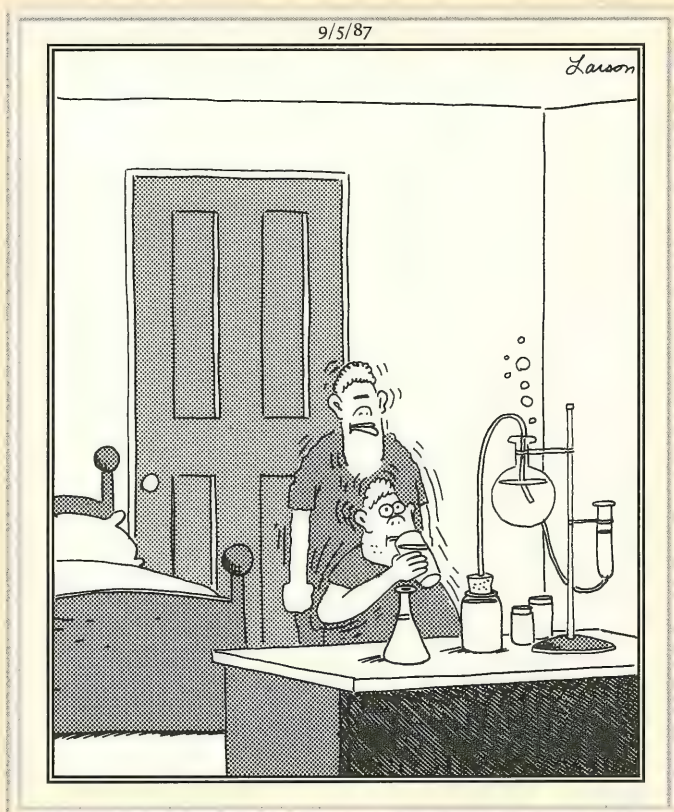
"Let go, Morty! Let go, Morty! You're pulling me in! ... Let go, Morty! You're pulling me in!"



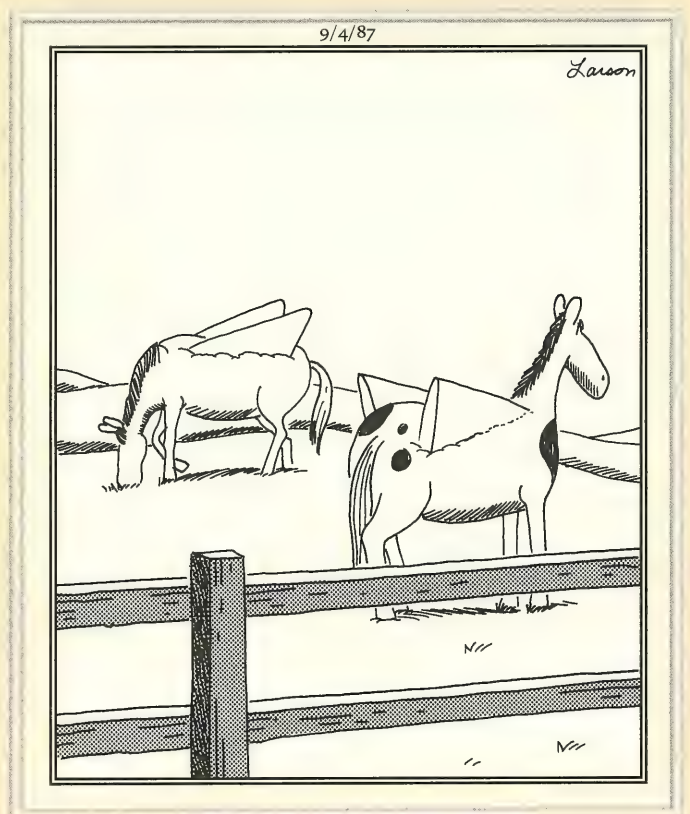
Pirate manicures



Broca's brain, appendix, and baseball glove



As a child, little Henry Jekyll would often change himself into a big, red-haired delinquent that parents in the neighborhood simply dubbed "that Hyde kid."



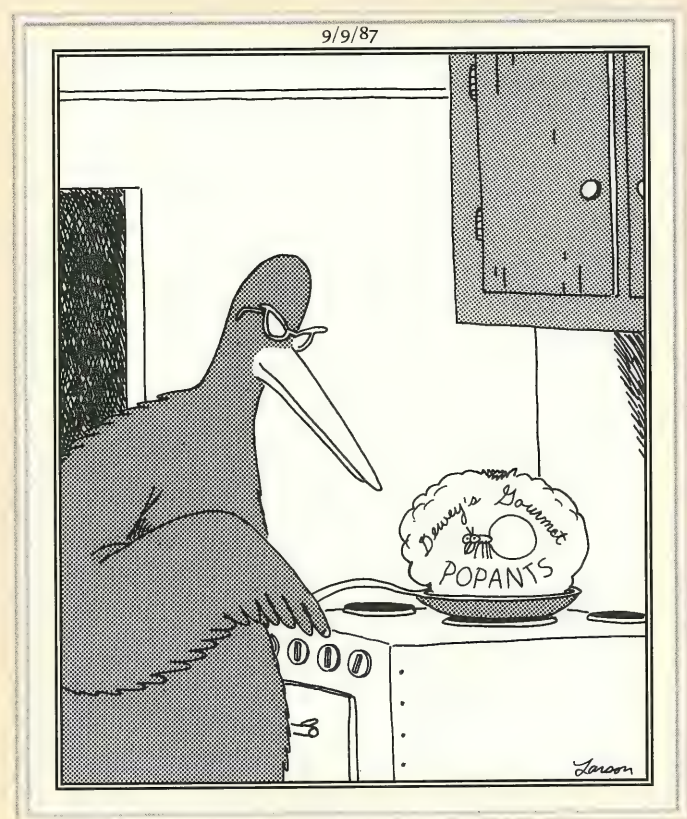
Horse styles of the '50s

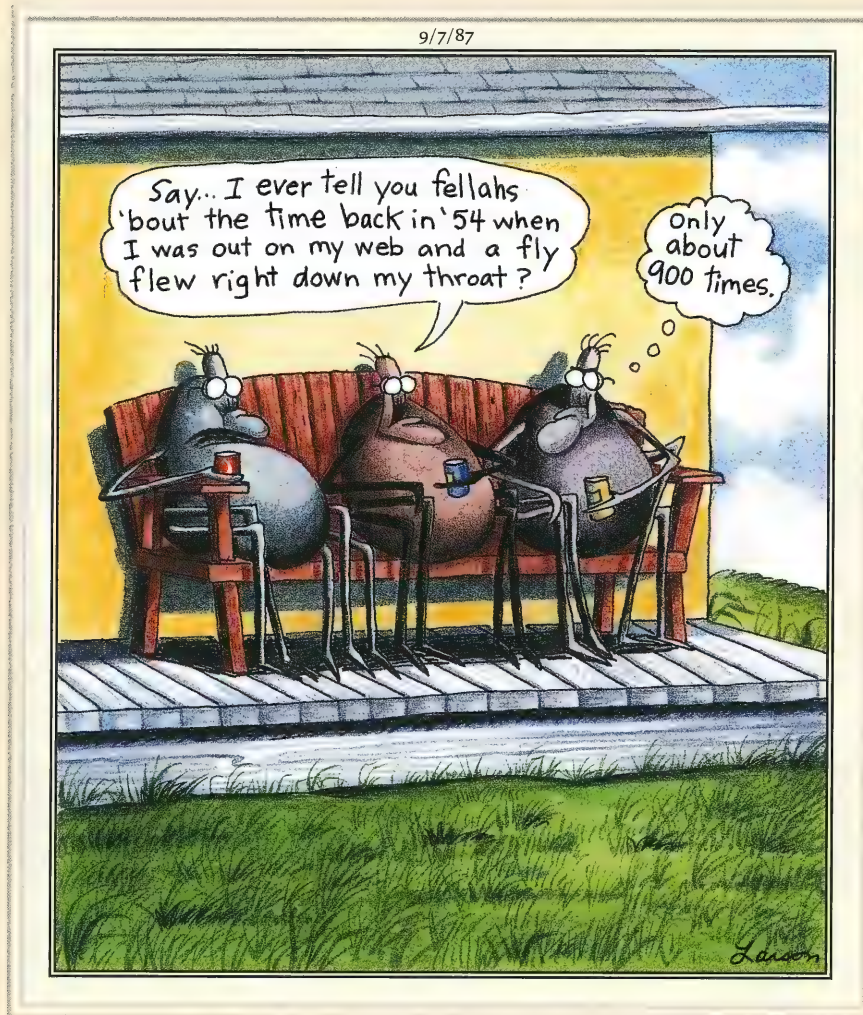


That evening, with her blinds pulled, Mary had three helpings of corn, two baked potatoes, extra bread, and a little lamb.

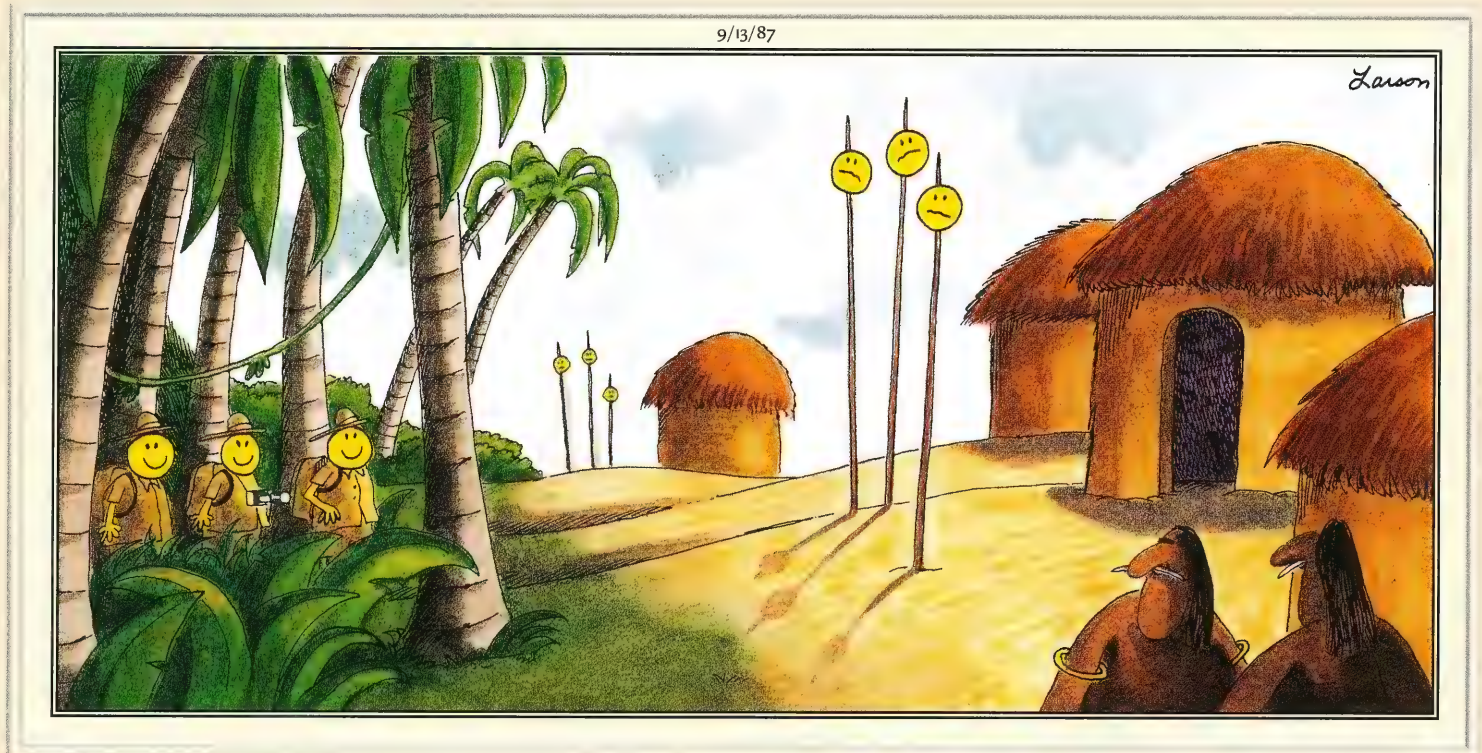


"Yes ... will you accept a collect cattle call from Lester?"





At the Old Spiders' Home





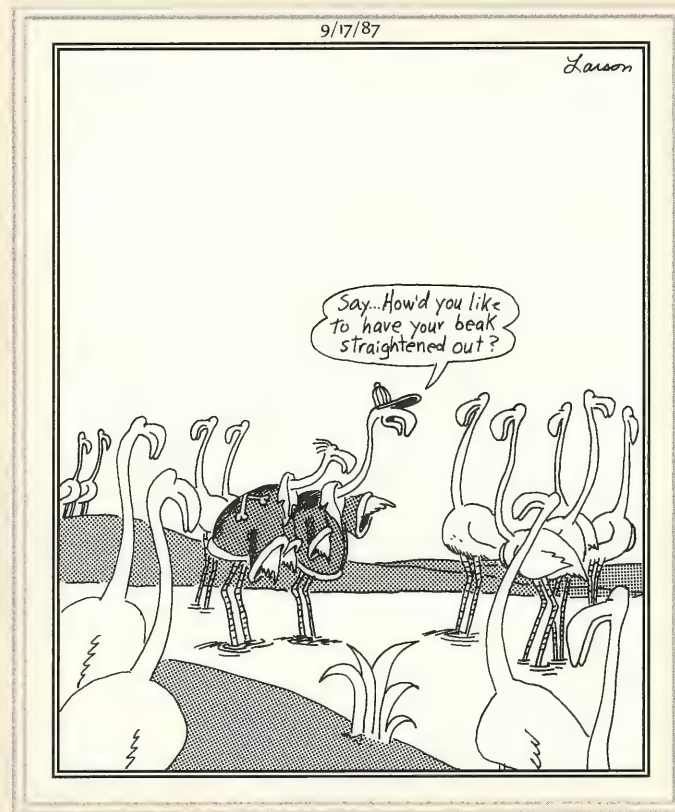
The Potatoheads in Paris



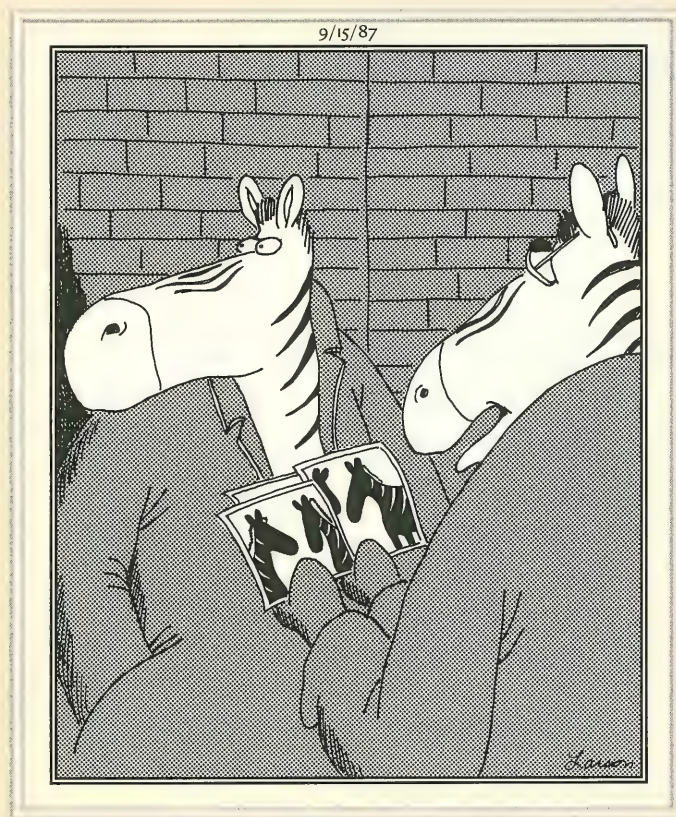
"Well, it's cold again."



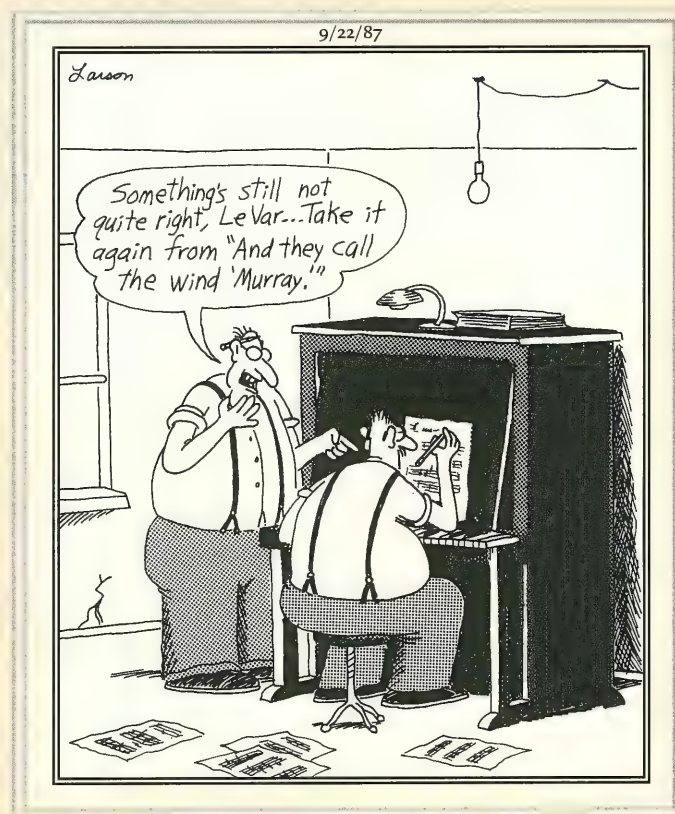
“Letter from Lonso ... and he sounds pretty lonely.”



Flamingo toughs

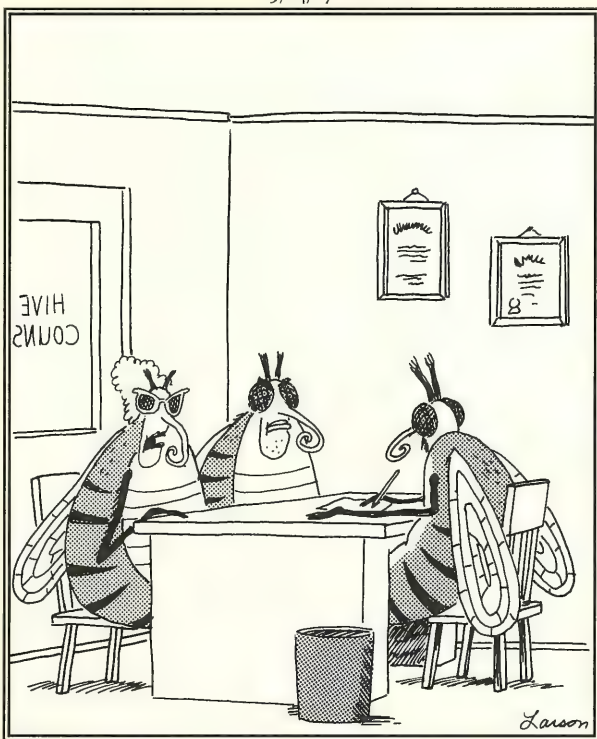


“Okay, you’ve got me over a barrel ... but how do I know these are *all* the negatives?”



Songwriters of the Old West

9/24/87



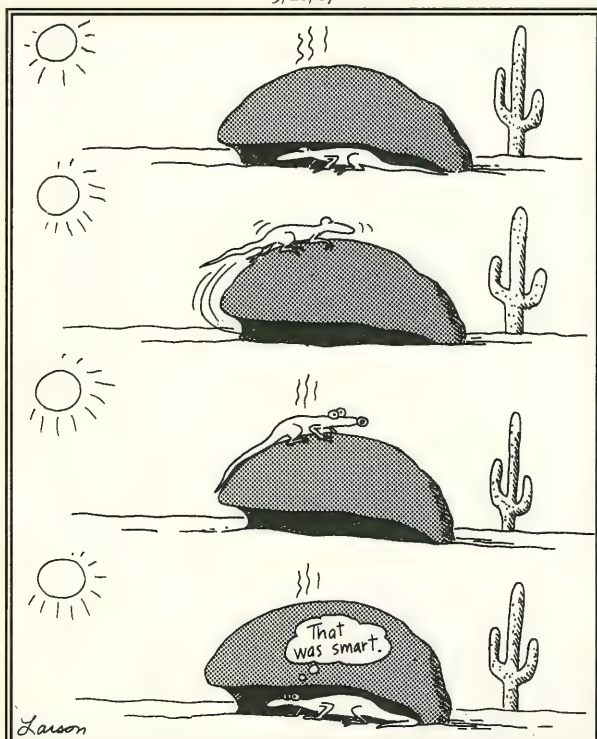
"Listen. I've *tried* to communicate with him, but he's like a broken record: 'None of your beeswax, none of your beeswax.'"

9/26/87

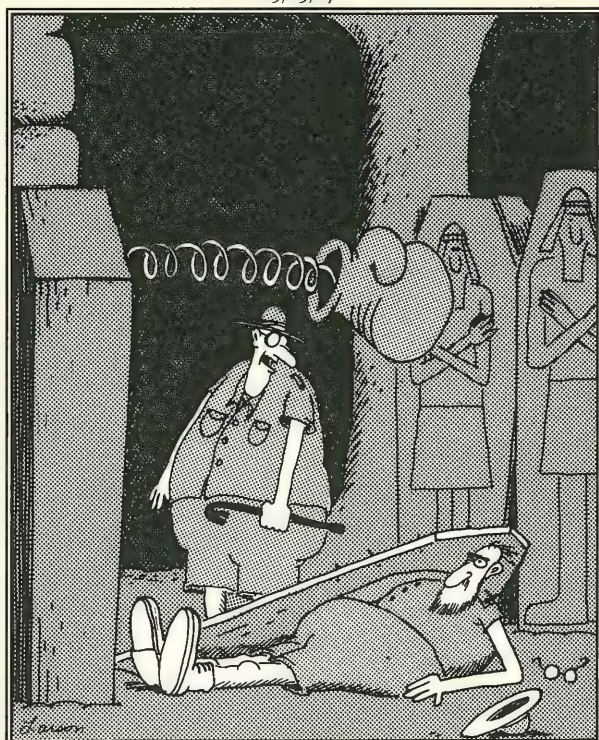


If the Cleavers had been Eskimos

9/28/87



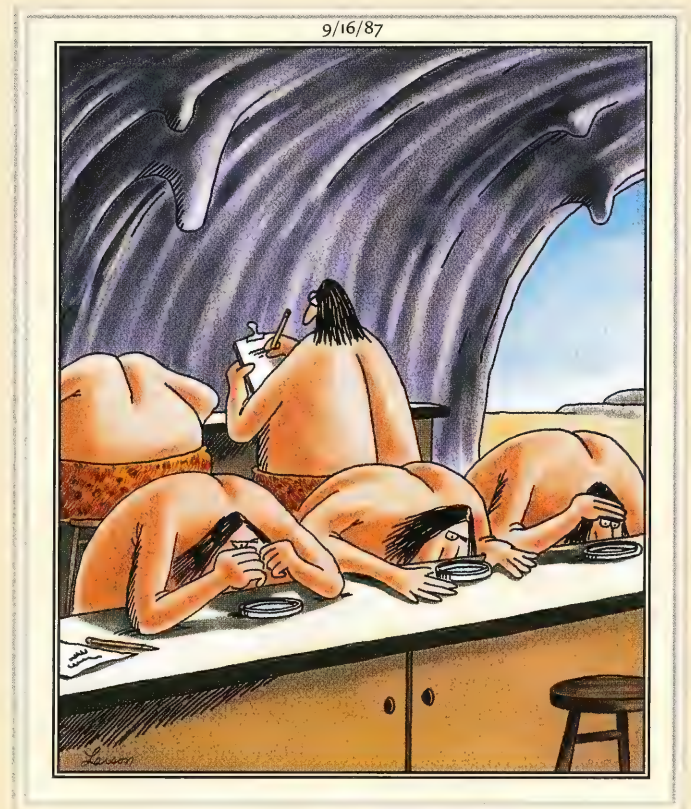
9/29/87



"Consider yourself fortunate, Belsky. ... As curses go, that sure beats having your descendants strangled in the night by a walking corpse."



Young Victor Frankenstein stays after school.

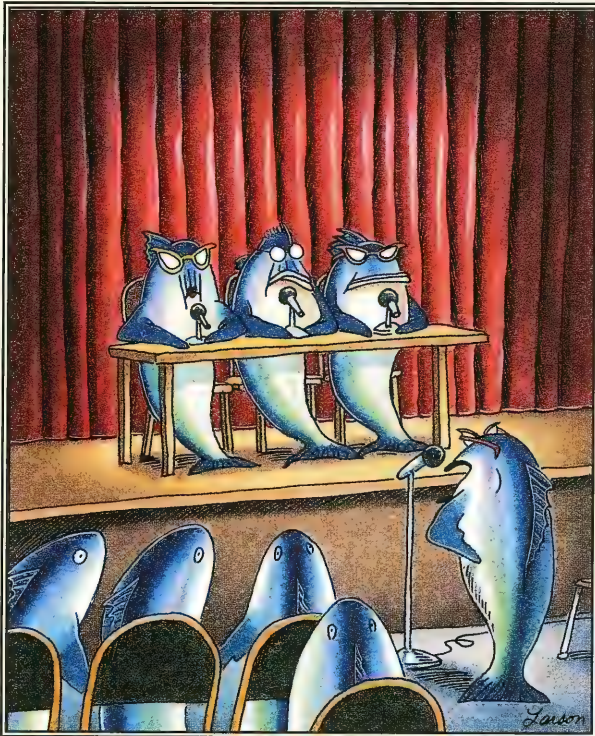


Early microbiologists



With their parents away, the young dragons would stay up late lighting their sneezes.

9/23/87



The committee to decide whether spawning should be taught in school.

9/21/87

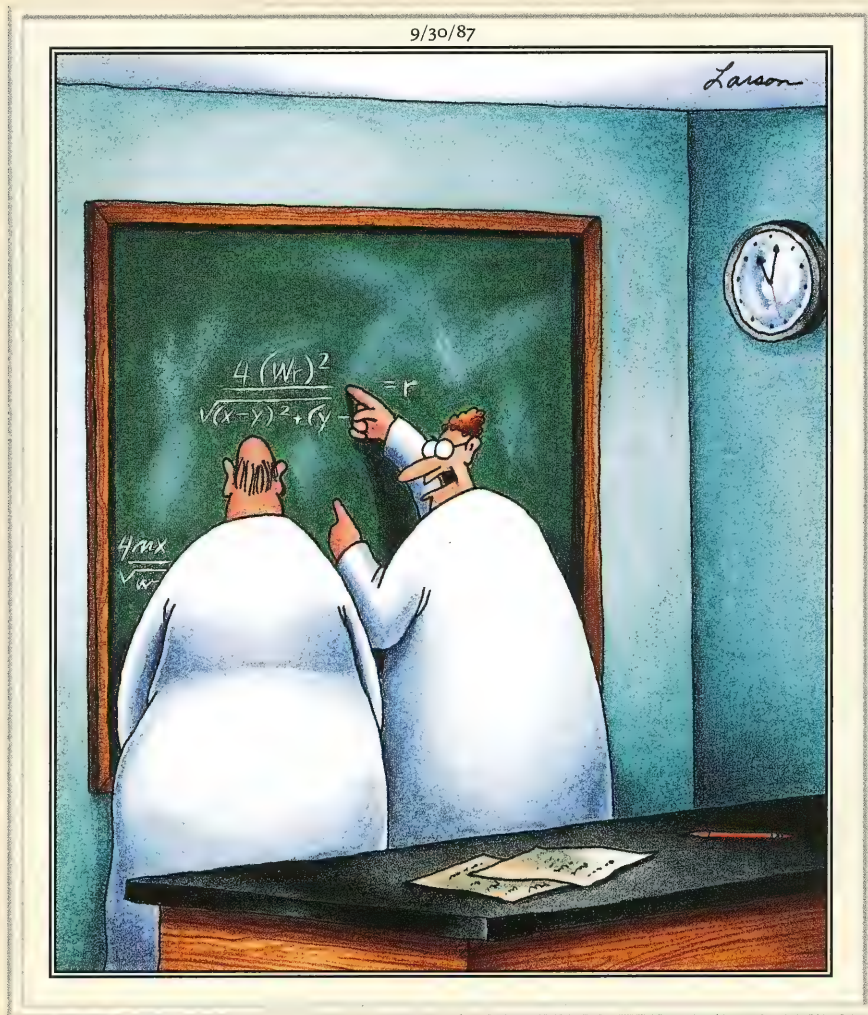


"Here are the blueprints. Now look: This is going to be the *Liberty Bell*, so we obviously expect that it be forged with great diligence and skill."

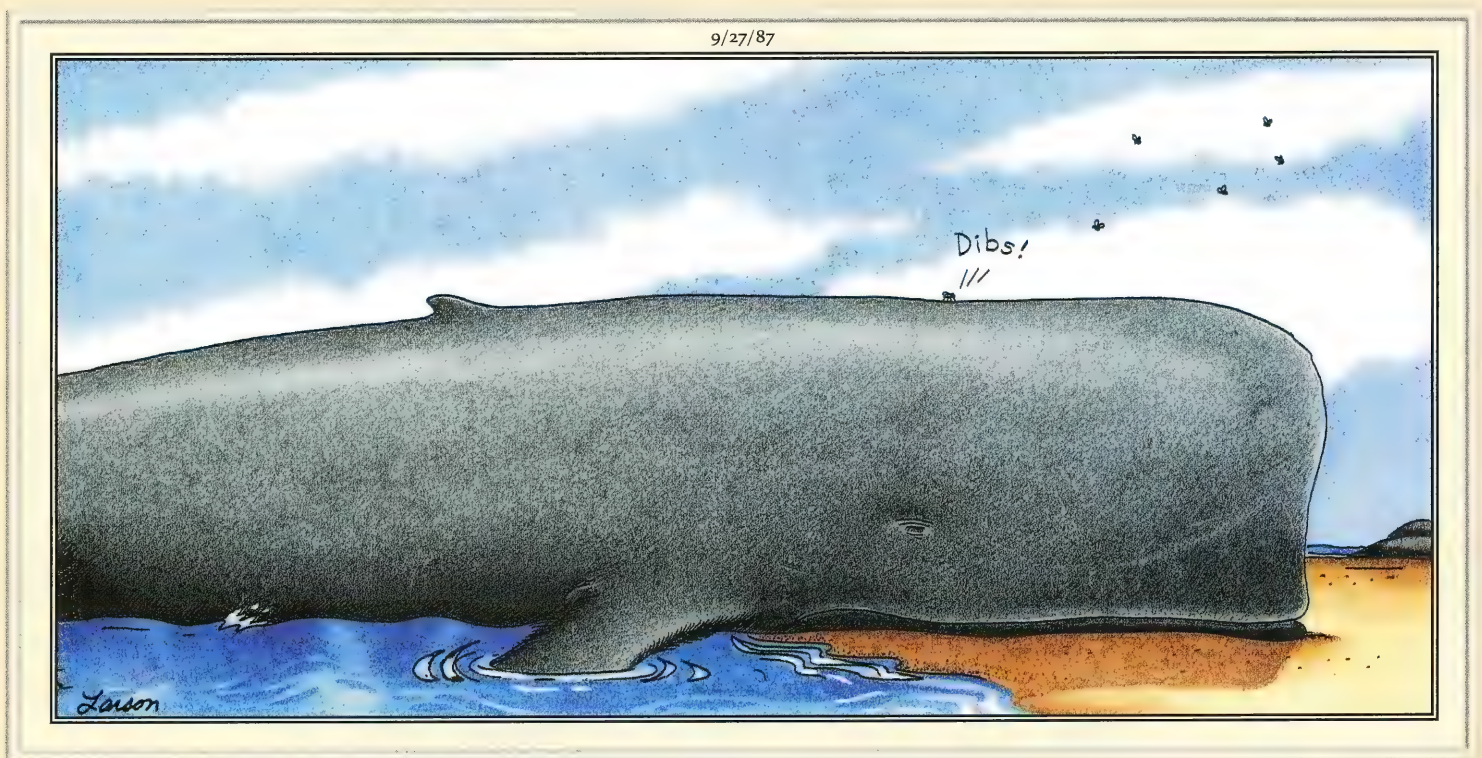
9/25/87



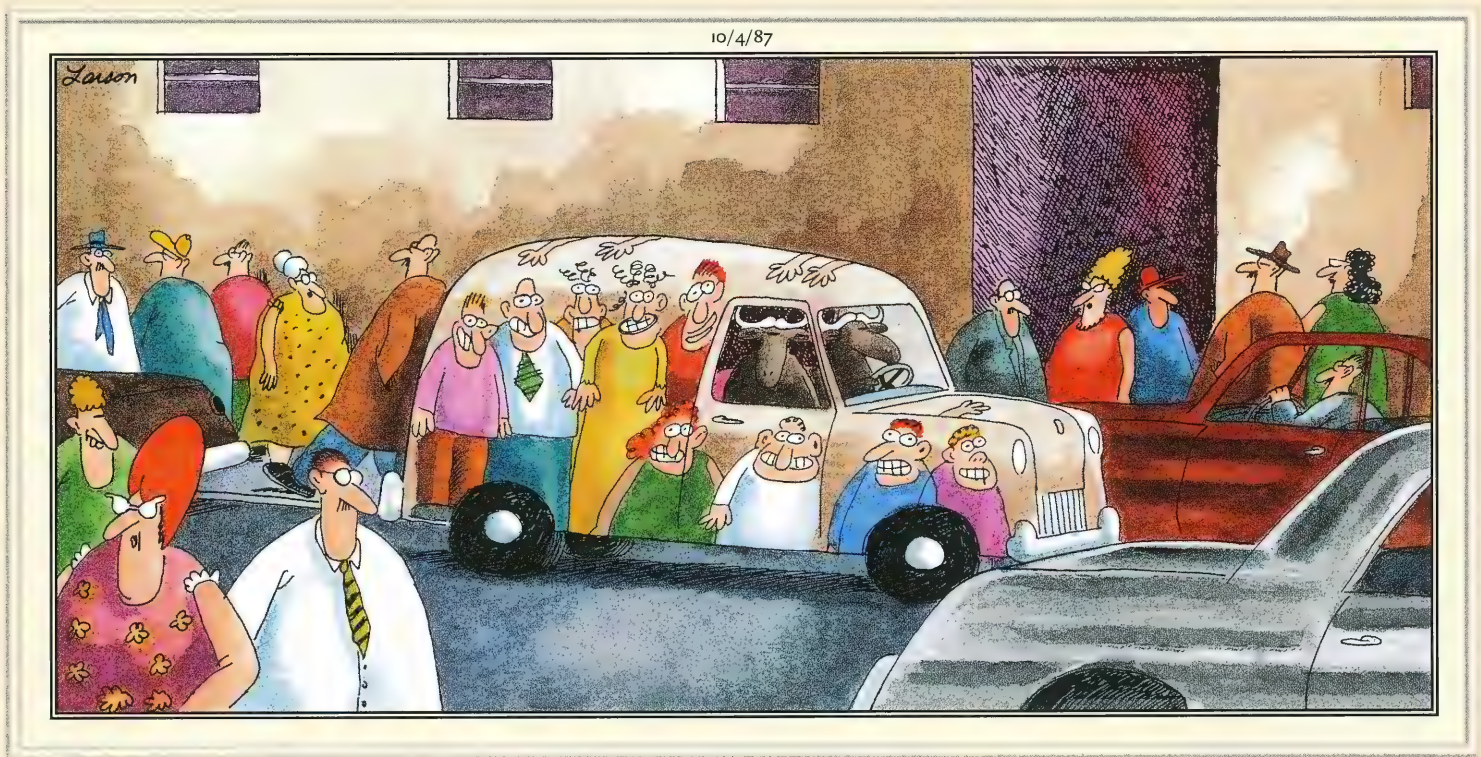
Darren's heart quickened: Once inside the home, and once the demonstration was in full swing, a sale was inevitable.



"Yes, yes, I know that, Sidney—everybody knows *that*! ... But look: Four wrongs *squared*, minus two wrongs to the fourth power, divided by this formula, *do* make a right."



The first fly on a beached whale



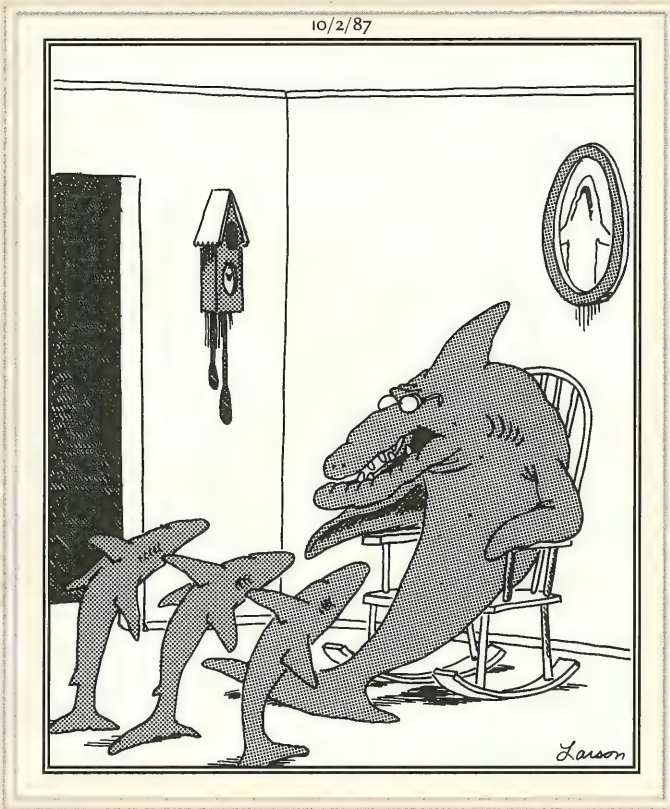
Animal camouflage



Nerds in hell



Scene from a corporate fairy tale

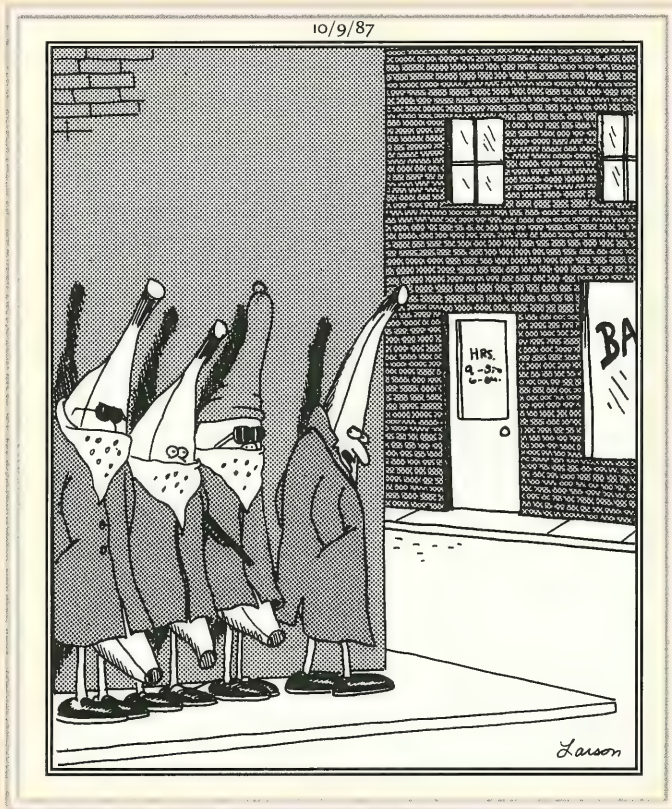


"And always—always—remember this:
A swimmer in the water is worth two on
the beach."

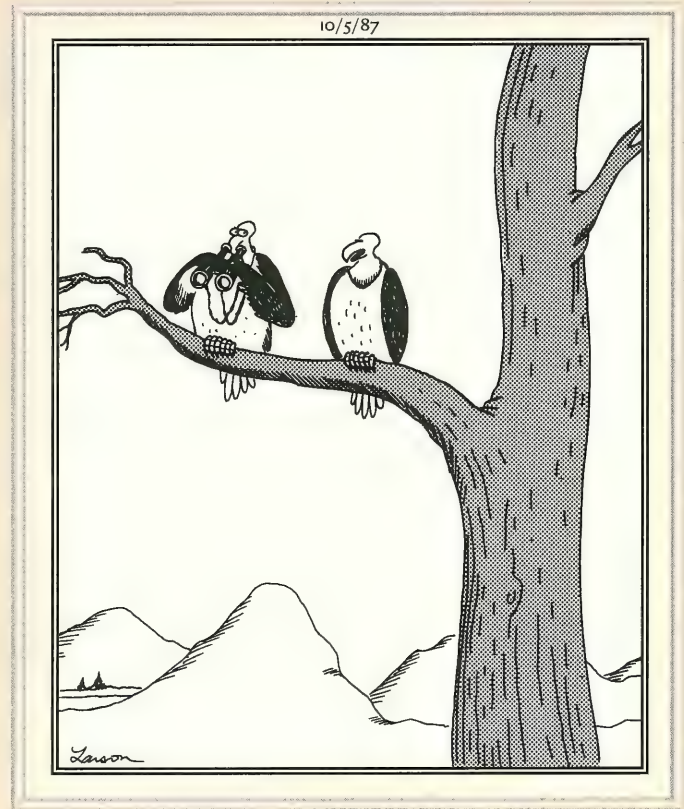


Although of some scientific debate,
Neanderthal mobsters are frequently linked with
the anthropological treasures of Olduvai Gorge.

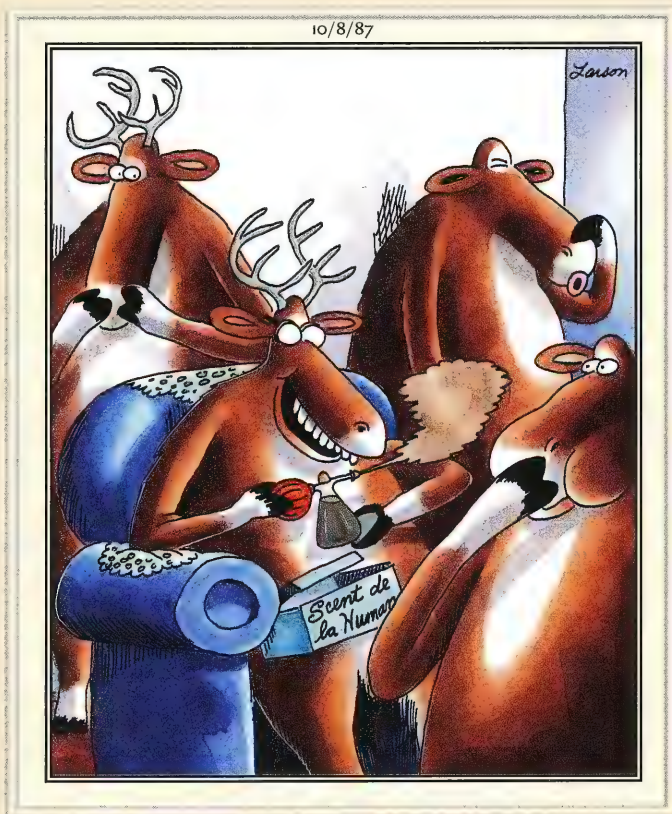




"Okay. The bank's open. ... Now, I know you're scared, Ramone. ... Obviously, we're *all* a little yellow."



"Julian ... you're cheating."



Animal joke gifts



"Now! ... *That* should clear up a few things around here!"

10/11/87



10/17/87

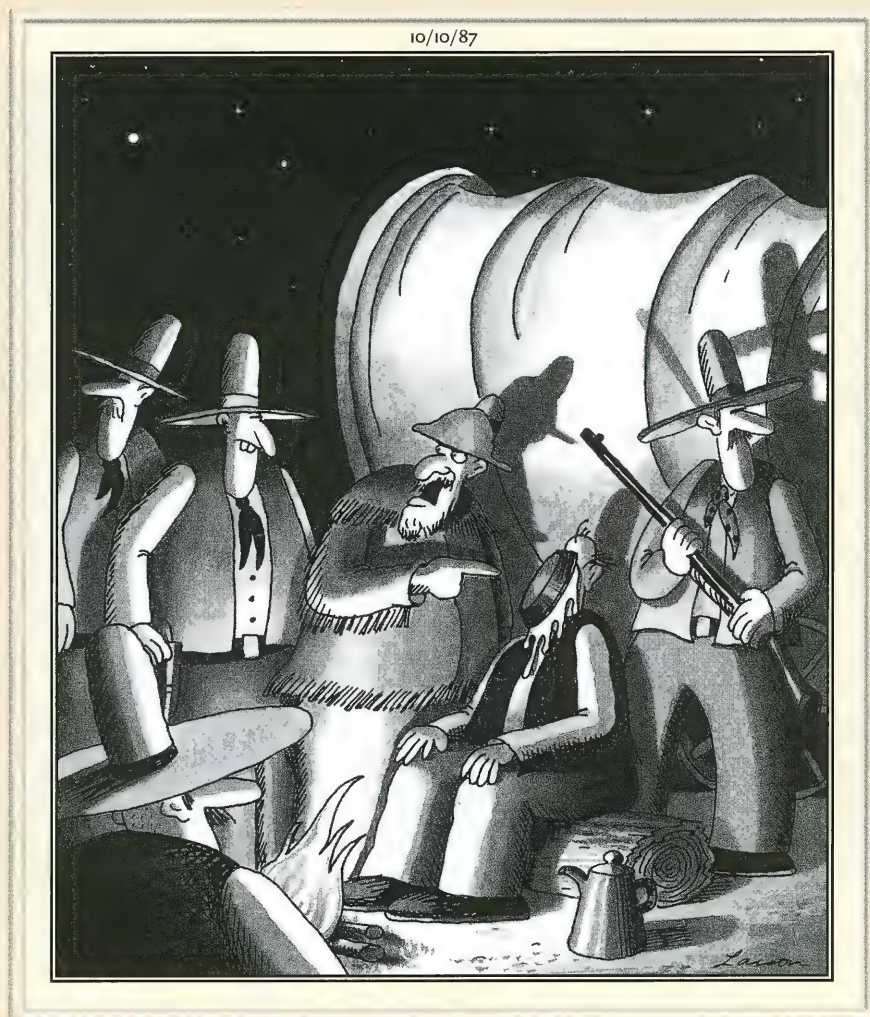


Slowly he would cruise the neighborhood, waiting for that occasional careless child who confused him with another vendor.

10/14/87



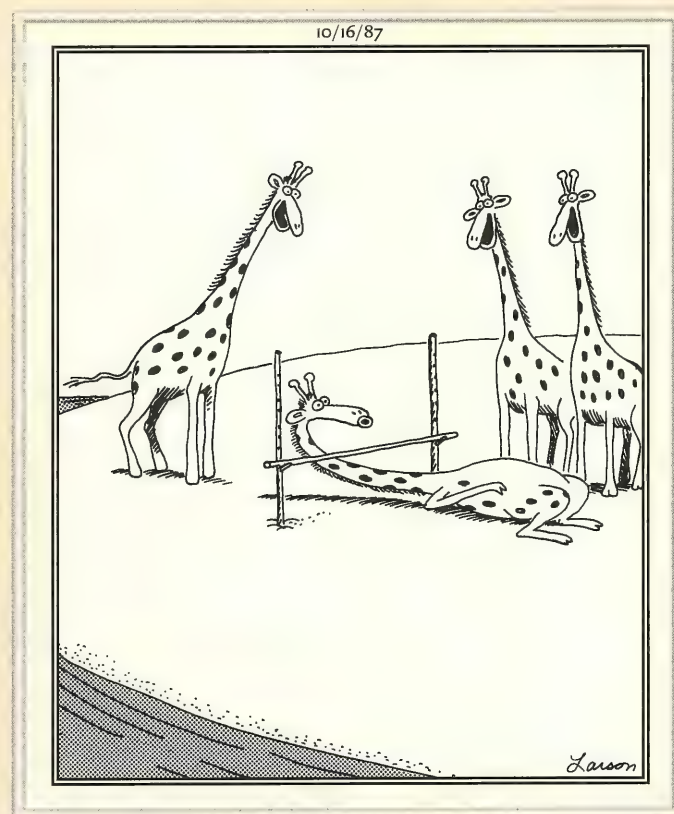
Cat showers



"No doubt about it, boys. ... See these markings on the bottom? This is an Apache pie pan!"



"Well, he's done it *again*! ... Curse that paper chimp!"



Giraffe beach parties



Rusty makes his move.



“And when I got home, Harold’s coat and hat were gone, his worries were on the doorstep, and Gladys Mitchell, my neighbor, says she saw him heading west, on the sunny side of the street.”

10/18/87



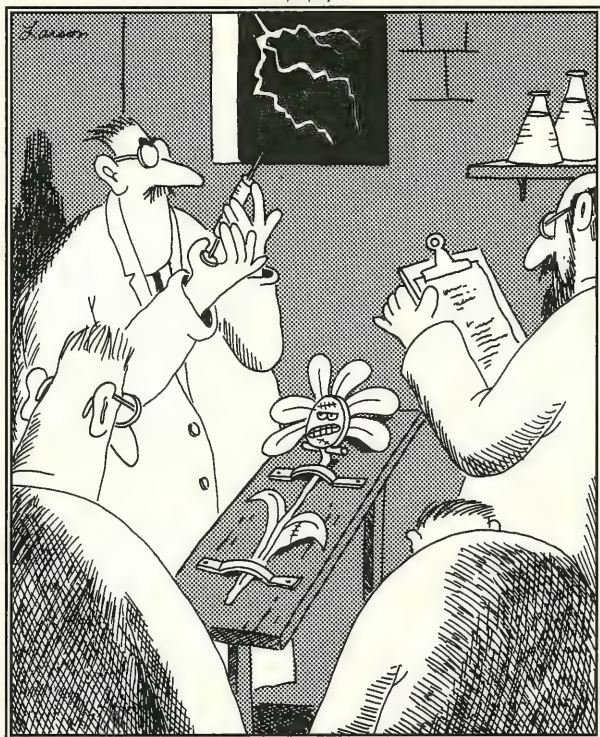
Wildlife preserves

10/29/87



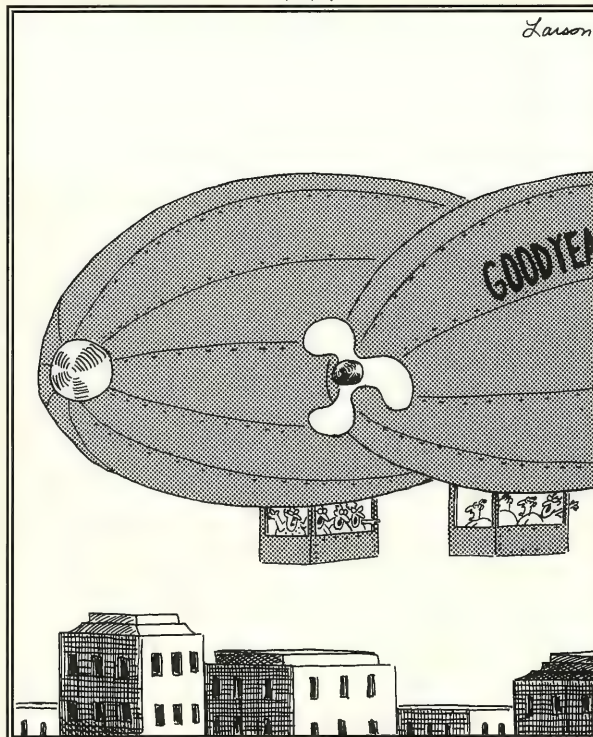
Suburban headhunters

10/21/87



Feb. 22, 1946: Botanists create the first artificial flower.

10/22/87



Blimp near-misses

10/23/87

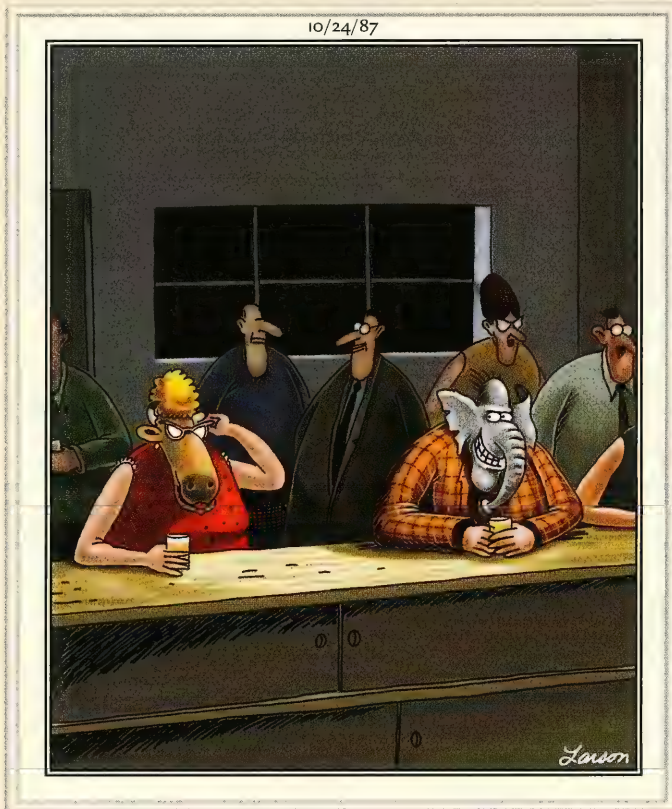


"Well, here we go, another exciting evening at the neighbors', with all of us sitting around going, 'Hello, my name is so-and-so. ... What's your name? ... I wanna cracker. ... Hello, my name is so-and-so.'"

10/20/87



All day long, a tough gang of astrophysicists would monopolize the telescope and intimidate the other researchers.



The elephant man meets a buffalo gal.

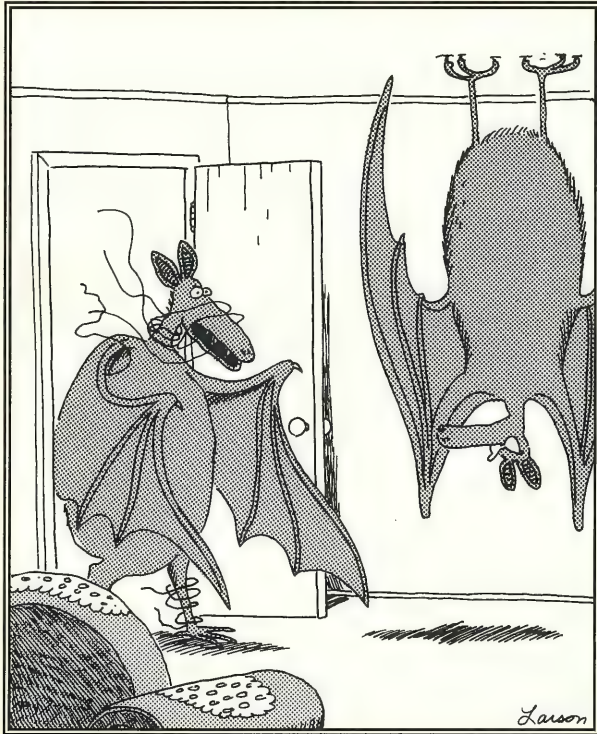


Piglet practical jokes



The birth of acid howl

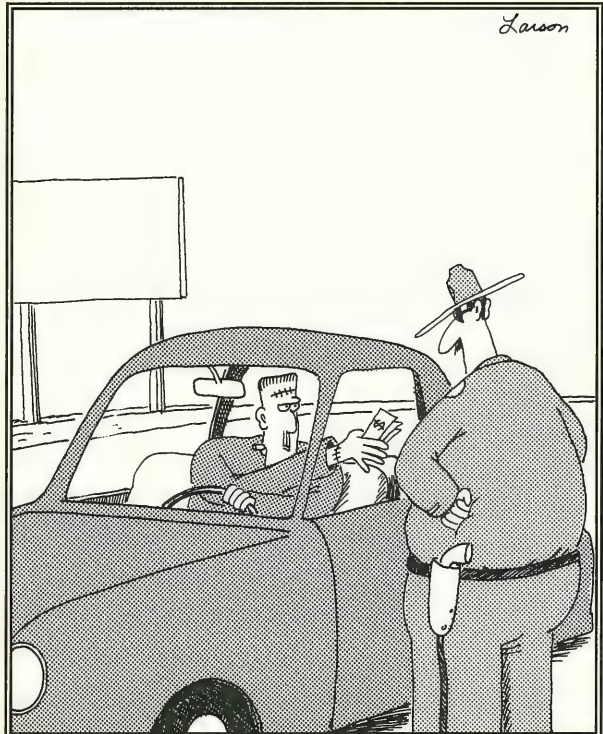
10/27/87



"Crimony! ... I must've been tangled in some bimbo's hair for more than two hours!"

10/26/87

Larson



The bribe of Frankenstein

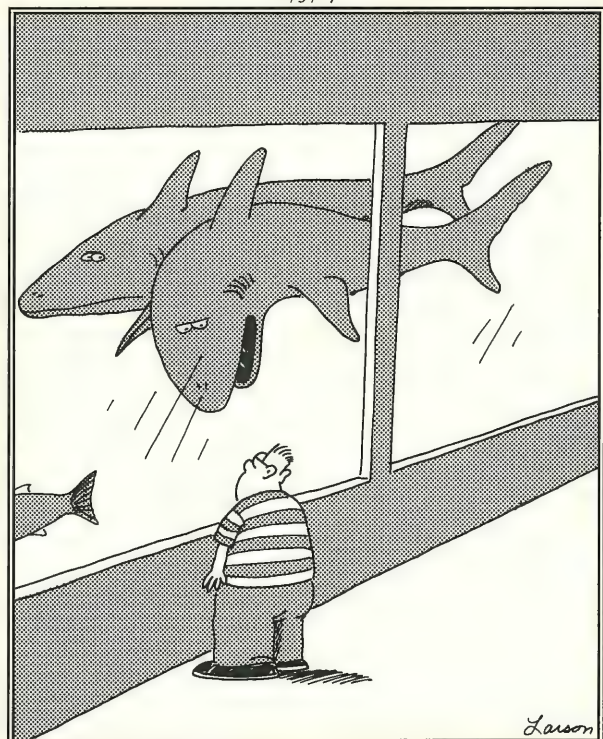
10/28/87

Larson

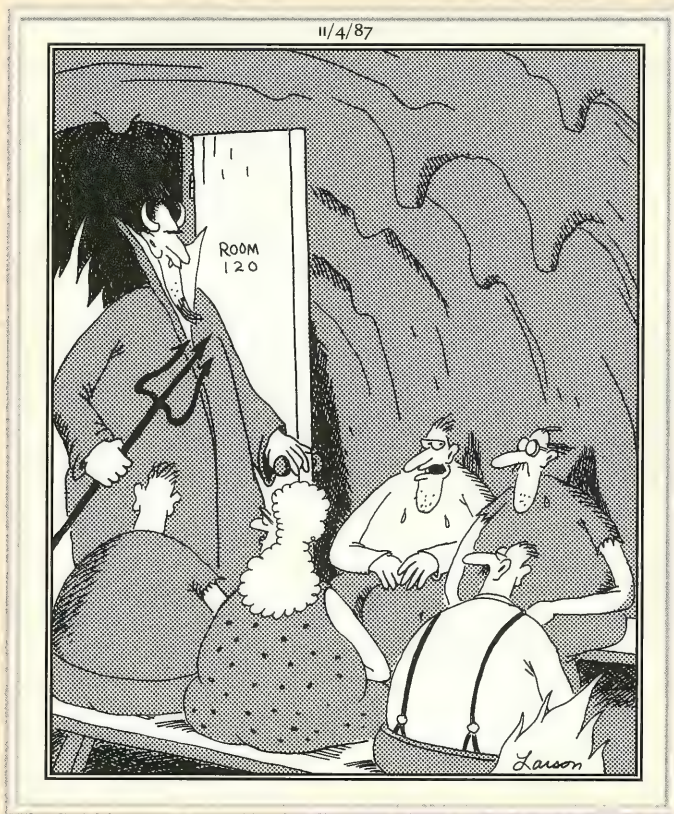


"Well, down I go."

10/31/87



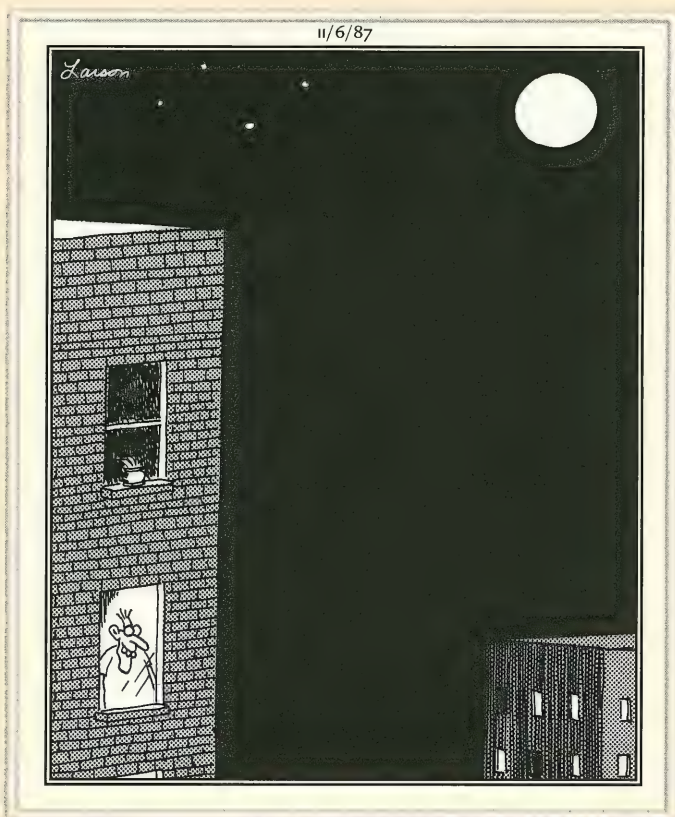
"So close, and yet so far."



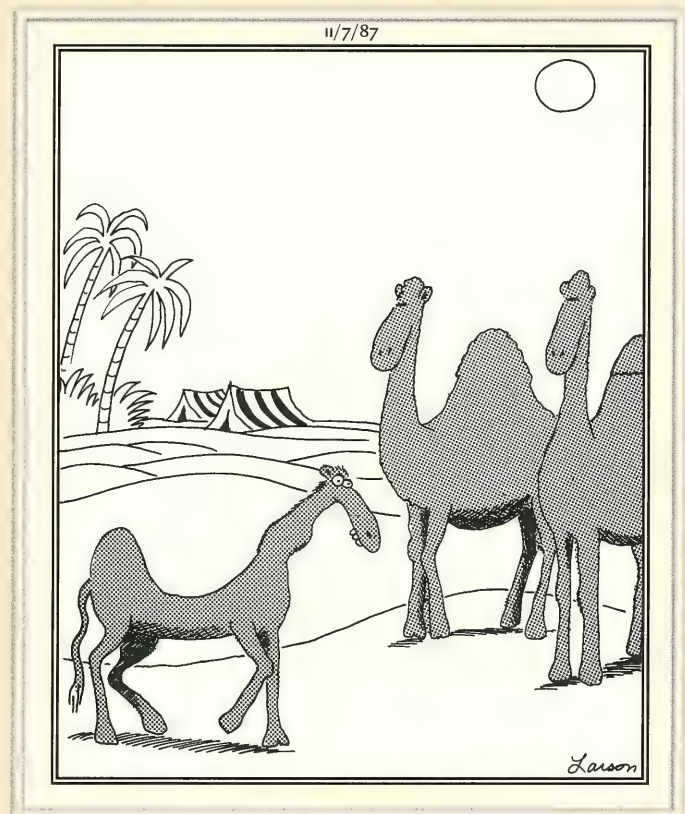
"Speak of the devil."



Edgar Allan Poe in a moment of writer's block



A full moon and an empty head



A camel named Igor

11/1/87



Gary Larson
c/o Springfield Newspaper
851 Boonville
Spfld, MO. 65806

November 11, 1987

Halltown Elem. School
Miller R-2
5-6 grade/Beth Hurst
300 East Elm
Halltown, MO. 65664

Dear Mr. Larsen,

Our class has been looking at your comic strip the Far Side. We would like to know how you got the answer 127 major appliances in the November 1, 1987 newspaper. We would appreciate it if you could let us in on the puzzle. Thank you for your time.

Thank you,
Mrs. Beth Hurst
5-6 grade

Jenny Holman

Joanna
Coi Lander
Gaylon Devayne Corley
Michael Perusse
Jory C. Kappell
Ricky Pendergast
Melissa Williams
Craig Hodgson
Christina Linderbach

Mrs. Beth Hurst

Shawonda Owens
Tina L. Conner
Summer Steadman
Robin Maggard
Jenny Thompson
Lisa Russell
Amy Whitley
Beth Hurst
Dana Erickson

UNIVERSAL
PRESS
SYNDICATE

Dear Mrs. Hurst and Class:

We are in receipt of your recent letter to Gary Larson asking about his cartoon for Sunday, Nov. 1.

Gary's cartoon was a parody of those puzzles that are full of hidden pictures. His cartoon had such clumsily hidden objects (kitchen appliances) in it, and such an outrageous answer (127), that it was not meant to be taken seriously.

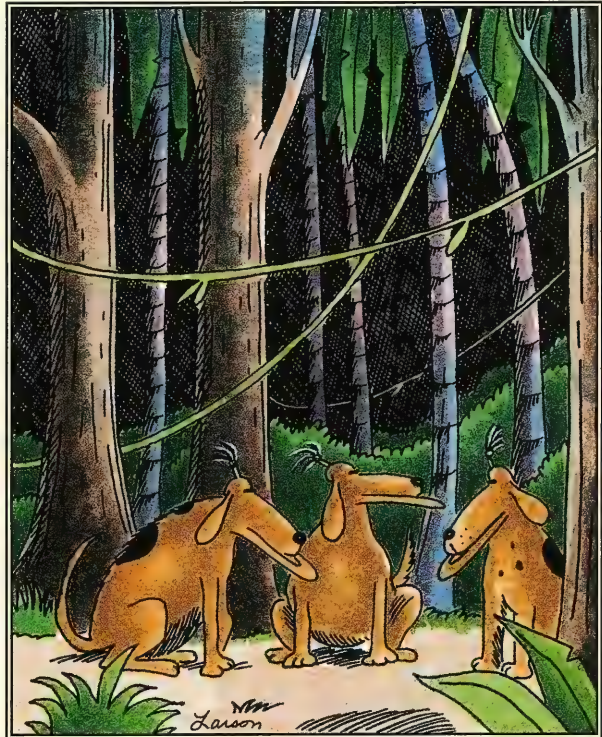
I hope this explanation is of some use to you.

Sincerely,

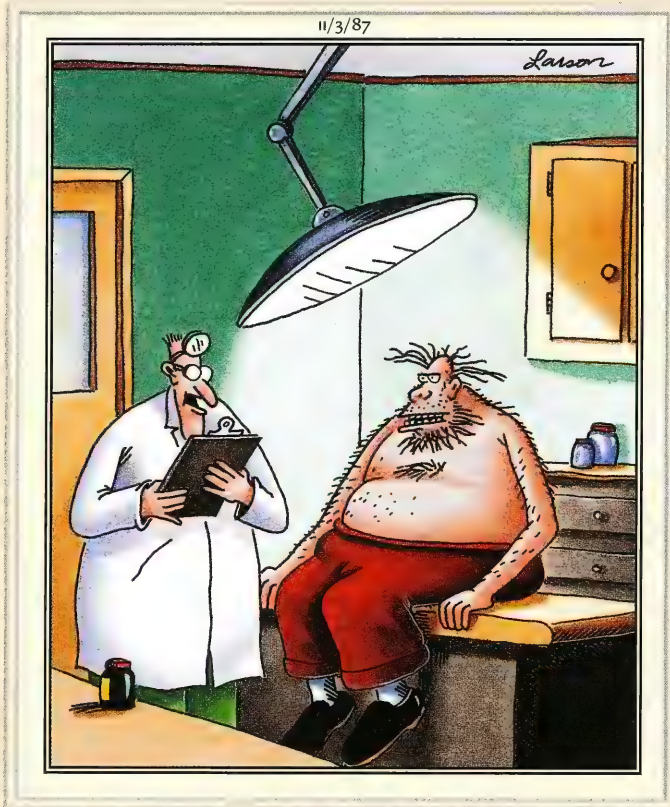
Jake Morrissey
Associate Editor

4000 Main Street • Kansas City, Missouri 64112 • Phone 913/524-0000

11/2/87

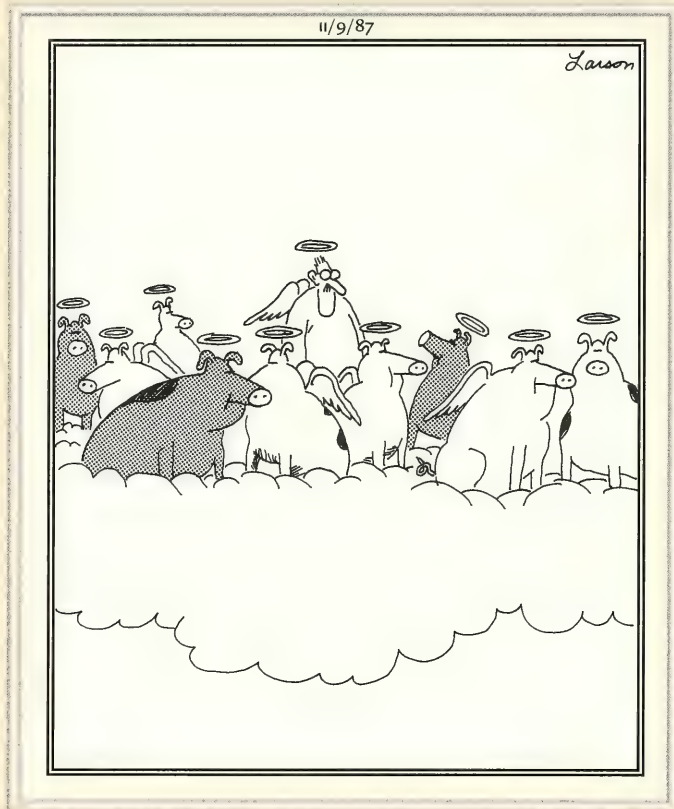


The big-lipped dogs of the equatorial rain forest

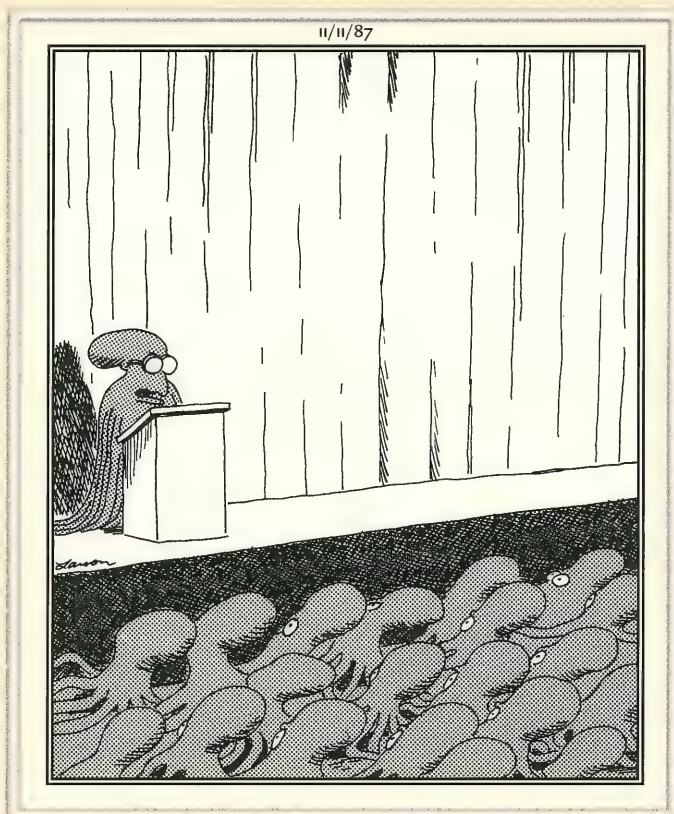
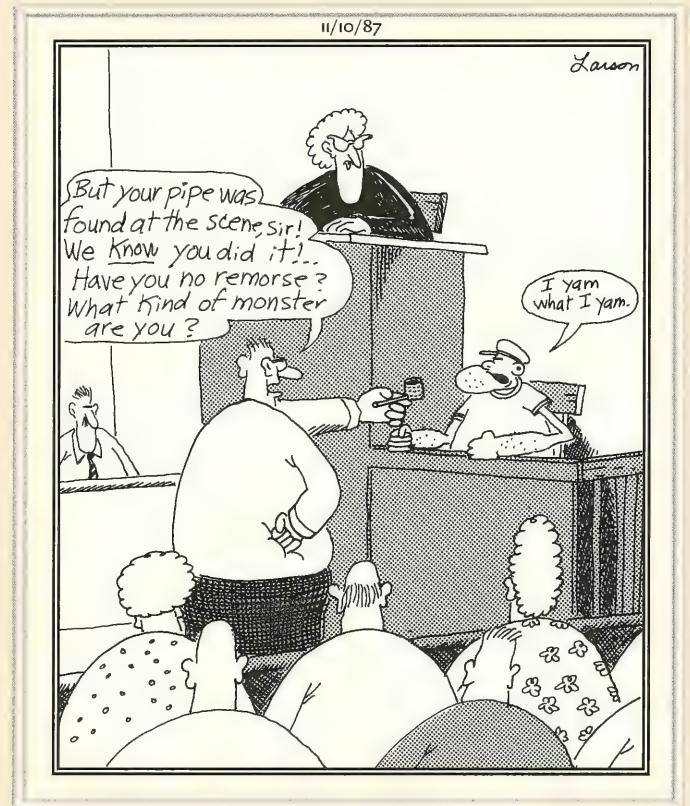


"Well, Mr. Rosenberg, your lab results look pretty good—although I might suggest your testosterone level is a tad high."

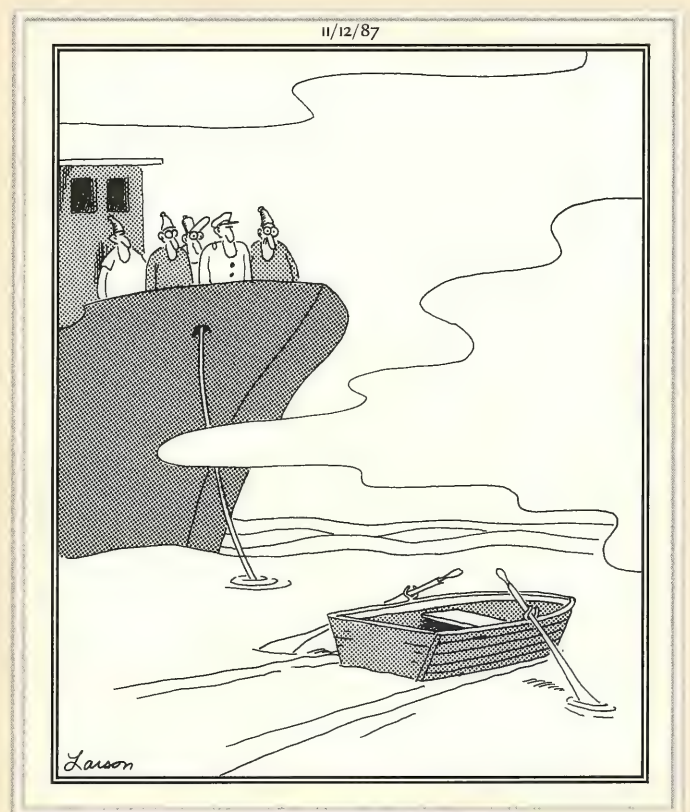




Through some unfortunate celestial error,
Ernie is sent to Hog Heaven.



"Fellow octopi, or octopuses ... octopi? ...
Dang, it's hard to start a speech with
this crowd."



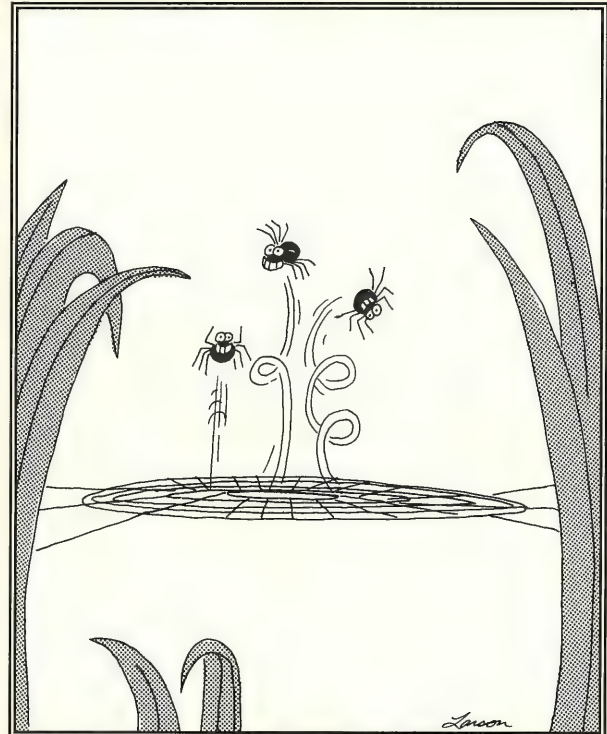
At first, the crew could hear only the creaking
of oars. And then, out of the fog, the
terrifying ghost dinghy appeared.

11/13/87



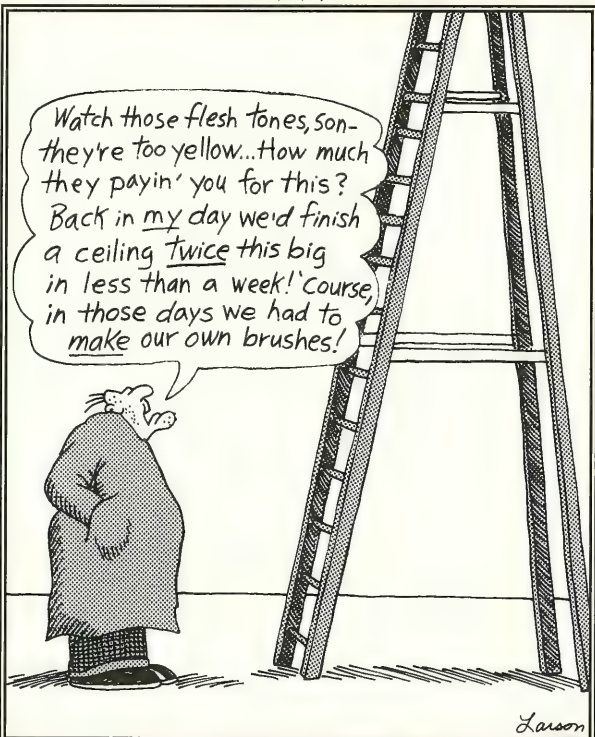
Bernie's sense of humor was seldom appreciated among the other bears.

11/14/87



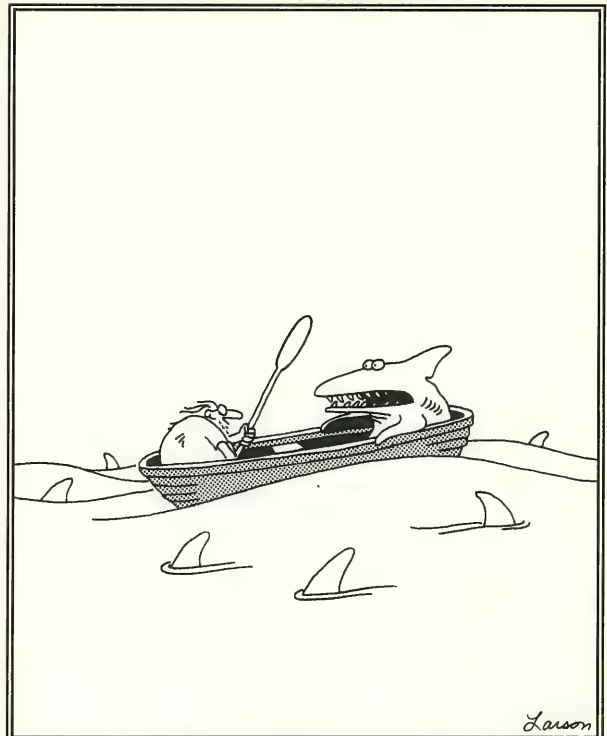
On the weboline

11/16/87



Michelangelo's father

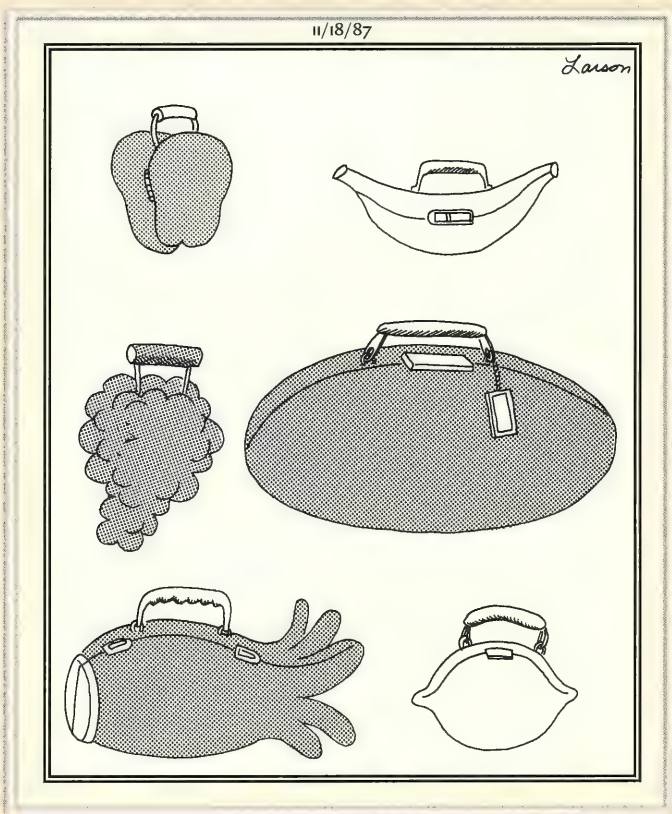
11/17/87



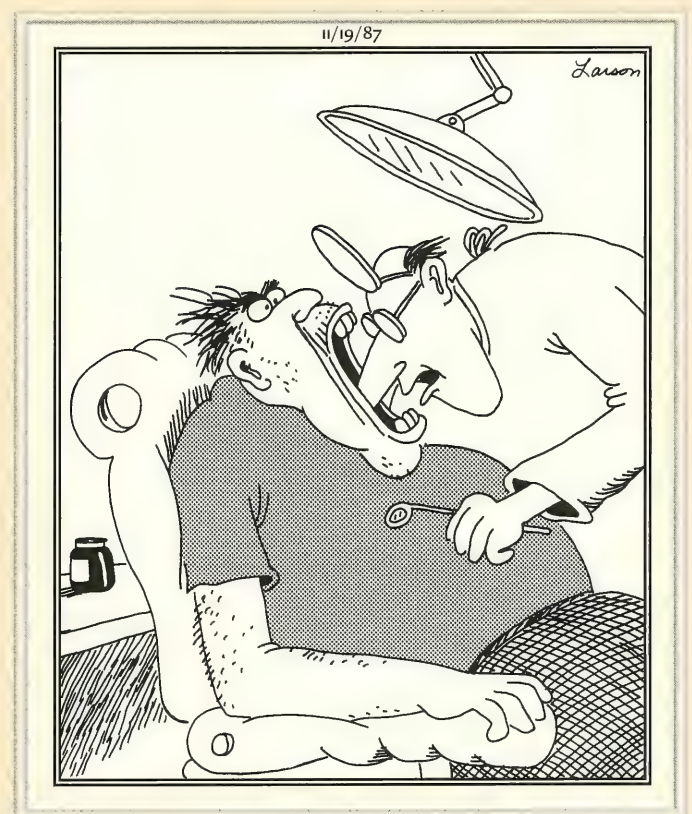
"Okay. I'll go back and tell my people that you're staying in the boat, but I warn you, *they're not going to like it.*"



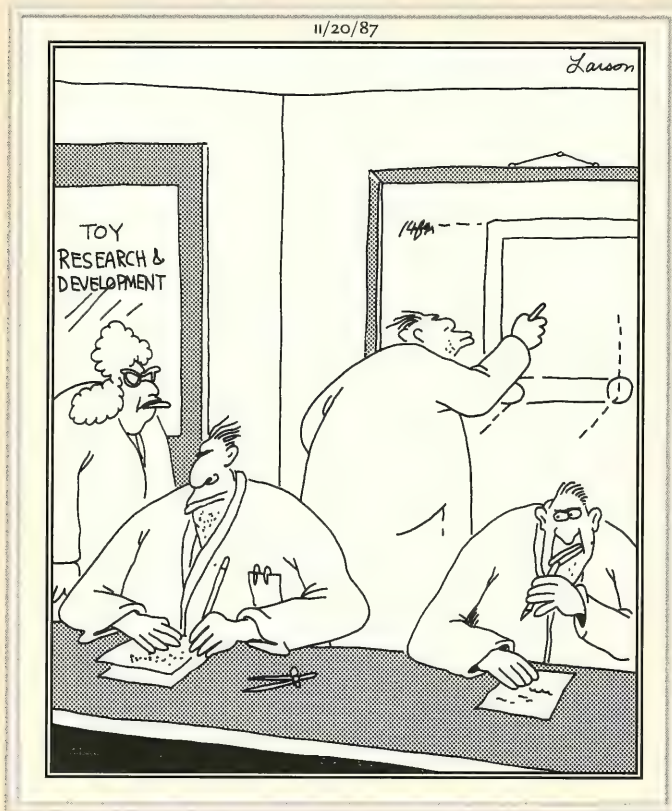
Suddenly, Jake started barking and, as a result, both he and Billy ended up sharing a small but interesting diorama in the Venutian Natural History Museum.



Fruitcases



"Good heavens, Mr. Farley, is that the end of someone's nose I see down there?"



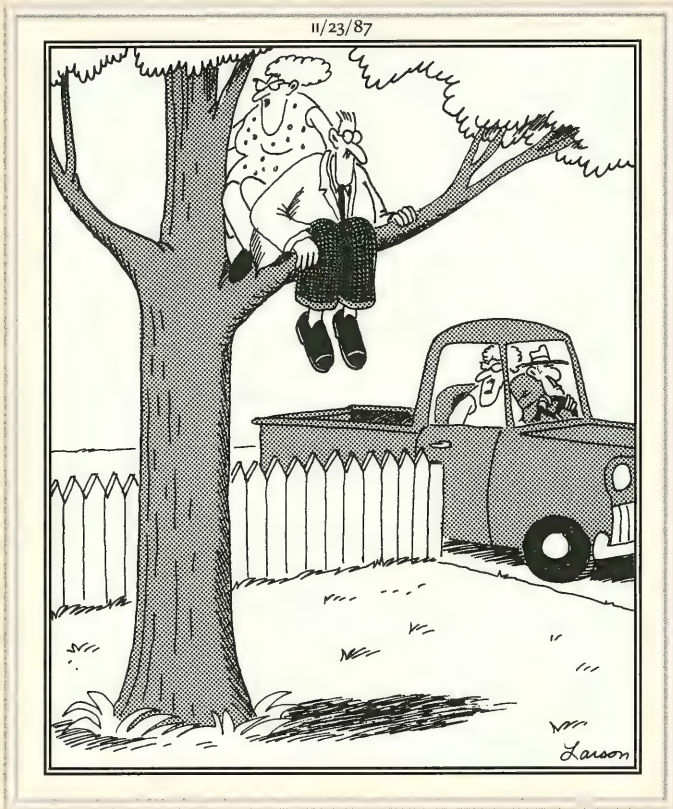
The Etch A Sketch division at work



Houdini escapes from a black hole.



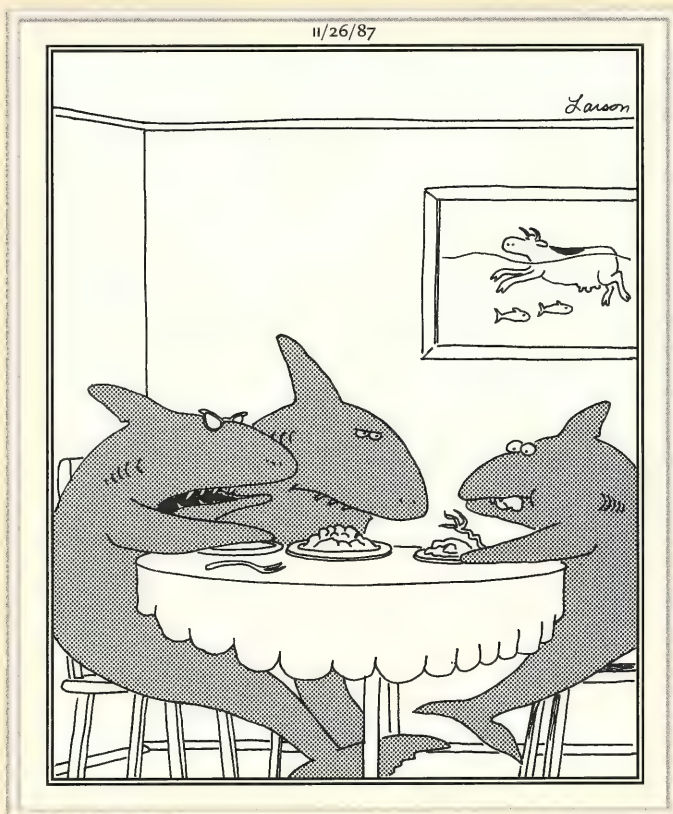
In the Fly House of Horrors



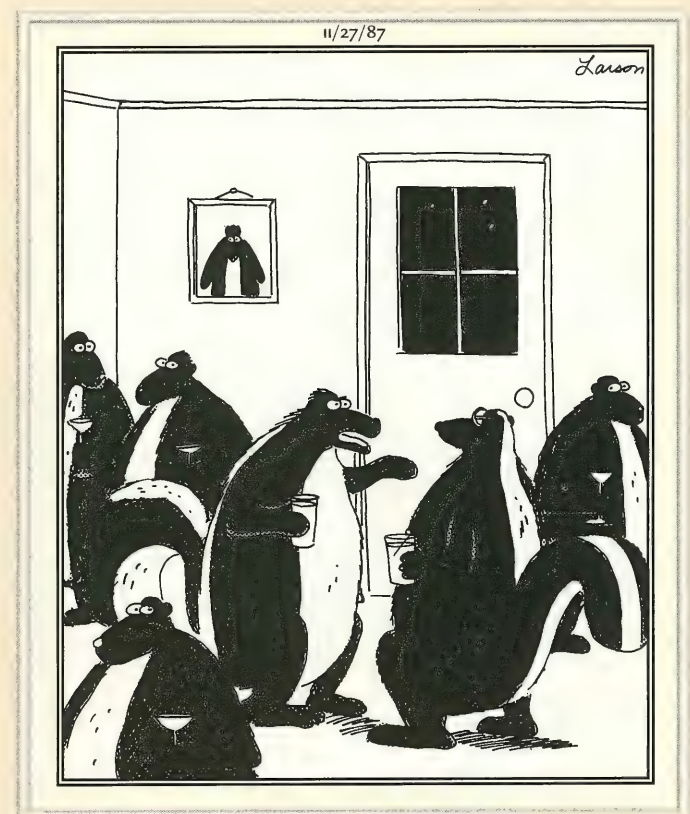
"Uh-oh, Vern! The Schumachers are in the tree again. We'll have to spray."



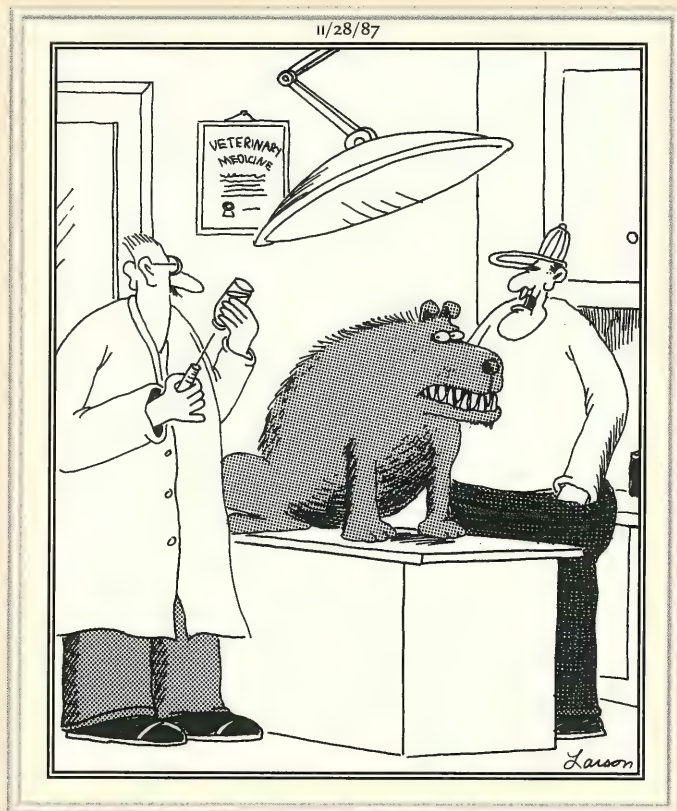
How fishermen blow their minds



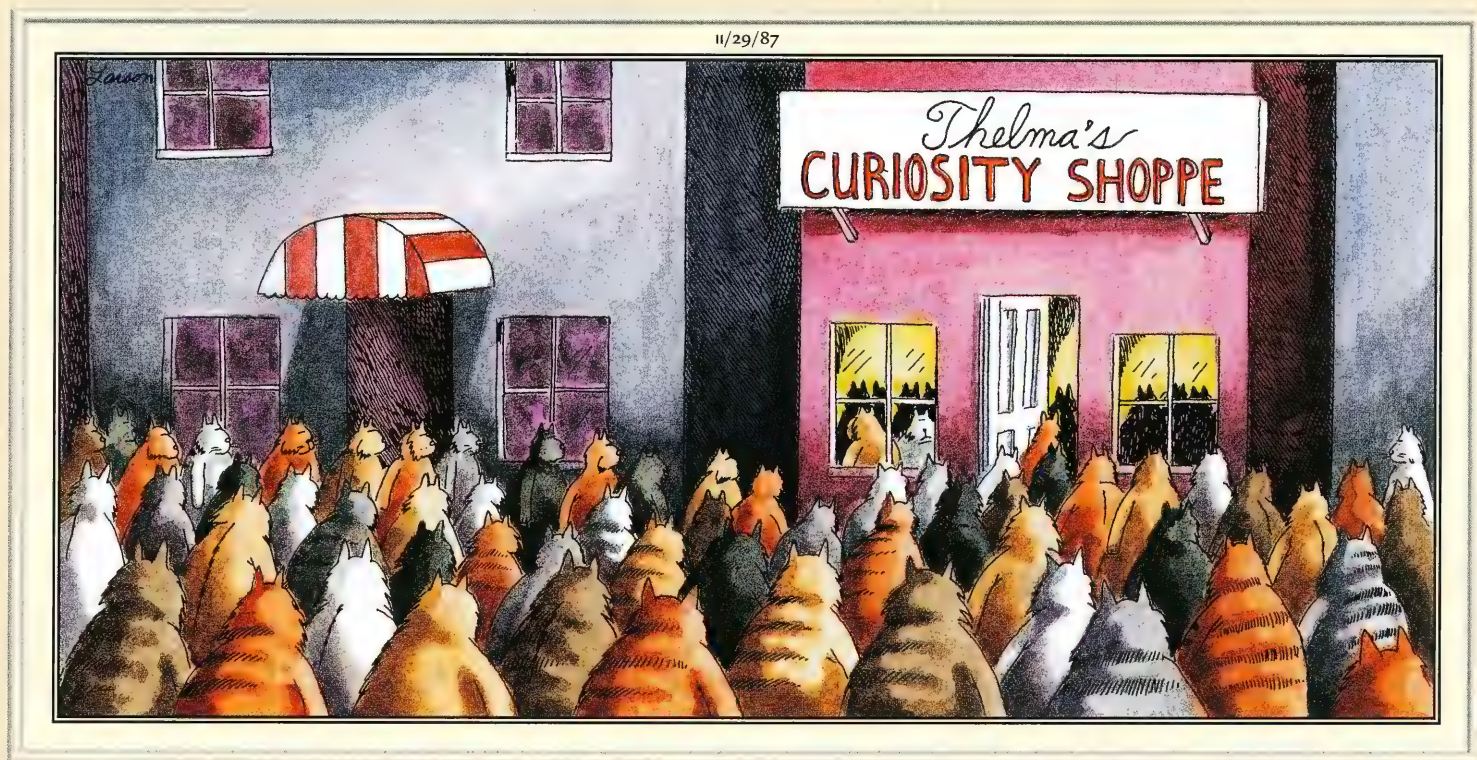
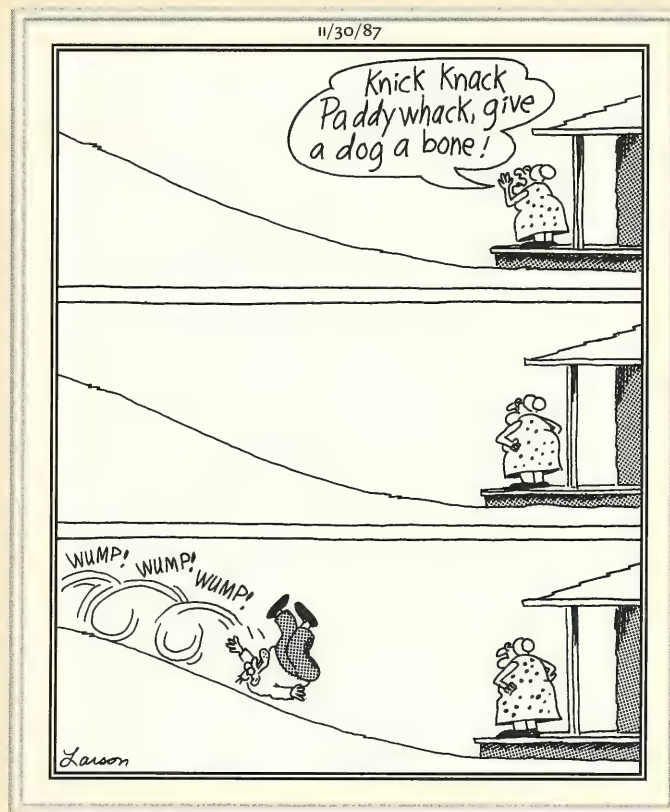
"Andy! Look what you're doing to your fork! ... Tuna salad doesn't require seven tons of pressure per square inch!"

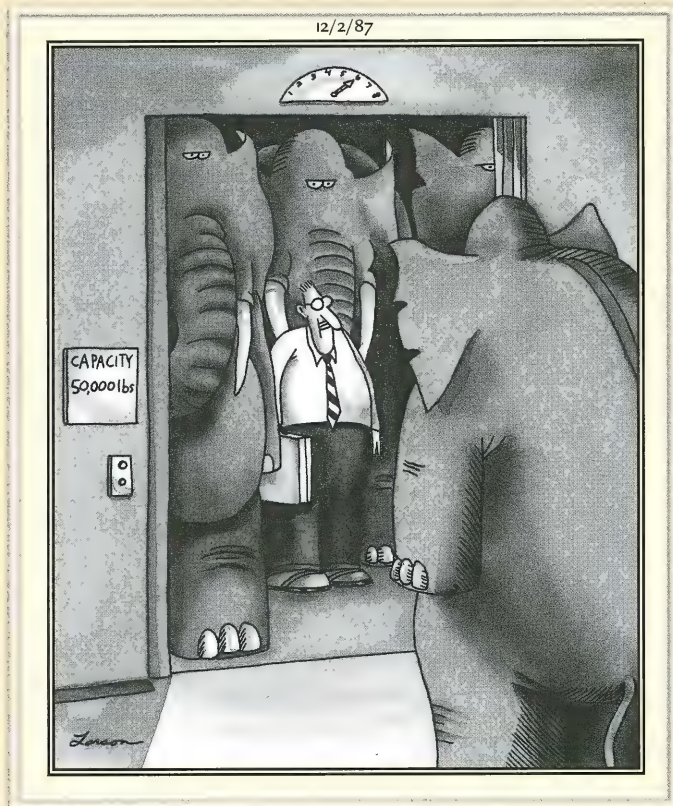


"Oh, yeah? Well you don't *stink*! You never did and you never will, you mama's little rose!"

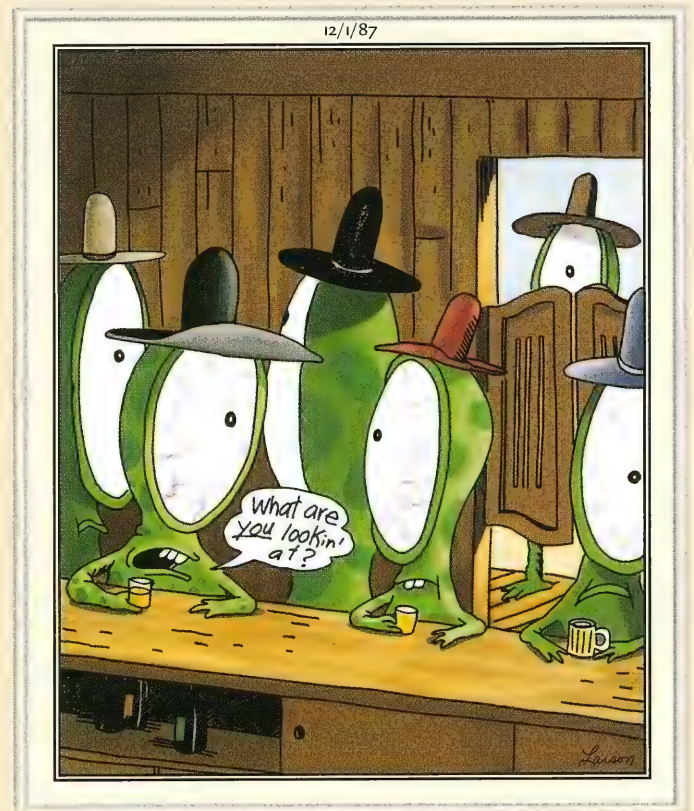


"Whoa! Is that a needle, Doc? 'Cause Zack don't *like* needles."

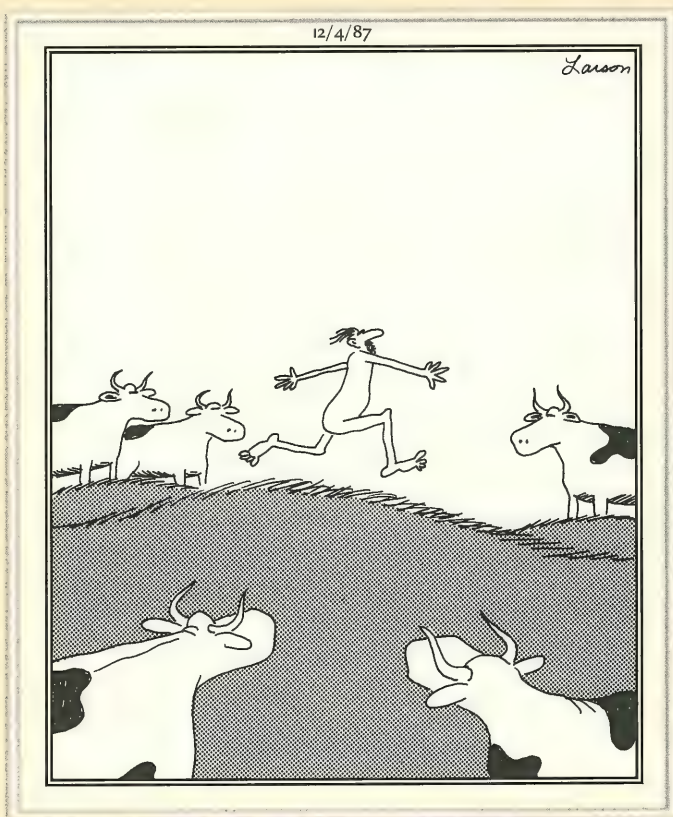




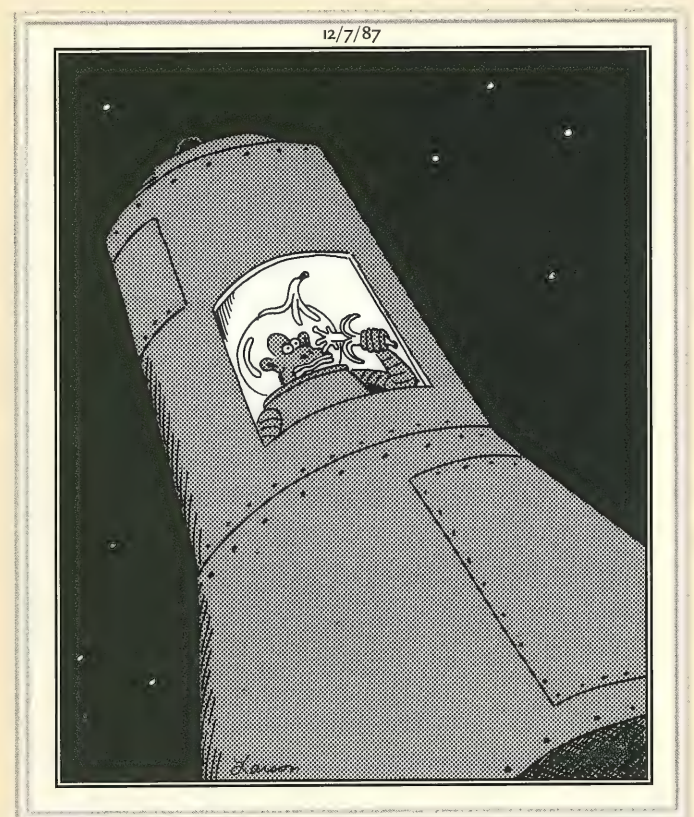
To Ernie's horror, and the ultimate disaster of all, one more elephant tried to squeeze on.

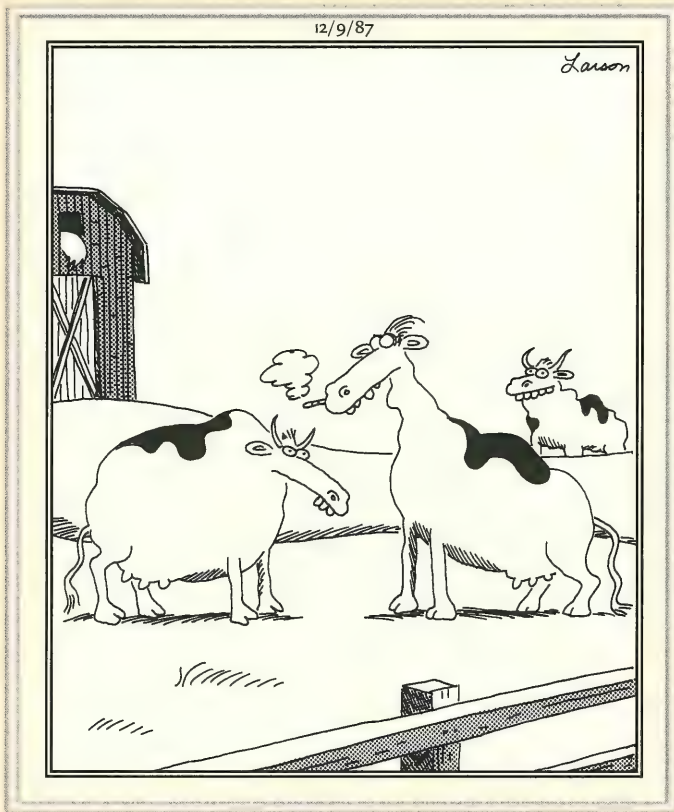


Saloon scenes on other planets

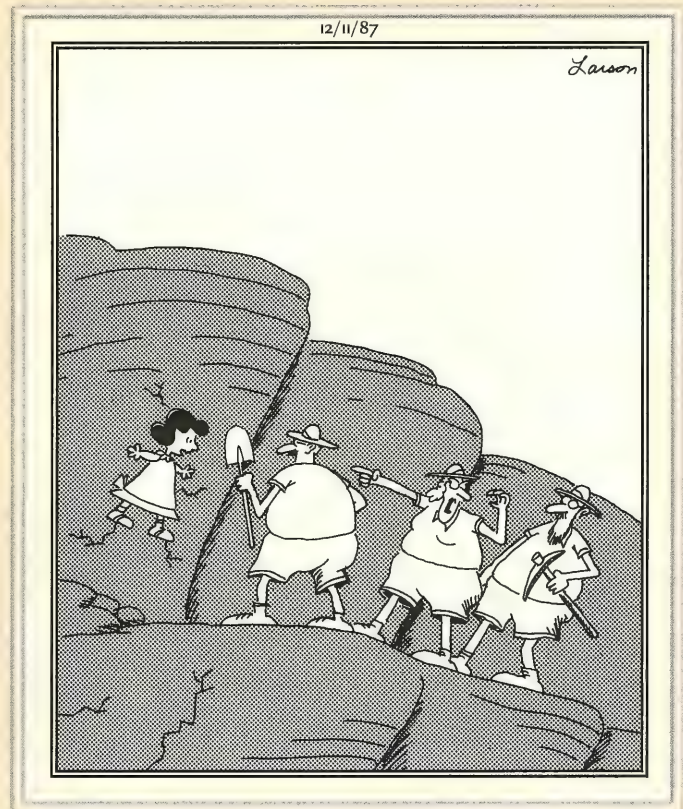


Scene from *Never Cry Cow*





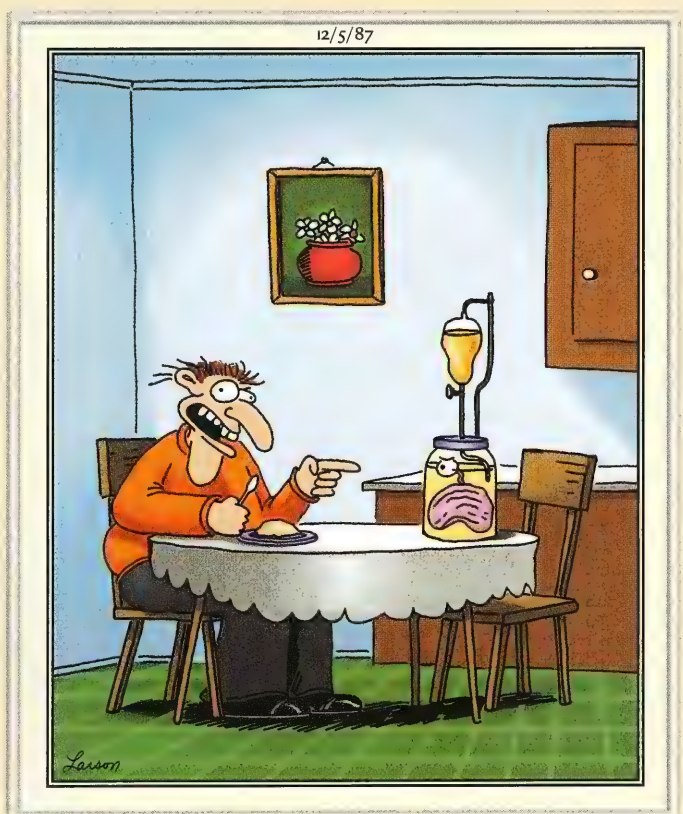
Where beef jerky comes from



Rocking the anthropological world, a second "Lucy" is discovered in southern Uganda.



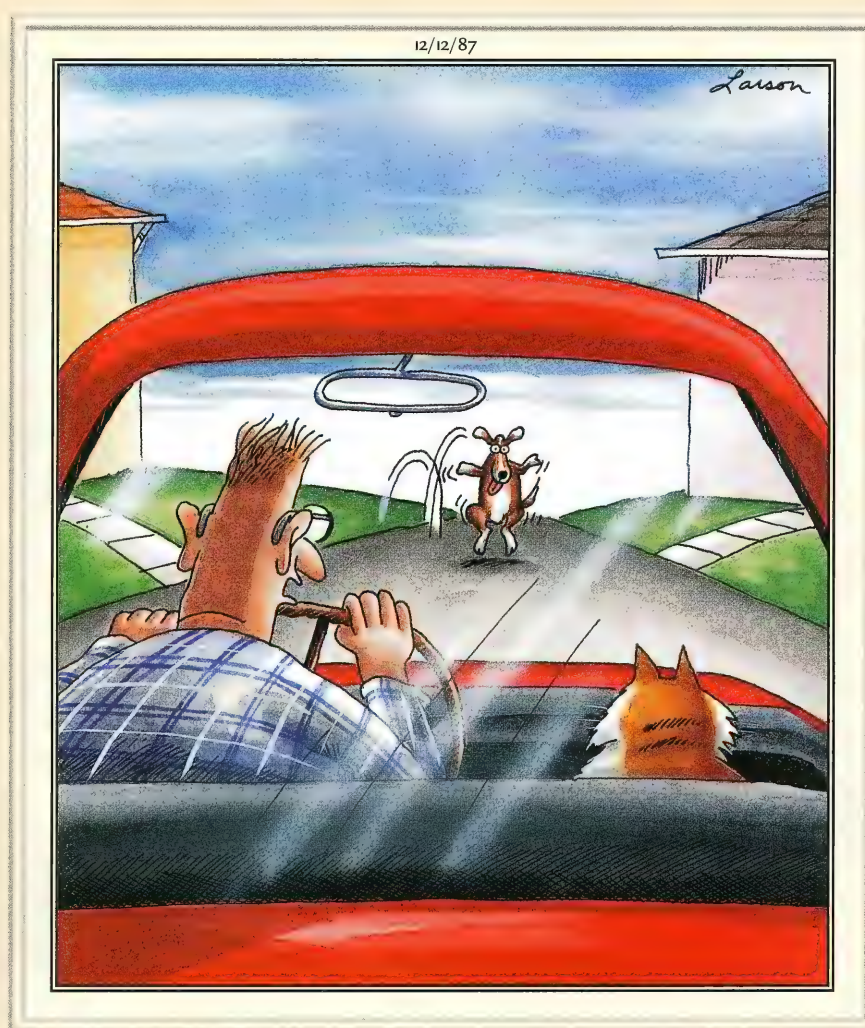
"Oh my God! It's from Connie! She's written me a 'John deer' letter!"



"That's a lie, Morty! ... Mom says you might have got the brains in the family, but I got the looks!"



Through a gross navigational error, the *Love Boat* steams into the Strait of Hormuz.



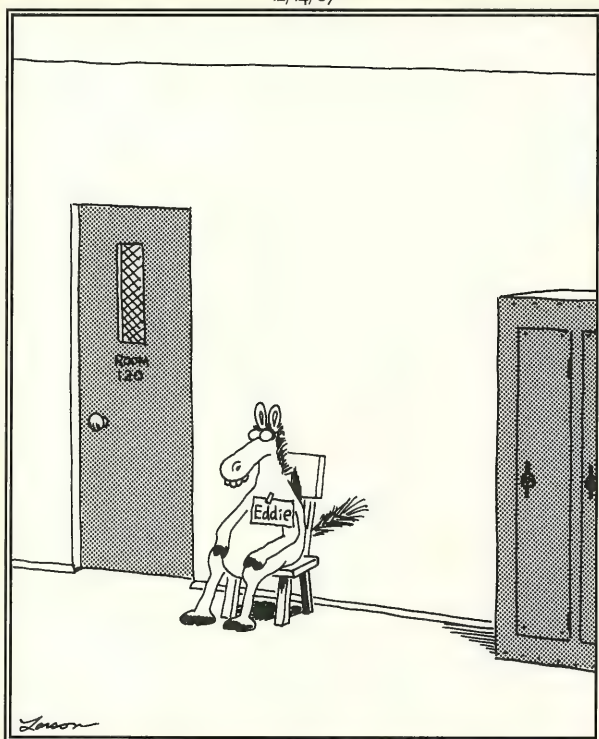
"Well, look who's excited to see you back from being declawed."



Jazz at the Wool Club



12/14/87



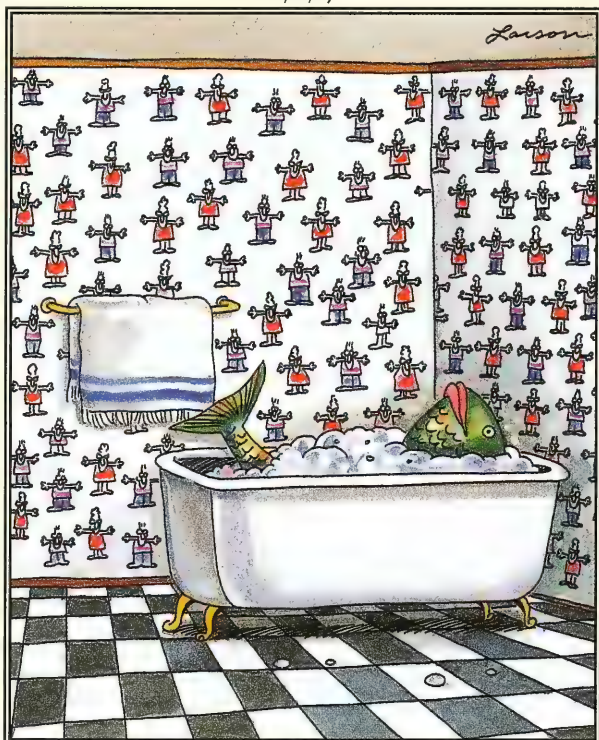
As a young colt, Mr. Ed was often sent to the hall for speaking out of turn.

12/15/87



Primitive mood music

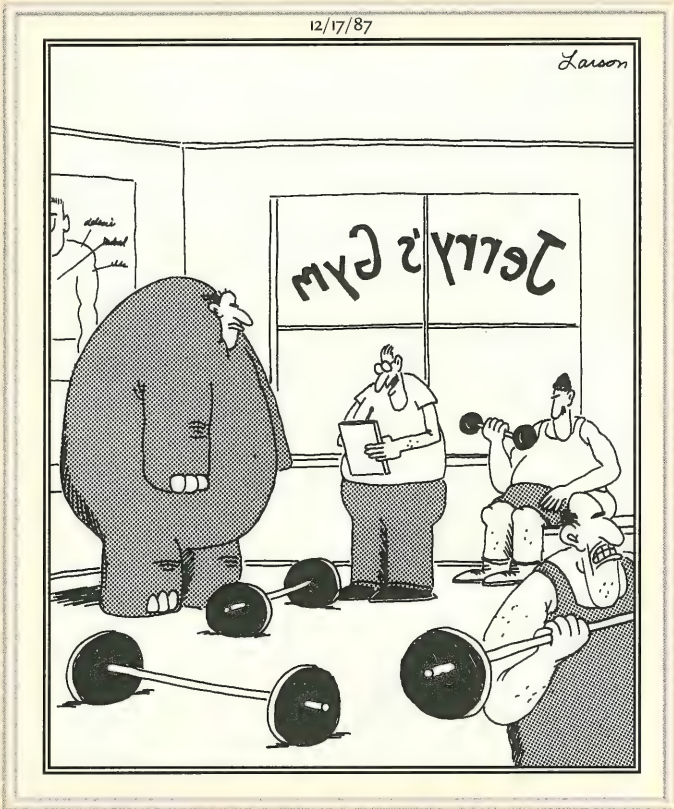
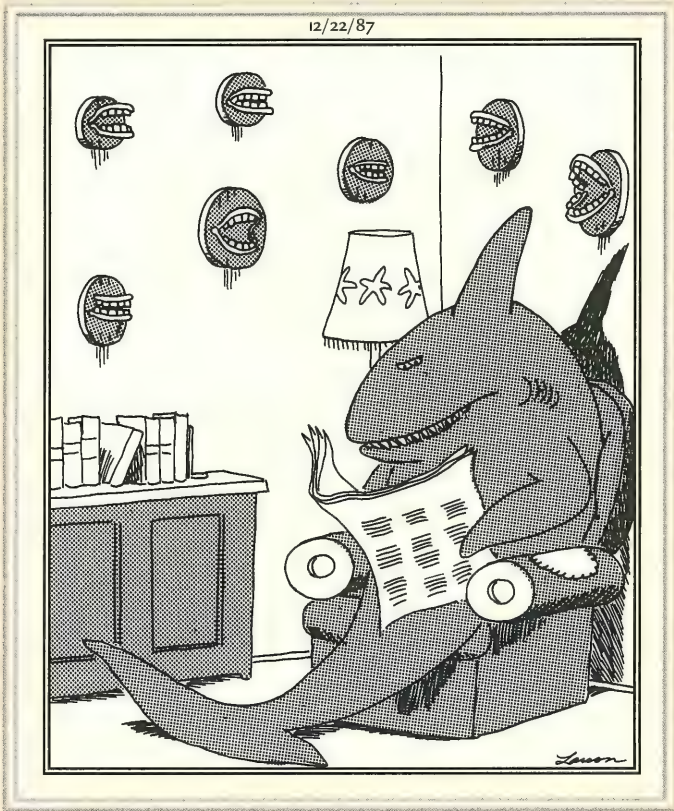
12/10/87



12/8/87



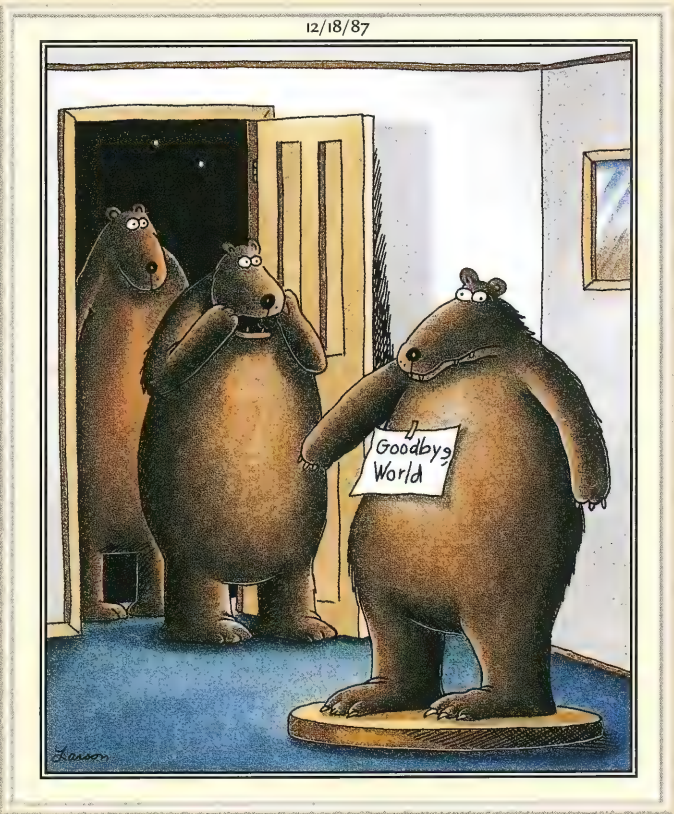
Runaway trains



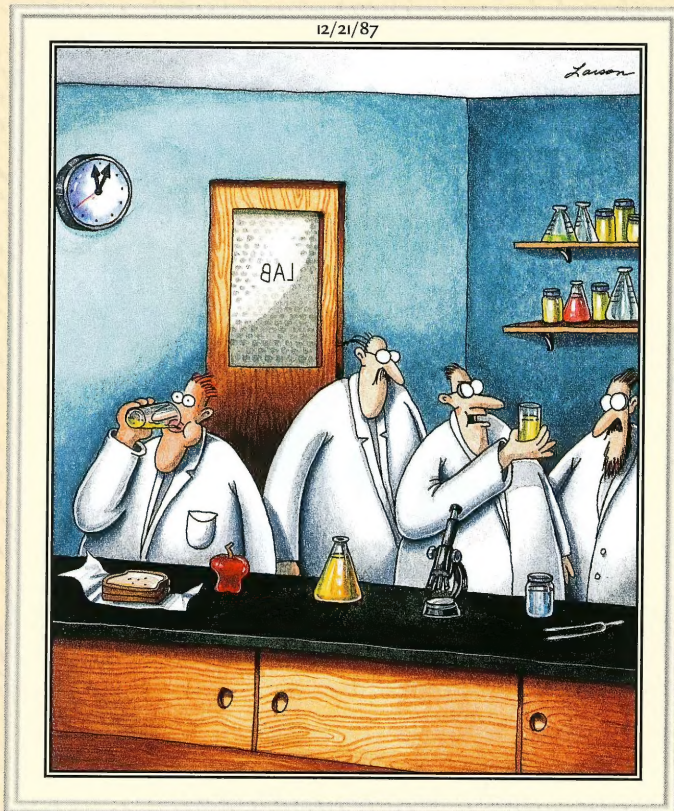
"I don't know what to tell you, Mr. Miller, but something has definitely gone awry with your workout program."



"Now relax. ... Just like last week, I'm going to hold the red cape up for the count of 10. ... When you start getting angry, I'll put it down."



"Oh my God! It's Leonard! ... He stuffed himself!"



"What the? ... This is lemonade! Where's my culture of amoebic dysentery?"

Newsday, Long Island, N.Y., 1/15/88

Larsen Goes Too Far

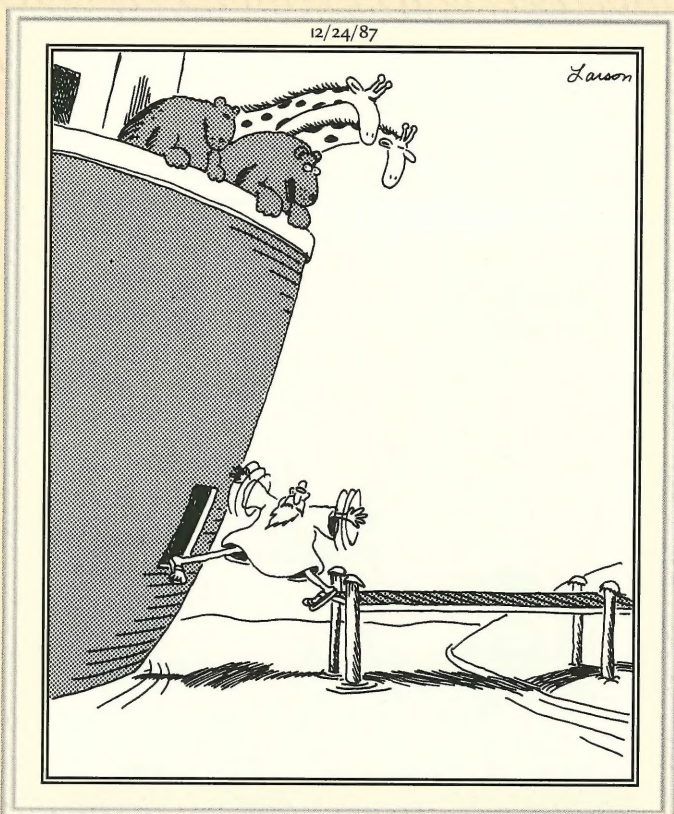
Gary Larsen's comic strip "The Far Side" of Dec. 21 was very disturbing to me. By nature of his own work, Larsen's comics are abstract and rather oblique at times but this one was too close to home. To depict medical laboratory personnel as haphazard, dangerous buffoons is at least a low blow to the hundreds of dedicated laboratory personnel working in the New York area. The comic shows three men working in a medical laboratory and one "scientist" eating lunch alongside his colleagues. (Eating in the laboratory is strictly prohibited.) As the diner is taking a drink from a glass, one of the others holds up a glass, saying "What the . . . ? This is lemonade! Where's my culture of amoebic dysentery?"

It is possible this sort of humor could entertain preteens in the pages of Mad magazine, but not a paper read by as many people as Newsday is.

Larsen has gone a little too far into his "Far Side" world and I am afraid Newsday has not gone far enough to see that this sort discreditable satire does not present itself in Newsday.

Scott R. Mayorga
Brentwood

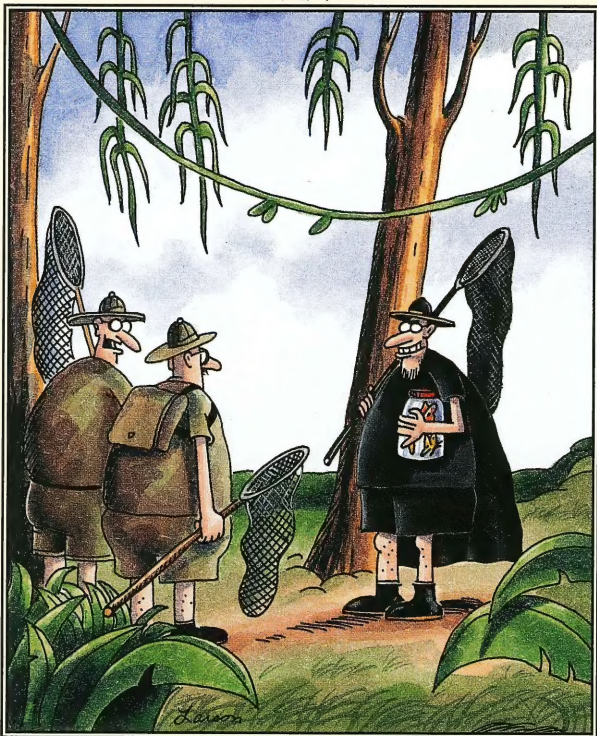
Editor's Note: The writer is a medical laboratory technologist and a member of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists.



"We're in trouble."

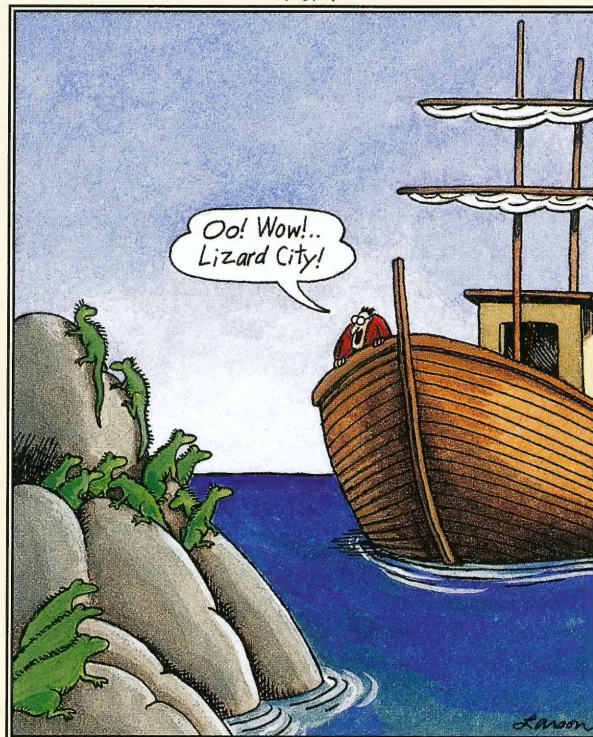


12/23/87



"Egad! It's Professor DeArmond—the epitome of evil amongst butterfly collectors!"

12/29/87



Darwin reaches the Galápagos

12/28/87



Eskimo restaurants

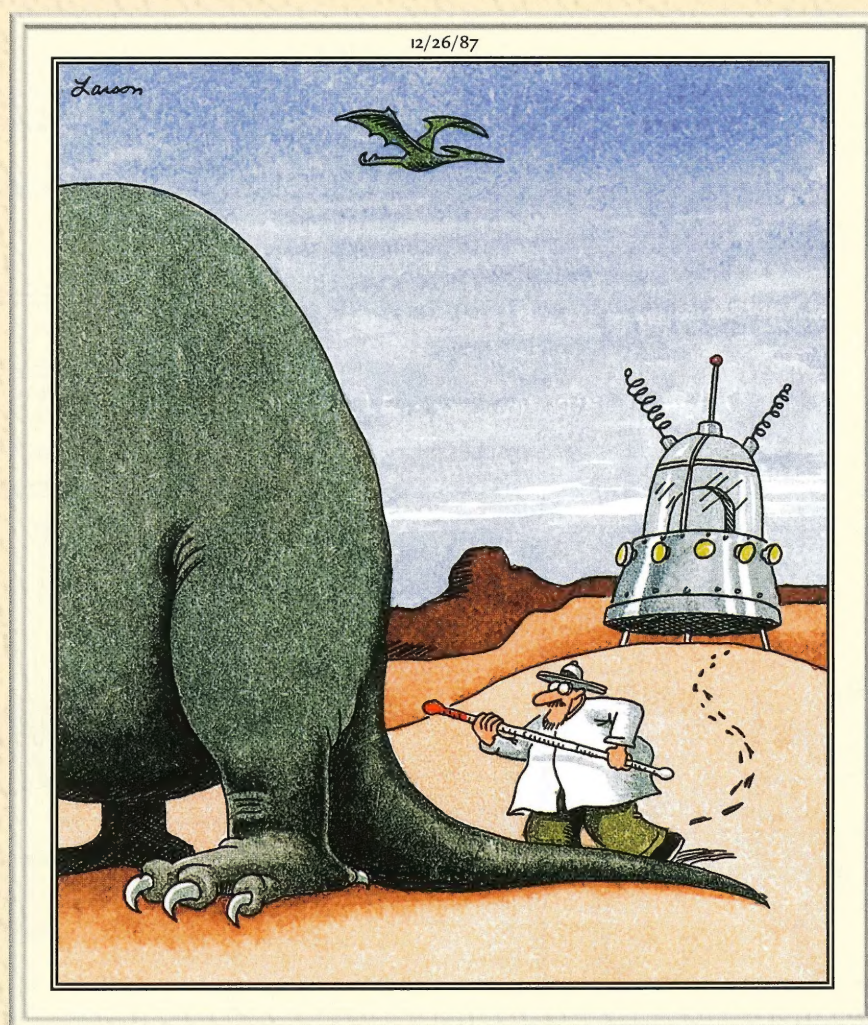
12/31/87



Scientific meat markets



Temple of the Cods



An instant later, both Professor Waxman and his time machine are obliterated, leaving the cold-blooded/warm-blooded dinosaur debate still unresolved.



"You want me to stop the car, Larry, or do you want to take your brother off the rack this instant?"

